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The Big Four of the Peace Conference

By Robert Lansing
Former Secretary of State

"EMPTY, BY HECK!"

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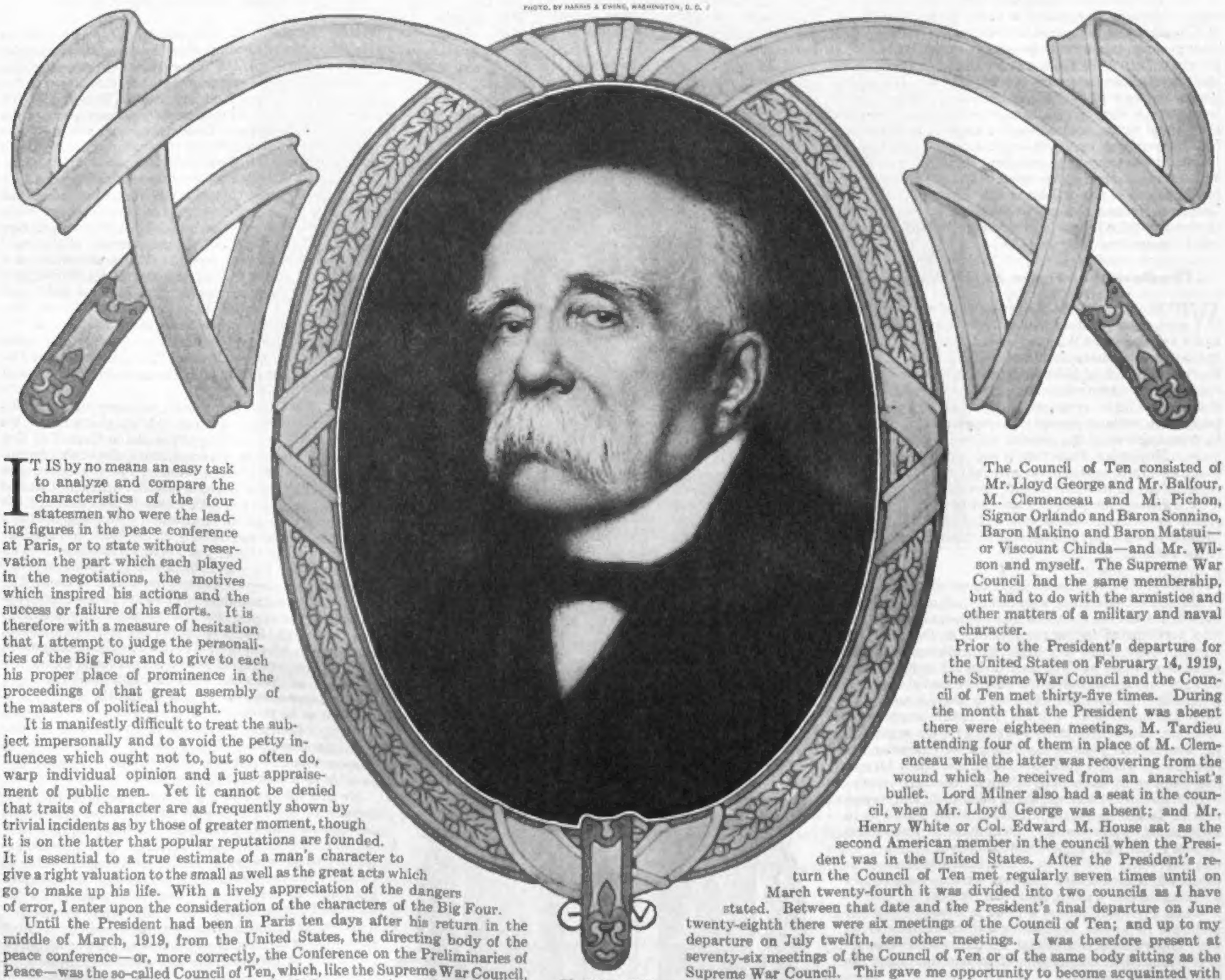
The Big Four of the Peace Conference—Clemenceau

By Robert Lansing

Former Secretary of State

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE.

PHOTO. BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.



Clemenceau

IT IS by no means an easy task to analyze and compare the characteristics of the four statesmen who were the leading figures in the peace conference at Paris, or to state without reservation the part which each played in the negotiations, the motives which inspired his actions and the success or failure of his efforts. It is therefore with a measure of hesitation that I attempt to judge the personalities of the Big Four and to give to each his proper place of prominence in the proceedings of that great assembly of the masters of political thought.

It is manifestly difficult to treat the subject impersonally and to avoid the petty influences which ought not to, but so often do, warp individual opinion and a just appraisement of public men. Yet it cannot be denied that traits of character are as frequently shown by trivial incidents as by those of greater moment, though it is on the latter that popular reputations are founded. It is essential to a true estimate of a man's character to give a right valuation to the small as well as the great acts which go to make up his life. With a lively appreciation of the dangers of error, I enter upon the consideration of the characters of the Big Four.

Until the President had been in Paris ten days after his return in the middle of March, 1919, from the United States, the directing body of the peace conference—or, more correctly, the Conference on the Preliminaries of Peace—was the so-called Council of Ten, which, like the Supreme War Council, was composed of the heads of states and the secretaries and ministers of Foreign Affairs of the United States, Great Britain, France and Italy, together with two Japanese statesmen of ambassadorial rank. After that time the Council of Ten was divided into two councils—the Council of the Heads of States, known also as the Council of Four, the Big Four and, by some, as The Olympians; and the Council of Foreign Ministers, commonly called the Council of Five or the Little Five—five, because one of the Japanese ambassadors was included. The latter council was subordinate to and subject to the direction of the Council of the Heads of States.

The Council of Ten consisted of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Balfour, M. Clemenceau and M. Pichon, Signor Orlando and Baron Sonnino, Baron Makino and Baron Matsui—or Viscount Chinda—and Mr. Wilson and myself. The Supreme War Council had the same membership, but had to do with the armistice and other matters of a military and naval character.

Prior to the President's departure for the United States on February 14, 1919, the Supreme War Council and the Council of Ten met thirty-five times. During the month that the President was absent there were eighteen meetings, M. Tardieu attending four of them in place of M. Clemenceau while the latter was recovering from the wound which he received from an anarchist's bullet. Lord Milner also had a seat in the council, when Mr. Lloyd George was absent; and Mr. Henry White or Col. Edward M. House sat as the second American member in the council when the President was in the United States. After the President's return the Council of Ten met regularly seven times until on March twenty-fourth it was divided into two councils as I have stated. Between that date and the President's final departure on June twenty-eighth there were six meetings of the Council of Ten; and up to my departure on July twelfth, ten other meetings. I was therefore present at seventy-six meetings of the Council of Ten or of the same body sitting as the Supreme War Council. This gave me opportunity to become acquainted with the four heads of states and to gain some clear impressions as to their personal characteristics, their intellectual force and their methods.

Without disparaging the powers of observation of some who have undertaken to analyze or to delineate the characters of the Big Four, I cannot but feel amazement at their emphatic statements, which, so far as actual knowledge is concerned, are based upon three or four casual interviews with these statesmen, and not upon frequent intercourse with them. Evidently such writers build their opinions chiefly on hearsay and very little on actual knowledge. It is manifest that their appreciation is superficial

and should be so recognized by those who are critical in their study of personality. If the knowledge of these authors were equal to their assertions their word portraits would be almost priceless. The danger lies in the possibility that future generations, assuming that their judgments are drawn from sufficient personal observations, may accept their writings as true and accurate likenesses of those whom they purport to describe, when, in fact, the prejudice and fancy of common gossip have much to do with their tone and color. In truth, the descriptions of these leaders at Paris which have appeared from time to time have been a chief inducement for me to write these sketches.

In order that the comments upon the negotiations at Paris which appear in the succeeding pages may not be misconstrued or relied upon to justify those who have opposed a speedy ratification of the Treaty of Versailles it may be proper to say that, defective as the treaty is in certain particulars, nevertheless, considering that it had gone as far as it had and that the supreme need of the world was an immediate restoration of a state of peace, the situation demanded, in my judgment, its signature and should have secured its prompt ratification by the United States. To have declined to sign the treaty and by doing so to have delayed the peace would, as it seemed at the time, have jeopardized the political and social order in many European countries, and the same peril seemed to arise from the withholding of senatorial consent to the ratification of the treaty.

Whatever criticisms may be justly made of the conduct of the negotiations at Paris and however sound may be some of the objections raised as to the terms of the Treaty of Versailles, they appeared in the summer of 1919 insufficient grounds to warrant the refusal to sign or ratify the document. In 1919 there was an almost universal belief that a restoration of peace was imperative. It was then paramount to every other consideration. Even if American interests were adversely affected, the Constitution of the United States seemed to give ample protection from the treaty obligations which were considered to be contrary to America's traditional policies. As President Wilson had definitely made up his mind not to accept any actual modifications of the articles in the treaty relating to the League of Nations, the only expedient course seemed to be to obtain ratification without change of the articles if peace was to be restored prior to 1920.

The Dominant Figure at the Conference

WHEN, however, the Senate declined to give its consent to ratification without substantial reservations and when President Wilson declared that the covenant of the League of Nations should be made an issue in the presidential campaign of 1920 and that the election should be considered a solemn referendum of the people of the United States as to its acceptance, the chief argument for urging ratification without change disappeared. If peace was to be postponed until the popular will was expressed at the polls in November, 1920, then it was proper and advisable to consider the rejection of the covenant or amendments and reservations to it which would cure its fundamental defects. With an immediate peace out of the question revision of the articles seemed wise, as before their acceptance without revision had seemed wise and for the best interests of the nations.

Of the four heads of states M. Clemenceau, the president of the peace conference, was, in my judgment, the dominant figure and the strongest man of the many strong men who participated in the negotiations at Paris. Possibly his age, which in no way impaired his keenness of wit or vigor of address, his long and turbulent political career, and the courage and firmness which he had shown during the perils of the German offensive in May, June and July, 1918, had much to do with the impression which he made upon me. But without the background of accomplishment M. Clemenceau possessed a strength of character and a forcefulness which would have raised him above his colleagues. Persistent though patient, he was always ready, when the moment arrived, to use all his skill and cleverness in debate to obtain a decision which would be in the interest of his country. Every question was viewed by him in the light of how it would affect France. He was supremely nationalistic and interpreted international adjustments into national terms. To advance French interests was his dominant purpose.

When President Wilson arrived in France about the middle of December, 1918, and was everywhere received with unparalleled enthusiasm by the people, who believed him to be the apostle of human rights and the uncompromising champion of a just peace, M. Clemenceau doubtless witnessed the ovations accorded the President with a measure of uncertainty as to the man who was thus idolized and who so manifestly had the confidence of the French people. Essentially practical he looked forward, I imagine, to the time when these first outbursts of enthusiasm would subside and the popular mind would become more normal. The shrewd old statesman, familiar from long experience with every phase of the emotional French nature, and knowing the impatience and instability of popular favor, must have realized that the American leader could not, unless he was indeed the superman many thought him to be, continue to hold the high place in public confidence which he had attained by his declarations as to the fundamentals of peace and by his spectacular arrival in Paris with the undoubted purpose of forcing their acceptance.

Judging from the course of events it is not improbable that M. Clemenceau deliberately delayed organizing the work of the conference until he had an opportunity to learn more of the character and ability of Mr. Wilson. He knew Mr. Lloyd George and Signor Orlando, but the President was practically unknown to him except through his public utterances. Possibly, too, he did not wish to have the conference meet until the Supreme War Council met on January eleventh to extend the armistice, as it would form an easy stepping-stone for him to assume a general direction of the proceedings.

It was not difficult to cause this delay, because the machinery for arranging the preliminaries was entirely in the hands of the French, as the meeting place was Paris. It was a foregone conclusion and in accord with international custom that the secretary general and most of his active assistants would be French and that M. Clemenceau would be able through them to control the proceedings after the conference was organized. The customary practice would have been for a Frenchman to preside over the conference, but the presence of President Wilson as a delegate raised the question as to the propriety of any other than the President of the French Republic presiding, and under the system of responsible government in France M. Poincaré was not acceptable as a delegate, since he was not fully in harmony with the policies of the Clemenceau ministry. I have an impression that Mr. Wilson had the idea that he would be asked to preside over the conference and act *ex officio* as chairman of the committee, commission or council which would direct the proceedings. But if he was disappointed when this honor went to another he never showed that he was, accepting the situation with perfect equanimity, and, in fact, nominating M. Clemenceau for the presidency.

M. Clemenceau had at the outset perceived that if the President did not sit as a delegate he would exercise a dominant influence over the negotiations and be in a measure the final arbiter of disputed questions. The natural step therefore was to deprive the President of this superior position by inducing him to sit at the peace table as one of the American delegation, thereby putting him on the same level as the other heads of states present at the conference. For two or three weeks after the Americans arrived in Paris M. Clemenceau, aided by his colleagues, exerted his powers of persuasion to obtain the President's consent to act as a delegate. I do not know the arguments or inducements which were employed, but, whatever they were, they succeeded, although the President remained long undecided and acceded, I believe, with hesitation, if not with reluctance, to their wishes.

Having persuaded the President to assume a position which placed him on a level with the premiers of the Entente Powers and entitled him to no greater consideration than they received in the conduct of the proceedings, M. Clemenceau could, according to international usage, become the president of the conference. This he did with the same tact and shrewdness that he had shown in inducing the President to become a delegate.

When it became necessary to arrange the terms for extending the armistice with Germany, which expired in January, the Supreme War Council was summoned to meet on the twelfth of the month with the military council at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Over this body M. Clemenceau had in the past presided, and he assumed the chair as a matter of course. When the terms of renewing the armistice were settled questions pertaining to the conference were taken up and the number of delegates to be allotted to each country represented was determined, as well as the continued control of the proceedings by the council. Thus without an interruption in the session, except by the withdrawal of the military chieftains, the Supreme War Council was converted into the Council of Ten, and M. Clemenceau continued to preside without any question being raised as to the propriety of his doing so. In fact, no opportunity was offered to object had there been a disposition to make the subject an issue.

Clemenceau as Presiding Officer

BUT besides giving M. Clemenceau a superior place in directing the proceedings this transformation of the war council into the Council of Ten established the policy that the five principal powers were to have directing control over the conference and its deliberations. Thus the French Premier gained three points especially advantageous to his country: The oligarchy of the five powers, in which France would be influential on account of her military strength; a dominant voice in the Council of Ten through the chairmanship; and direction of the program and proceedings of the conference and council by means of the secretariat general.

The calmness and ease with which M. Clemenceau carried through the plan to hold the management of the negotiations in his own hands and his skillful utilization of a unique state of affairs to that end suggest the movements of a well-oiled piece of machinery. Without noise and without apparent friction he assumed the chairmanship and subordinated the other heads of delegations to less prominent positions, and this in spite of the popular opinion as to the superior qualities of President Wilson and as to the place he should have in the assembled congress of the nations.

Once in the saddle Clemenceau, contrary to the public estimate of his nature, did not ride roughshod over his colleagues. As the presiding officer of the Council of Ten his conduct was urbane and considerate, although I cannot say the same of him when he presided over the Conference on the Preliminaries of Peace, a position which he assumed with the same assurance with which he had assumed the presidency of the council. In dealing with the great body of delegates, which met usually in the Salle de l'Horloge of the Palace of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, he lived up to his reputation. He was, in fact, utterly ruthless in pressing through the program agreed upon by the Council of Ten. He swept aside objections and suppressed interruptions with little regard for the speakers who dared to challenge his will. The way he forced business forward, ignoring or rebuking a delegate whom he thought opposed to the program, reminded one of the methods frequently employed at an American ward caucus a generation ago. His caustic sentences, his fluency of speech, increasing in vehemence as he proceeded, and his real or assumed passion simply overwhelmed protest and resistance. It was in such manifestations of fiery temper and intensity of purpose that one understood how the old statesman had won his *nom politique, Le Tigre.*

No one who attended a plenary session of the Conference on the Preliminaries of Peace can ever forget M. Clemenceau as he stood with head thrown back between his broad humped shoulders, with the knuckles of his gray-gloved hands resting on the green table in front of him, and with his thick shaggy brows drawn partially over his dark eyes, which fairly sparkled as he addressed the delegates. He usually began speaking in a deliberate and rather monotonous voice, but with no hesitation or break in the even flow of his words. As he proceeded he became more and more emphatic, while the rapidity of his utterance increased until it suggested the drumming of a machine gun. He had none of the

(Continued on Page 110)

CORCORAN

By LUCIA CHAMBERLAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

THEY were seven at table, Mr. Lovegrove at the head, Mrs. Blaine at the foot. On Lovegrove's left, Annie, the invited guest, then an empty place, then Jennie. Jenkenson sat at his right, with Martha next, and beside her, Potter. The silence had lasted for several minutes when Mr. Lovegrove addressed Mrs. Blaine.

"Mr. Corcoran's late again this evening."

Potter, mild and nervous, glanced quickly at Jennie and then at the empty place beside her. Jennie did not glance. Mr. Lovegrove's remark appeared to have no significance for her.

"I'm not going to keep the girls waiting to clear the table until Mr. Corcoran gets ready to come home," Mrs. Blaine remarked. "Upsetting, I call it: It was half past eight Monday a week, and last Wednesday—what time did you say he came home Wednesday, Jenkenson?"

Jenkenson, stretching her long thin neck, leaned forward. Her lips curled in a malicious smile.

"What time was it, Jennie?"

Jennie raised her eyes, the bluest, softest, most untroubled that ever looked from a woman's head. "I don't know," she replied. She selected a lump of sugar from the bowl with fingers that did not tremble. "I wasn't here," she added. "And, anyway, it's not my business to know what time the table's cleared."

"Martha told me it was half past nine," Jenkenson remarked.

The girl upon her right darted an angry glance at her, but did not speak.

"Yes, I remember now," Jenkenson continued, "the table was still covered when I went down to see about my hot lemonade. And while I was there he comes in and says to Martha, 'No, thank you; I don't want anything to-night,' and goes upstairs."

Mrs. Blaine snorted.

"Been drinking probably."

"Not he!" Jenkenson declared. "Sober as a judge, but absentlike—in love, I'd say; some girl he's met at these dances he's always goin' to." She glanced again at Jennie; but Jennie was sipping her coffee and gazing unconcernedly before her.

"Well," Mrs. Blaine retorted, "what I'd say is that if Corcoran don't like the food he gets here he can eat elsewhere; and Monday a week he had been drinking, as was plain to see."

Here Lovegrove interrupted with dignity.

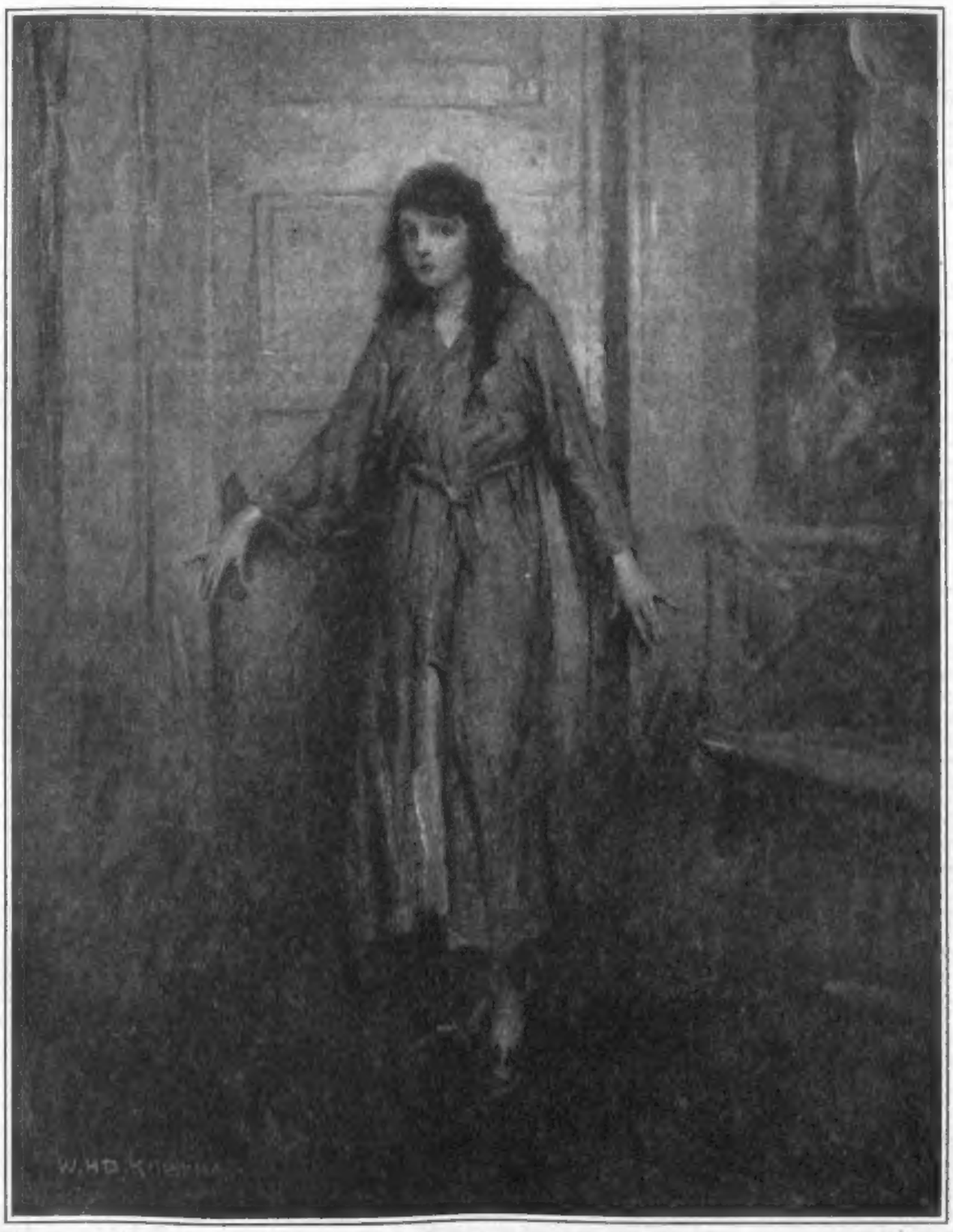
"Mr. Corcoran told me he had been dining with friends that night. As it was his evening off there was nothing out of the way in his taking a little; more especially since the family's away."

The table was silent and attentive, outwardly respectful. It was the butler's privilege at table to put an end to conversation, and he was exercising that privilege now. Had he chosen to lean back, as he sometimes did, light his pipe and begin a chat with Mrs. Blaine, the rest of them would have been muzzled for an hour. They would have had to sit there dumb, unless directly addressed by one of the great two. But Lovegrove was perhaps annoyed by the atmosphere of gossip. He rose now.

"Good night, ladies and gentlemen."

They responded in subdued chorus. Mrs. Blaine hoisted herself with a sigh and included all the women at the table in a severe stare. She would have preferred to stay and gossip with them, but as etiquette forbade she enjoyed the opportunity of asserting herself.

"Good night, ladies. Good night, Mr. Potter. Mind you, Martha, I want this table clean as the back of my hand by eight-thirty, and no keeping things hot in the kitchen, either."



There Was First a Slight, a Very Slight, Concussion and Then a Faint Throb of Sound, All But Inaudible, Dull, Strange

Martha's lips moved with the words, "Yes, ma'am; very well, ma'am."

The door closed behind Lovegrove and Mrs. Blaine.

Instantly Jenkenson began, "I told you, Martha, you'd no business to keep the table waiting."

"I didn't!" Martha's dark, defiant eyes were in odd contrast to her shrinking manner. "I cleared everything except his plate of dinner, an' I just put another plate over it to keep it hot. I wouldn't 'a' done it except he said he was coming."

"Well, you're very foolish to go takin' trouble for any man, specially a feller like that. You see, he didn't want it. Probably had dinner with his friends he thinks so much of."

Annie, the visitor—who was in fact Jenkenson's guest—broke in in her melodious Irish voice.

"Mr. Lovegrove thinks Mr. Corcoran's a promising young man."

Jenkenson turned sharply.

"Lovegrove's getting old, that's what it is—old and easy; and Corcoran's clever, smart at his work—I'll say that for him. But he ain't steady; not the sort of feller to have round with a lot of young girls."

"Then why did you invite him to your sister's party?" Martha demanded.

Jennie momentarily came out of her abstraction. She looked from Martha to Jenkenson, and her lips parted in a faint, amused smile. Jenkenson's face was red. She drew in her breath as if about to speak; but again Annie interrupted.

"Ah, now, what's more natural than that young men should be a bit unsteady, specially if they're in love? An' if they're in love there's no use savin' their dinner for them, is there now?" Her eyes rested kindly on Martha. "Eatin' is the last thing they'll be thinkin' of. An' anyhow, Mrs. Jenkenson, what difference would it make, his bein' a bit late—the family bein' away, an' all? Sure, you're so strict, you English! You're all for form!" She laughed easily, looking at Jenkenson as though admiring her for that quality; then turned her wrist so that the face of her small watch came into view. "D'yer know we're goin' to be late if we don't hurry?"

"I'll just put my hat on," Jenkenson began.

She seemed glad to change the subject. She rose, and paused. Every head turned in the direction of the door that led into the basement entry. The outer door had been heard to close. Now as the inner one opened the quality of the expectation in the room was sharp; and to an observer—Potter, perhaps—there was a curious similarity in the expressions of the women's faces. Even Annie, with a small diamond on her left hand and all her thoughts engaged elsewhere, betrayed a vague touch of susceptibility. And yet the person who entered was in no way outwardly extraordinary. A young man of medium height, slender, dark and pale, and with a certain lightness and directness of movement, evidently the result of training. His eyes, which were large, were half closed, and looked out between their narrowed lids with reserve.

"Good evening," he said. "Ah, Potter!" He gave a slight nod toward the footman and, putting his cane in a corner, drew out the chair at the empty place on Jennie's right. "Sorry I'm late." It was a good imitation of his employer's manner.

"The table's cleared," Jenkenson said coldly. "Martha!" For the girl had started to rise.

Corcoran looked at her with a smile.

"Never mind, Martha, I'll have what's here—dessert and coffee." He began to help himself, while Jenkenson, turning her back upon him, addressed Annie.

"Will you come upstairs while I get ready? I've some powder, if you'd like."

"Thank you, but I don't need it. I'll wait here."

Annie leaned back in her chair and glanced with all the ease of a woman of the world—which, indeed, she was—at the young man next her as he sat eating his pudding and listening to what Potter was telling him. Corcoran himself scarcely spoke, yet he looked animated and alert. A man might look thus who had just come in from the midst of some great excitement. Such ideas may have passed through Annie's mind.

The upstairs doorbell rang and Potter went to answer it.

"I hear the English horse won to-day," Annie remarked to Corcoran's profile.

He turned toward her politely.

"Yes, I noticed that to-night in the paper."

"It must have been a fine thing to see, really," she pursued.

"Ah, I suppose so, for those who have the time—and the money," he added after an instant's pause.

Jennie, who had been leaning back indolently, with her feet stretched out, now sat up, drew herself slowly out of her chair, murmured "Good night" at no one in particular and strolled out of the room. From the time he had appeared she had not once glanced in Corcoran's direction. There was a silence that even the Irish girl's

tact was unequal to breaking. Corcoran went on eating for a few moments, moving his hands with nervous jerks. Suddenly he threw his napkin aside.

"I've forgotten my cigarettes," he murmured. "Excuse me."

Annie looked after him thoughtfully. He could be heard running upstairs. Martha leaned forward, her elbows on the table, her chin on her clenched fists. Her small face, whose only beauty was her eyes, had grown pale. There was a line between her brows—a line of pain that was growing deeper. She bowed her head slowly into her hands and began to cry with muffled sobs and heaves of the shoulders. Annie rose, walked round the table and, bending down, put her lips close to the girl's ear.

"Don't be a little fool," she whispered. The soft tone took the sting out of the words. She waited a moment while the sobs went on, and then murmured again, "What's the sense, for a man like that?"

"Please, oh, please!" the girl muttered. "Don't! I can't bear you to say those cruel things, like Jenkenson does!"

"Jenkenson's bitter," Annie answered kindly. "She lost her only son in the war, and it makes her wild to see other young men walkin' round alive on the earth. You ought to feel sorry for her."

"I don't! I hate her! Why is she always pickin' on him? Cook, too, sayin' nasty things when he's a bit late; and he so tired and worriedlike. He's ill."

Annie stood looking down pityingly upon her.

"Can't you see? He's in love with Jennie."

Martha threw back her head, her eyes glittering with tears.

"How do you know?"

"Look at him! You know yourself, only you won't admit it."

"She don't love him."

"You can't tell, with a girl like her," Annie replied sagely. "Maybe she doesn't; but whether she does or not she'll keep him away from the other girls. She's that kind, and she knows how to handle him too. She can twist him round her fingers like a bit of silk. You listen to me! There's no use making a doormat out of yourself."

"It's easy for you to talk!" Martha exclaimed bitterly. "You're lucky!"

Annie's expression softened.

"Yes, I am," she said; "and that's all it is—just luck. But if I wasn't I'd stand up to my bad luck. I wouldn't go worrying over a man who was crazy about another woman. I'd drop him out of my thoughts as if he didn't exist."

Martha, with the tears on her cheeks, sat staring.

"I guess I'm different," she said doggedly. "I don't care whether he's in love with me or not. I'd do anything I could to help him."

"Well, you can't," Annie shot at her. "Here comes Jenkenson," she added swiftly. "Don't let her see you've been crying. Have some pride!"

The girl mopped her eyes hastily and, getting up, began to collect the cups and saucers.

Annie glanced in the mirror, gave her smart black silk hat a pull forward and down on the right, touched her veil and then turned to meet Jenkenson.

"Come on. It's half past eight. We'll miss the first number," she said. She hurried her companion out before she had a chance to remark the still disordered table.

The cool breath of the October evening blew in their faces as they came up from the areaway upon the street. They had not gone a dozen steps before Annie released her companion's arm. "Excuse me just a minute," she said, and Jenkenson's lip curled slightly as she replied, "Certainly."

Annie ignored the expression of cynical tolerance. She had detached herself to speak to a man in uniform who was strolling with measured steps toward them.

"Hello!" he said, stopping; then, looking her over in pleased surprise, "Where are you off to all doiled up so grand?"

"To the Palace with Jenkenson. Listen, Mike ——"

"You look good enough to eat," he remarked. "That's a swell hat all right."

"Listen!" Annie insisted, disdaining the compliment. "You know Marshall's house?"

"Sure! What am I on for?" Policeman X inquired.

"You know Harry Marshall's valet by sight, name's Corcoran—thin, dark, middle-sized young feller—might almost pass for a gentleman on the street?"

"Sort o' half shuts his eyes?"

"Yes. Know anything about him?"

"You mean against him? Not a thing. Didn't even know his name. I've seen him come by here different times o' night, and usually he stops and talks. We've got a pretty nice little speaking acquaintance."

"What times of night?"

"Oh, well, anywhere from six-thirty to twelve. Why?"

"Nothing; only I had a hunch when he came in to-night that there was something queer about him."

"Probably is," Policeman X assented comfortably. "Probably hits the pipe."

"No, not that. He's much too wide-awake."

"Chasin' a girl, then."

"He's chasin' a girl all right; but that girl's in the house—that Jennie! What I want to know is, why is he late to dinner so often—sometimes doesn't come home at all?"

Policeman X regarded her with tolerant patience.

"Say, Annie, y'ought to join the plain-clothes squad at headquarters. You've always got a suspicion on someone." He meditated, frowning. "I rather like that lad."

"Oh, everyone likes him!" Annie threw off with scorn.

Policeman X brightened.

"Maybe a girl's chasin' him."

Annie laughed.

"Is that the worst thing you can think of? You're awful smart, Mike. Well, keep your eye on him. I've got to run now or Jenkenson'll be raving." She hurried after her sauntering friend.

Policeman X walked the dozen paces that brought him to the middle of the block, where he paused to survey the front of the tall, gray house. The basement windows—all that could be seen of them above the sidewalk—shone brilliant orange. As he looked a woman's hand took hold of the bottom of the shade and drew it down to the sill; again at the other window. A moment after the light behind the shades winked out. He glanced up. A faint glow proceeding from the dulled glass panels on either side of the entrance suggested a diminished hall light. Above that the drawing-room windows were dark, and all the windows in the upper stories. He moved a few steps farther and peered at the side of the house. High up, three small square panes were illuminated. Policeman X appeared to do some calculation upon his finger tips.

"One girl out, leaves six in the house. Three only upstairs—no, four."

Another pane had sprung into bloom. He hung on his heel a moment, but that was all. Two people unaccounted for. He shrugged his shoulders as he turned away, and his conclusion expressed itself aloud.

"Makin' love on the back stairs!"

Before Policeman X reached the red-brick corner Martha was in bed.

Long before that time, however, before Annie and Jenkenson had left the house, even before Annie had called Martha a fool, Corcoran had reached the top of the second flight of stairs, and paused. There was no one in the hall. No one was lurking beside the window at the far end or looking down over the banisters. But the folding doors into the library stood open, and this was unusual. He peered in. The bookcases framed an empty space of floor.

He entered, and stood gazing into the perspective of the drawing-room beyond. Here was no light at all; only two pale squares where the street lamp shone against the doubled thickness of drawn shades and curtains. The walls melted into darkness, and against the uncertain background the whitish forms of swathed furniture looked unfamiliar, mysterious—an object like a huge box, probably the large table, the ghostly angles of chairs, and something near the wall that had the appearance of a shrouded figure lying on the floor. He looked at it hard. By its position it identified itself as the long ottoman. In the middle distance, upon the right, was the irregular outline of the piano, white like the rest of the furniture, covered with linen, and against this a shadow which could not possibly be a shadow. Corcoran took a step forward.

"Jennie!" he whispered.

The shadow detached itself, grew dim, and reappeared for a moment on the background of the luminous shade, a gray silhouette with a golden line around the head. It moved slowly, deliberately, across the semidarkness, not so much with an objective as with design; as though it were performing the figure of a seductive and illusive dance.

"Jennie!" Corcoran repeated eagerly, and moved quickly, groping before him.

The figure paused, half turning, showing the profile of a mocking smile.

"What are you doing here?" it asked.

"What are you doing?" he demanded. He tried to grasp the apparition, but with a supple motion it eluded him, at the same time facing him, though with a hovering tendency to move backward. "Why did you leave the room the minute I came in?" he continued.

"I'd finished my dinner. You can't expect me to sit around till all hours—like Martha."

"Damn Martha!"

She seized a chair by the back and thrust it between them, holding it there as a barrier.

"If you're going to swear ——" she began coldly.

"Look here," Corcoran interrupted, "Jennie, I couldn't help being late."

"It makes no difference to me whether you're late or not."

"Doesn't it?" Corcoran exclaimed.

He had been resting his knee on the chair seat. Now he straightened up and, thrusting his hands into his pockets, looked at her with an expression so peculiar that the girl visibly grew uneasy. She tossed up her chin.

"Why should I care who you're running round with night after night, coming in late, drinking?"

"I'm not drinking," he retorted indignantly.

"Cook said ——"

"You listen to that old tartar and you'll believe a lot that never was. I've been running round, as you call it, because I've been thinking of you—what you said to me last week—and trying to find a way out for us that you would like. I came home to-night with something to tell you."

The girl seemed to forget at once her indifference and her mockery. She became intensely curious.

"What is it?"

"Oh, you don't care!" Corcoran swung round on his heel.

"Yes, I do, Jim. I was fooling."

He neither looked at her nor spoke. She hesitated; then came stealing toward him like a cautious animal to a dish of food. She put her hand on his arm. The arm was trembling; and this discovery seemed to restore her confidence.

"Don't be mad," she whispered coaxingly. "I'm sorry I said that. I didn't mean it. I—I was jealous."

His reply was at first to ram his hands down harder into his pockets; then, turning suddenly, to seize her, holding her in such a violent embrace that she began to whimper.

"Don't. Please! Somebody might come in. Lovegrove might come in."

"Lovegrove won't. He's in bed. Jennie, Jennie!" Corcoran murmured imploringly. He took her head between his hands, forcing it back, bringing his lips down close above hers. "Don't you love me?"

"Of course I love you!" she stammered. "Only ——"

"Then," he burst out, "act a little bit as if you did!"

She stared up into his face, charged with an intensity that seemed to be something more than just the intensity of his passion for her. As if she realized that this extra emotion required some extraordinary treatment she flung herself limp against him, clasping her arms round his neck.

"I do, you know I do!" she whispered. She pressed her cool cheek against his burning one. For a moment the only sound was his rapid breathing mixed with inarticulate murmurs. Then Jennie's voice again, muffled as though she were half smothered. "Only, you know why I said that to you last week. I don't want to marry the way the others do—just marry, and slave and drudge the rest of my life. I'm too good for it."

He ran his hands caressingly down her shoulders and, holding her off from him at arm's length, looked at her admiringly.

"So you are, my girl! Too good, and much too pretty. And you're not going to be a drudge. We're going to do something quite different."

He smiled at her triumphantly. His whole appearance had changed. He was flushed, his features looked fuller and younger. The girl leaned forward, peering at him.

"What are we going to do?"

"Make money."

"Money?" she echoed; and faltered, "Me too?"

"You're going to help me. Come here!"

She hung back; then started away from him.

"What's that?"

Corcoran listened. The sharp sound of a closing door had echoed in the house. Releasing Jennie's hand he walked to the window and moved the shade.

"All right," he said, returning. "Only Jenkenson and her friend going out."

He drew her down beside him on the ottoman—the piece of furniture that had so startled him with its resemblance to a sheeted body—and passed his arm round her.

"Look here, Jennie, how would you like to go to Paris?"

She was transfixed. Her little mouth opened in a round O of astonishment.

"Really?"

"Yes, really. Would you?"

She laughed nervously.

"You're not kidding me?"

"No, no! We could! We've got the chance."

"A job?"

"Something like that."

"Money!" she pronounced dreamily. It was the intonation with which some girls pronounce the word "love."

"Oh, a lot of money!" Corcoran said gayly. "I'll buy you a fur coat down to your heels."

"I want a squirrel one," Jennie interpolated.

"Whatever you like. And earrings—diamonds and pearls. You'll be the prettiest girl in Paris! You don't know what a place Paris is, Jennie! Why, it's the world! There's everything and everyone there! We'll have an apartment and a car and we'll go down to the races at ——"

She stopped him suddenly with a look of alarm.

"You're not playing the races here?"

Corcoran laughed.

"I tell you, it isn't a chance! It's a sure thing! Otherwise I wouldn't be talking like this. You trust me, don't you?" He laid his free hand softly on hers.

"Of course I trust you, Jim."

"You know I care more about you than anything else in the world. I'm going to give you everything you want.

Think, Jennie! You'll be Mrs. James Corcoran, and there won't be a woman in Paris'll dare to think you're not her equal. You'll be head and shoulders above them."

She snuggled against him, still keeping her eyes expectantly on his face.

"Will it take long to—to get it?"

"No, only a little while."

"When do we begin?"

"To-morrow night."

The word "night" had a curious effect on her, making her face suddenly sharp.

"Why do you say night?"

"Well, it's the only time we can, isn't it?" He was speaking reasonably, soothingly, as if he was making something plain to a child. "In the daytime we have our other work."

"But what?"

Corcoran got a deep breath.

"All you'll have to do is this: At twelve o'clock be outside Miss Marshall's bedroom door. I shall come upstairs with two men, and we will be in that room for about twenty minutes. No matter what happens, what you hear, don't go in. If you hear anyone coming turn the door knob twice as a signal to us that—sh-h-h-h!" he ended, tightening his hold on her, for she had drawn back.

"What do you mean? What are you talking about? Let go of me!" She was struggling to rise, but he held her fast.

"Don't make a noise! It's all right, I tell you! Listen, Jennie! I won't let anyone touch you. I've got to be in the room, but if you do exactly as I tell you ——"

"And suppose someone comes!" She poured out the words in a shrilling whisper. "Suppose Lovegrove, or anybody ——"

"He must be stopped."

She sprang up, her mouth opened wide for a scream. Corcoran clapped his hand over it.

"Shut up!"

He held her, bending her body, stiff with terror, backward across his arm.

"Listen! No one is going to get hurt. If you'll just let me tell you!"

She began to struggle again violently, panting in smothered whispers. "I don't want to hear! Let me go!" Then, his grasp of her relaxing a little in sheer despair, she wrenched herself out of his hands, the thin stuff of her dress tearing under his fingers. A few steps away she turned on him again with fury. "You dare get me into this—smirch me with this! You, with your talk about love, get me caught! The police—ugh! They'd put me in prison!"

Corcoran, leaning a little forward, his elbows bent and his fingers still crooked, looked at her, stunned:

"Are you going to blow on me?" he asked.

There was a pause. Jennie, who had seemed to be at the point of flight, stood motionless. It was plain that, even in her fear, she was considering.

"I didn't say that," she replied at last. Her voice seemed to catch in the words.

He went on pleadingly: "I wouldn't have got you into it for the world, only I had to have help; and—I swear to you there's nothing to be afraid of! No one shall touch you!"

"I'll have nothing to do with it! If you want someone to help you—why, get someone else! I'll know nothing about it, you understand—nothing!"

"It was for you," Corcoran articulated.

"What?"

"The money. You said if I had money, plenty of money—and I can get money in this way—but if you don't want it it's of no use to me. I'll not go on ——"

He drooped; he seemed to wither under the consciousness of her fierce superiority. A curious silence fell. Some change seemed to be taking place, not material, not visible; yet it was as though the atmosphere between those two figures actually had become thicker and darker. Jennie's voice, sounding faint, penetrated it cautiously.

"I didn't say I wouldn't—go with you."

Corcoran started like a spurred horse.

"What ——" he began.

She rushed on, forestalling him.

"If you get the money—I don't want to know how or where, but enough—I'll go to Paris with you."

The voice ceased. The figure receded between the fantastic outlines of chairs and tables. A light scuffle of toes on the bare library floor; the same sound, still lighter, in the hall. Complete silence.

At half past seven in the morning Martha, coming upstairs with a tray in her hands, paused to close the library doors, which someone had left open. Observing a chair out of place she stepped inside, rearranged it; after which she glanced methodically about to make sure that everything else was right—and stopped, staring with dilated eyes; then ran quickly forward into the drawing-room.

"Mr. Corcoran!" She stooped over the sleeping man. "Mr. Corcoran!" she repeated anxiously, and shrank back at the start with which he recovered consciousness.

"What's the matter?"

He was on his feet instantly, swayed a little with the dizziness of the abrupt awakening, and caught hold of the back of the chair.

"Nothing's the matter, except that I found you here. Are you ill, Mr. Corcoran?"

"It's Martha," he said, after a hesitation during which he was apparently trying to identify her. "I—I must have fallen asleep. I came in here last night to think. I was very tired."

He looked vaguely about the room and down at the low ottoman beside him. Martha touched him on the arm.

"You must go upstairs right away before any of 'em find you."

Still looking at the ottoman he made a slight negative motion of the head and, to her manifest distress, sank down again in the chair he had quitted; and, taking his head in his hands, remained staring at the floor.

She hovered a moment, turning toward the door; but immediately he spoke again.

"Don't go." Even now he was not looking at her, had seemed unaware of her presence; and yet there was a distinct note of anxiety in his voice. "Don't leave me alone."

"I'll be right back," the girl answered. Going into the library she took up the tray which she had left there, returned, set it down on a low table near Corcoran's elbow and poured out a cup of coffee. "Better drink that while it's hot," she said.

He looked at it, took it up, gulped two swallows; then, still holding it, seemed to fall into a dream.

"Don't you think you'd feel better if you ate something?" Martha ventured.

"I can't."

"Shan't I send for a doctor?"

"I'm not ill."

"You look, sir, something awful!"

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All This Appeared Dreamlike, and in the Midst of it Corcoran's Face, White, Fearful and Appalled

The Grisly Folk and Their War With Men

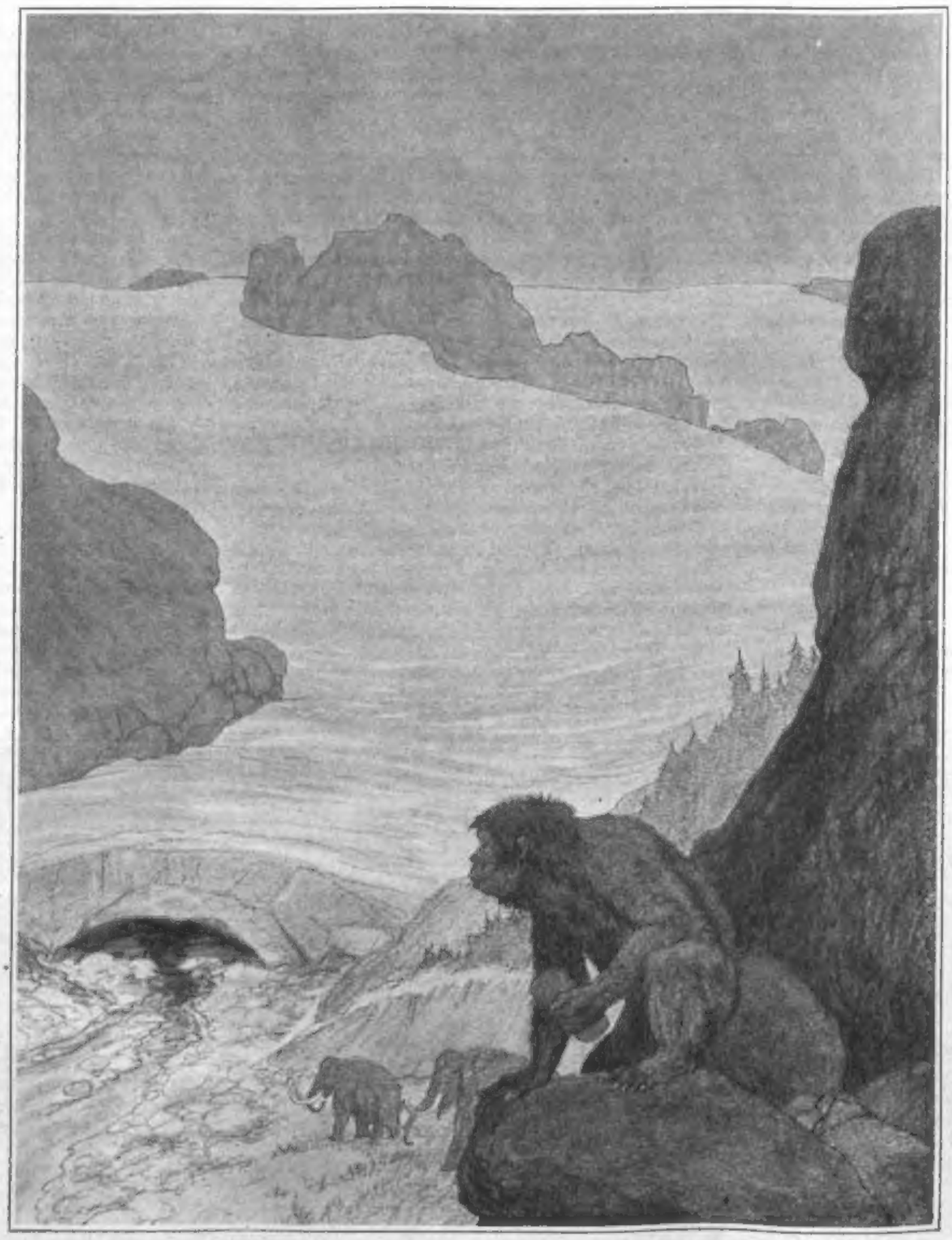
By H. G. WELLS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

"CAN these bones live?" Could anything be more dead, more mute and inexpressive to the inexpert eye than the ocherous fragments of bone and the fractured lumps of flint that constitute the first traces of something human in the world? We see them in the museum cases, sorted out in accordance with principles we do not understand, labeled with strange names, Chellean, Mousterian, Solutrian, and the like, taken mostly from the places, Chelles, La Moustier, Solutré, and so on, where the first specimens were found. Most of us stare through the glass at them, wonder vaguely for a moment at that half-savage, half-animal past of our race, and pass on. "Primitive man," we say. "Flint implements. The mammoth used to chase him." Few of us realize yet how much the subtle, indefatigable cross-examination of the scientific worker has been extracting from the evidence of these rusty and obstinate witnesses during the last few years.

One of the most startling results of this recent work is the gradual realization that great quantities of these flint implements and some of the earlier fragments of bone that used to be ascribed to humanity are the vestiges of creatures, very manlike in many respects but not, strictly speaking, belonging to the human species. Scientific men call these vanished races man—*Homo*—just as they call lions and tigers, cats—*Felis;* but there are the soundest reasons for believing that these earlier so-called men were not of our blood, not our ancestors, but a strange and vanished animal, like us, akin to us, but different from us, as the mammoth was like and akin to and yet different from the elephant.

Flint and bone implements are found in deposits of very considerable antiquity; some in our museums may be a million years old or more, but the traces of really human creatures, mentally and anatomically like ourselves, do not go back much earlier than twenty or thirty thousand years ago. True men appeared in Europe then, and we do not know whence they came. These other tool-using, fire-making animals, the things that were like men and yet were not men, passed away before the faces of the true men.



He Lived in a Bleak Land on the Edge of the Snows and Glaciers That Were Even Then Receding Northward

Scientific authorities already distinguish four species of these pseudo men, and it is probable that we shall learn from time to time of other species. One strange breed made the implements called Chellean. These are chiefly sole-shaped blades of stone found in deposits of perhaps three hundred thousand or four hundred thousand years ago. Chellean implements are to be seen in any great museum. They are huge implements, four or five times as big as those made by any known race of true men, and they are not ill made. Certainly some creature with an intelligent brain made them. Big clumsy hands must have gripped and used these rocky chunks. But so far only one small fragment of a skeleton of this age has been found, a very massive chinless lower jawbone, with teeth rather more specialized than those of men to-day. We can only guess what strange foreshadowing of the human form once ate with that jaw and struck at its enemies with those big but not unhandy flint blades. It may have been a tremendous fellow, probably much bigger in the body than a man. It may have been able to take bears by the scruff and the saber-toothed lion by the throat. We do not know. We have just these great stone blades and that bit of a massive jaw and—the liberty to wonder.

Most fascinating riddle of all these riddles of the ages of ice and hardship before the coming of the true men is the riddle of the Mousterian men, because they were perhaps still living in the world when the true men came wandering into Europe. They lived much later than those unknown Chellean giants. They lived thirty or forty thousand years ago—a yesterday compared with the Chellean time. These Mousterians are also called Neanderthalers. Until quite recently it was supposed that they were true men like ourselves. But now we begin to realize that they were different, so different that it is impossible that they can be very close relations of ours. They walked or shambled along with a peculiar slouch, they could not turn their heads up to the sky, and their teeth were very different from those of true men.

One oddity about them was that in one or two points they were less like apes than we are. The dog tooth, the third tooth from the middle which is so big in the gorilla, and which in man is pointed and still quite distinct from the other teeth, is not distinct at all in the Neanderthaler. He had a very even row of teeth, and his cheek teeth also were very unlike ours, and less like the apes' than ours. He had more face and less brow than true men, but that is not because he had a lesser brain; his brain was as big as a modern man's but it was different, bigger behind and smaller in front, so that probably he thought and behaved differently from us. Perhaps he had a better memory and less reasoning power than real men, or perhaps he had more nervous energy and less intelligence. He had no chin, and the way his jawbones came together below makes it very doubtful if he could have used any such sounds in speech as we employ. Probably he did not talk at all. He could not hold a pin between his finger and thumb. The more we learn about this beast-man the stranger he becomes to us and the less like the Australoid savage he was once supposed to be.

And as we realize the want of any close relationship between this ugly, strong, ungainly, manlike animal and mankind, the less likely it becomes that he had a naked skin and hair like ours, and the more probable that he was different, and perhaps bristly or hairy in some queer inhuman fashion like the hairy elephant and the woolly rhinoceros, which were his contemporaries. Like them he lived in a bleak land on the edge of the snows and glaciers that were even then receding northward. Hairy or grisly, with a big face like a mask, great brow ridges and no forehead, clutching an enormous flint and running like a baboon, with his head forward and not like a man with his head up, he must have been a fearsome creature for our forefathers to come upon.

Almost certainly they met, these grisly men and the true men.

The true man must have come into the habitat of the Neanderthaler, and the two must have met and fought. Some day we may come upon the evidences of this warfare.

Western Europe, which is the only part of the world that has yet been searched with any thoroughness for the remains of early men, was slowly growing warmer age by age; the glaciers that had once covered half the continent were receding and wide stretches of summer pasture and thin woods of pine and birch were spreading slowly over the once icy land. South Europe then was like Northern Labrador to-day. A few hardy beasts held out amidst the snows; the bears hibernated. With the spring grass and foliage came great herds of reindeer, wild horses, mammoth, elephant and rhinoceros, drifting northward from the slopes of the great warm valley that is now filled up with water, the Mediterranean Sea. It was in those days before the ocean waters broke into the Mediterranean that the swallows and a multitude of other birds acquired the habit of coming north, a habit that nowadays impels them to brave the passage of the perilous seas that nowadays flow over and hide the lost secrets of the ancient Mediterranean valleys.

The grisly men rejoiced at the return of life, came out of the caves in which they had lurked during the winter, and took their toll of the beasts.

These grisly men must have been almost solitary creatures. The winter food was too scanty for communities. A male may have gone with a female or so; perhaps they parted in the winter and came together in the summer; when his sons grew big enough to annoy him the grisly man killed them or drove them off. If he killed them he

may have eaten them. If they escaped him they may have returned to kill him. The grisly folk may have had long, unreasoning memories and very set purposes.

The true men came into Europe, we know not whence, out of the south. When they appeared in Europe their hands were as clever as ours; they could draw pictures we still admire, they could paint and carve; the implements they made were smaller than the Mousterian ones, far smaller than the Chellean, but better made and more various. They wore no clothes worth speaking of, but they painted themselves and probably they talked. And they came in little bands. They were already more social than the Neanderthaler; they had laws and self-restraints; their minds had traveled a long way along that path of adaptation and self-suppression which has led to the intricate mind of man to-day with its concealed wishes, its confusions and laughter and the fantasies and reveries and dreams. They were already held together, these men, and kept in order by the strange limitations of taboo.

They were still savages, very prone to violence, convulsive in their lusts and desires; but to the best of their poor ability they obeyed laws and customs already immemorably ancient, and they feared the penalties of wrongdoing. We can understand something of what was going on in their minds, those of us who can remember the fears, desires, fancies and superstitions of our childhood. Their moral struggles were ours—in cruder forms. They were our kind. But the grisly folk we cannot begin to understand. We cannot conceive in our different minds the strange ideas that chased one another through those queerly shaped brains. As well might we try to dream and feel as a gorilla dreams and feels.

We can understand how the true men drifted northward from the lost lands of the Mediterranean valley into the high Spanish valleys and the south and center of France, and so on to what is now England—for there was no channel then between England and France—and eastward to the Rhineland and over the broad wilderness which is now the North Sea, and the German plain. They would leave the snowy wilderness of the Alps, far higher then and covered with great glaciers, away on their right. These people drifted northward for the very good reason that their kind was multiplying and food diminishing. They would be oppressed by feuds and wars. They had no settled homes; they were accustomed to drift with the seasons; every now and then some band would be pushed by hunger and fear a little farther northward into the unknown.

We can imagine the appearance of a little group of these wanderers, our ancestors, coming over some grassy crest into these northern lands. The time would be late spring or early summer, and they would probably be following up some grazing beasts, a reindeer herd or horses.

By a score of different means our anthropologists have been able to reconstruct the particulars of the appearance and habits of these early pilgrim fathers of mankind.

They would not be a very numerous band, because if they were there would be no reason why they should have been driven northward out of their former roving grounds. Two or three older men of thirty or so, eight or ten women and girls, with a few young children, a few lads between fourteen and twenty, might make up the whole community. They would be a brownish brown-eyed people with wavy dark hair; the fairness of the European and the straight blue-black hair of the Chinaman had still to be evolved in the world. The older men would probably lead the band, the women and children would keep apart from the youths and men, fenced off by complex and definite taboos from any close companionship.

The leaders would be tracking the herd they were following. Tracking was then the supreme accomplishment of mankind. By signs and traces that would be invisible to any modern civilized eye they would be reading the story of the previous day's trek of the herd of sturdy little horses ahead of them. They would be so expert that they would go on from one faint sign to another with as little delay as a dog that follows a scent.

The horses they were following were only a little way ahead—so the trackers read the signs—they were numerous and nothing had alarmed them. They were grazing and moving only very slowly. There were no traces of wild dogs or other enemies to stampede them. Some elephants were also going north, and twice our human tribe had crossed the spoor of woolly rhinoceros roaming westward.

The tribe traveled light. They were mainly naked, but all of them were painted with white and black and with red and yellow ocher. At this distance of time it is difficult to see whether they were tattooed. Probably they were not. The babies and small children were carried by the women on their backs in slings or bags made of animal skins, and perhaps some or all of them wore mantles and loin bands of skin and had pouches and belts of leather. The men had stone-pointed spears, and carried sharpened flints in their hands.

There was no Old Man who was lord and master and father of this particular crowd. Weeks ago the Old Man had been charged and trampled to a jelly by a great bull in the swamp far away. Then two of the girls had been waylaid and carried off by the young men of another, larger tribe. It was because of these losses that this remnant was now seeking new hunting grounds.

The landscape that spread before the eyes of this little band as they crested the hill was a bleaker, more desolate and altogether unkempt version of the landscape of Western Europe to-day. About them was a grassy down athwart which a pewit flew with its melancholy cry. Before them stretched a great valley ridged with transverse purple hills over which the April cloud shadows chased one another. Pine woods and black heather showed where these hills became sandy, and the valleys were full of brown brushwood, and down their undrained troughs ran a bright green band of peaty swamps and long pools of weedy water. In the valley thickets many beasts lurked unseen, and where the winding streams had cut into the soil there were cliffs and caves. Far away along the slopes of the ridge that were now revealed, the wild ponies were grazing.

At a sign from the two leaders the little straggle of menfolk halted, and a woman who had been chattering in subdued tones to a little girl became silent. The brothers surveyed the wide prospect earnestly.

"Ugh!" cried one abruptly, and pointed.

"Ugh!" cried his brother.

The eyes of the whole tribe swung round to the pointing finger. The group became one rigid stare. Every soul of them stood still; astonishment had turned them into a tense group of statuettes. Far away down the slope, with his body in profile and his head turned towards them, frozen by an equal amazement, stood a hunched gray figure, bigger but shorter than a man. He had been creeping up behind a fold in the ground to peer at the ponies, and suddenly he had turned his eyes and seen the tribe. His head projected like a baboon's. In his hand he carried what seemed to the menfolk a great rock.

For a little while this animal scrutiny held discoverers and discovered motionless. Then some of the women and children began to stir and line out to see the strange creature better.

"Man!" said an old crone of forty. "Man!"

At the movement of the women the grisly man turned, ran clumsily for a score of yards or so towards a thicket of birch and budding thorn. Then he halted again for a moment to look at the newcomers, waved an arm strangely and then dashed into cover.

The shadows of the thicket swallowed him up and by hiding him seemed to make him enormous. It identified itself with him, and watched them with his eyes. Its tree stems became long silvery limbs, and a fallen trunk crouched and stared.

It was still early in the morning, and the leaders of the tribe had hoped to come up with the wild ponies as the day

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That Was the Beginning of a Nightmare Age for the Little Children of the Human Tribe. They Knew They Were Watched. Their Steps Were Dogged

OFT IN THE SILLY NIGHT

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

MISS MEZANINE CONNER gave an order to her maid. "Cleo," she commanded languidly, "I desiahs that you should summon the chauffeur to my presence."

Cleo departed. No sooner had the door closed behind her than Miss Conner swung into action. She rose, crossed the living room and gazed hopefully into the gilt-framed mirror which dangled beneath a crayon portrait of that particular forbear who had earned the first dollar of what was now reputed to be the most sizable collection of money and negotiable paper owned by any colored family in the state of Alabama.

But Mezanine had no eyes for the shiny likeness of the dear defunct. She was interested only in the tale told by the polished mirror. Without undue flattery the mirror convinced her that she was not unpleasing to the eye. Her complexion had the background and the rose tints of a pristine chocolate parfait. Her hair had been coiffed atop a well-shaped head and its midnight hue decorated by a hairpin jeweled with genuine diamonds—two of them.

Mezanine worked swiftly, and long before the hall door opened to admit the personable Mr. Temus Robinson, chauffeur to the Conner household, she had settled back upon the lounge and summoned again the languid indifference which befitted her supremacy in the colored circles of Birmingham.

To even the most casual observer, had he witnessed her maneuvers of the past few minutes, it would have been plain that Miss Mezanine Conner was extremely desirous of making an impression upon Mr. Robinson, her chauffeur. And now, left alone with that gentleman, her heaving bosom and downcast eyes and the nervously fluttering fingers were proof enough that even a fabulous amount of money had not rendered Mezanine impervious to the sweetly poisoned darts of the little blind god.

Standing rigidly in the doorway, a slave to domestic discipline, the exquisitely uniformed chauffeur suspected nothing of the emotional seethe that was sizzling within the breast of his adored mistress. He bobbed his head and waited.

Temus was forced to keep tight rein on himself in the immediate presence of Miss Conner. He was acutely conscious of her, himself a victim to the *grande passion*. But he loved from a distance. Who was he, first-class chauffeur though he was, to aspire to the hand of this radiant and much-moneyed creature in whose household he was employed? Such things happened in novels, as the fruition of romance in which employer's daughter and humble chauffeur were the palpitant dramatis personæ—but Temus Robinson was a gentleman whose mental slant was inclined to the practical, and he knew that best-seller bait was not for mere mortals.

All of which was known to Miss Conner and caused her excessive and continuous mental anguish. By the employment of her sixth sense she had long since divined that her ardor for the handsome chauffeur was reciprocated in kind—and she had used every feminine art in the catalogue to bring about a declaration of his passion. Her efforts had proved futile, thanks principally to Temus' overweening modesty, and she had some time since given up the task as hopeless—praying for some heaven-sent opportunity calculated to wring confession from Mr. Robinson's humble soul.

She gazed up now into his level eyes, glimpsed again the well-knit figure, the broad shoulders, the masterful carriage, the powerful depth of chest and bulginess of arms; marveled at Temus' blindness, and found herself horrified by the idea that she had perhaps been betrayed by her woman's intuition—perchance he did not love her.

"Temus?"

"Yas'm, Miss Conner?"

"Papa is out of town."

"Yas'm—I knows that."

"An' he ain't due to return back heah until t'-morrow mawnin'."

She looked up, hopeful that the suggestion might have fallen on fertile ground. Temus' face exhibited all the personal fire of a brick wall.

"No'm."

She sighed hopelessly. "I ain't gwine remain in my own domicile t'-night, Temus. I is gwine sojourn with a frien' of mine on Sevumteenth Street until mawnin'."

"Yas'm."

"Theyfo', an' because of that, Temus, I ain't gwine need you, n'r neither the car, after you ca'ies me to my frien's place of residence at the hour of six o'clock this evenin'. Such bein' the status, I esten's to you the privilege of vacationin' until t'-morrow mawnin' at nine o'clock."

"Yas'm."

"At that hour you may call fo' me at said house an' convey me back to my own residence. Is that satisfact'ry, Temus?"

She leaned forward eagerly, hungry for a personal nuance in his speech of thanks. She was greeted with the same irritating passivity.

"Yas'm."

Silence fell between them. Her father safely out of the city on a business trip, herself and Temus alone—it was opportunity with a large O. She bent forward seductively:

"Is you glad, Temus?"

"'Bout which, Miss Mezanine?"

"'Bout gittin' this heah surcease away fum wuk which I tenders you?"

"Yas'm." He saw from her face that this was not enough, and hastened to add, "I always likes to git away."

She slumped back on the lounge. All unwittingly Temus had wounded his adored one. It was not his cue to speak, and she said nothing. For fully five minutes she said the same thing, and then Temus fidgeted uneasily.

"That all, Miss Mezanine?"

"Uh-huh!" She emitted a gusty sigh. "Ise afraid so."

Temus backed out of the door. He was not very clear as to the meaning of her final words, but did not attempt to decipher them. Mezanine was entirely too educated for him.

It was not unnatural that Temus should have been so persistently blind to the devotion of his employer's daughter. Julep Conner, her father, bore the reputation of being worth more than fifty thousand dollars in good hard cash—or the equivalent thereof—all of which was destined some day to come into the possession of the daughter. She was not only sought after by many of the young eligibles of the colored persuasion in Birmingham—she was fairly stampeded, and had been for the past two years, ever since the financial windfall which raised her father from the commercial standing of a man comfortably well-to-do to the ranks of the unbelievably wealthy.

It was not only the little matter of many dollars which made Mezanine unutterably desirable. There were, too, the facts that she was a decidedly pretty girl and an exceedingly competent potential housewife. She could cook and sew and appreciate homelike comfyness—attributes of irresistible appeal to the male. The plenitude of dollars and ensuing lack of necessity for the employment of the many domestic virtues lessened not one whit their allure.

But since the two-year-old windfall of money which made of old Julep Conner a financial figure in the colored business world not only of his community but of the entire South, Miss Mezanine had gradually drifted away from her friends. Not snobbishness—for there was nothing more foreign to her nature—but it was inevitable that she should become conscious of her importance; and it behooved her to maintain the dignity of the Conner name.

Also, she had gone hot on the trail of education. Words were grist to her mill of learning. She waylaid them in dark spots, slugged them mightily and made them her own. Her vocabulary was at once the wonder and the despair of her infatuated gentleman friends. They couldn't touch bottom in her sea of verbosity. And no one of them was more hopelessly dazzled by her display of lingual pyrotechnics than Temus Robinson. He quivered admiringly under the impact of her malapropisms, marveling at the magnificence of the brain which could absorb such specimens of the English language.

Temus had hitched his *phaëton d'amour* to a star. He was content to worship from a distance, fearful of the chasm that separated them, and never dreaming that day after day Mezanine sat in her limousine sighing gusty sighs at sight of the broad uniformed back of the handsome chauffeur.

From his interview with Mezanine, Temus went to his room, where for a few moments he stood staring adoringly at a picture of Mezanine which he had clipped from The Weekly Epoch several months since. This picture had been mounted with meticulous care on a bit of white cardboard and the whole incased in a gaudy frame of gilded cast iron. Temus perched the picture on the dresser, threw himself across the bed and lighted a cigar. And then he smoked and dreamed until the hour of his mistress' departure.

Temus Suddenly Became Conscious of the Coughing Motor, Which Was Now Very Close Indeed

Temus returned alone in the huge limousine. He entered the big residence, now deserted, and looked longingly around. If only he were more blessed with the goods of this world! If only he might aspire to marry into such as this! His chest swelled; he felt that he was to the manor born—only something had slipped. Temus knew that he had the figure, the face, the manner of a gentleman. What he lacked was opportunity!

He browsed idly through the house—parlor, dining room, the room of old man Julep Conner. And in that latter habitation something caught his eye and held him spellbound. It was hanging in the clothes closet, beckoning invitingly, shrieking invitation.

Temus was gazing upon the evening clothes of Mr. Julep Conner!

"Ise thinkin' ——" Temus was mumbling to himself. "I thinks easy. Sumthin' comes along an' give me a idea an'—blip! they ain't nothin' c'n keep my min' fum wukkin'!"

Sight of the evening suit—a sense of aloneness—a desire to assume the habuliments of a gentleman—it was all logical as A B C. And from the formless background a desire took shape—crystallized—became planted firmly in the mind of Mr. Temus Robinson.

The ambition had always been there, but never before had Old Man Opportunity introduced himself. It was a thoroughly laudable and innocuous desire, having its roots in Temus' futile passion for Miss Mezanine Conner. Suddenly Temus clenched one large fist and smashed it into the palm of the other hand.

"Hot dam! I does it!"

He found himself covered with cold perspiration. He was about to attain an ambition of many years' standing. For one night he was to flutter as a butterfly—a gentleman of affluence and leisure—a personage socially and financially on a plane with his lady love.

In brief, Temus Robinson had determined to garb himself in full evening dress, hire a chauffeur and have himself driven somewhere in the big limousine. It didn't matter where he was driven or who did the driving. Second only to winning the heart and hand of Mezanine Conner he was possessed of a desire to do as Julep Conner did—walk grandiloquently to the curb, crook his finger at the waiting limousine, have a uniformed chauffeur open the door, then bark an order: "The club, Temus!"

Temus catapulted through the door and headed for Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor. He paused once by the wayside where a pink poster, plastered against a broken fence, informed him that on that particular evening at eight-thirty The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise was giving its fourth annual ball for the benefit of sweet charity. It answered his problem of whither. The annual charity ball of that elect colored organization was one of the great events of the year.

In Bud Peaglar's place Temus unearthed his friend John Wrigle in the act of paying his last two-bit piece to a more fortunate Kelly-pool player. Temus grabbed Mr. Wrigle by the arm.

"John?"

"Huh?"

"You drives a auto, don' you?"

"Huh! Cullud boy, you asts sphuerferous questions. Ain't you know I used to mechanic down to a garage?"

"Sho'ly does. Lis'en heah, frien'—does you desiah to earn yo'se'f two dollars—cash?"

"Two dollars—cash money? Temus, fo' even half of that I'd frame up to collec' on my own life insurance, if'n I had any."

Temus seized him by the arm and propelled him toward the door.

"C'm 'long, boy; us travels!"

On the way Temus delved into the details of his plan

"Fo' one dollar you drives that car a couple hours, John Wrigle. Fo' the other dollar you keeps yo' mouth shut afterwards 'bout what you has done. Also, if'n you ever 'lowed that tongue to slip—kinder accidental like—you is suddenly gwine be ain't."

"Says which?"

"Says you ain't gwine be is if'n anyone ever hears what us is gwine do this night."

"Huh! I ain't no fool ——"

"Reckon not bein' same is gwine he'p you to live long an' have a heap of gran-chillum. 'Cause, boy, what I does to-night is done on the sho'-nuff quietus. Git me?"

"Uh-huh! I got!"

The task of fitting John Wrigle into his chauffeur's uniform proved considerably less of a job than the task of donning Julep Conner's evening outfit. To put it mildly, Mr. Conner's evening clothes fitted Mr. Robinson a trifle soon. They were long enough in sleeve and leg, but not quite sufficiently ample across chest or hips. Still, the sartorial ensemble was not at all unpleasing to Temus' none too critical eye. He stood back and surveyed his mirrored self complacently.

"Hot dog!" he approved. "What it takes to look like sumthin'—I is got it."

Temus was a trifle apprehensive during the progress of his get-away from the Conner homestead. True, the servants' quarters were situated over the garage at the rear of the lot, and he had parked the limousine around the corner, with John in the driver's seat—but still, while there was danger, he found it impossible to be entirely at ease.

He buttoned a long dust coat carefully about his neck, oozed through the front door and slithered around the corner. John Wrigle, immaculate in one of Temus' uniforms, sat rigidly at the wheel. Within a few paces of the car Temus doffed the dust coat, slung it nonchalantly over a black-sleeved arm, set his employer's silk hat at a more jaunty angle and swaggered to the curb. John Wrigle, expression serious, alighted and opened the door of the car

"Where you desiahs to go, suh?"

Temus produced a glass-jeweled case and extracted therefrom a Turkish cigarette. This he lighted languidly.

"Lodge rooms of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise, John," he ordered casually. "An' take yo' time. I ain't cravin' to be 'rested fo' no speedin'."

He allowed John to slam the door as he settled back luxuriously against the deep upholstery. Then, as his chauffeur let in the gears and sent the handsome car rolling smoothly down Eighteenth Street, Temus gave himself over to the beatitude of the moment.

His secondary dream was in the process of fulfillment, and the realization was proving even more delicious than the anticipation. For the first time in his life Temus was undergoing the supreme thrill of a gentleman of leisure and affluence. He forgot that this was a masquerade, forgot that his clothes and his automobile were the property of another, and that he rightfully belonged in the livery which bedecked the frame of Mr. John Wrigle—forgot everything save that he was what he wished himself to be.

The car rolled slowly down Eighteenth Street, past long rows of one-story, unpainted frame structures, which housed some of the best colored families in the city. Ahead, the serried sky line of Birmingham bulked, light-studded, in the clear night. The windows of the car were down, flushing the luxurious interior with the fresh cool air of mid-May. The atmosphere was pregnant with the breath of spring and of life and love. Mr. Temus Robinson felt that he was very glad indeed to be alive on such a night as this—he was unutterably happy, blissfully at peace with himself and the world, utterly oblivious of the fact that there must be a morrow. Sufficient unto his big night were the pleasures thereof.

They swayed gently across the L. & N. railroad tracks and rolled magnificently through the civic center of Birmingham's Darktown, past the Champion and Frolic Theaters, the grim, darkened portals of the Penny Prudential Bank Building, the Gold Crown Ice Cream Parlor, the Smooth Pants Pressing Club—to swing eventually down Fourth Avenue, ride a few blocks, turn to the right again, and slow down at their destination.

The lodge rooms of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise were ablaze with festive light. The entertainment committee had done itself proud in the matter of decoration for this great annual charity ball. Within there was a riot of gayety, a medley of color. High and low, they were all there—editors, lawyers, doctors, porters, shoemakers—aristocrat and proletarian rubbed elbows in frank camaraderie. It was a democratic gathering of the worthwhile and the worthless in a potpourri of enjoyment, a charivari of ebullient gayety.

Temus alighted grandiloquently. The car was backed in to the curb at an angle of about forty-five degrees.

"John," ordered the colored gentleman in the borrowed evening dress, "you waits heah until fu'ther orders."

"Yassuh."

The chauffeur touched his cap. Both had now forgotten the masquerade.

Temus swaggered elegantly into the hall, checked his silk hat, and stood lounging by the doorway of the big ballroom, which was filled with the toe-tickling music of Professor Alec Champagne's Jazzphoney Orchestra in the throes of a shimmy inspirer.

Temus attracted no undue attention, although he came in for his full share of admiring

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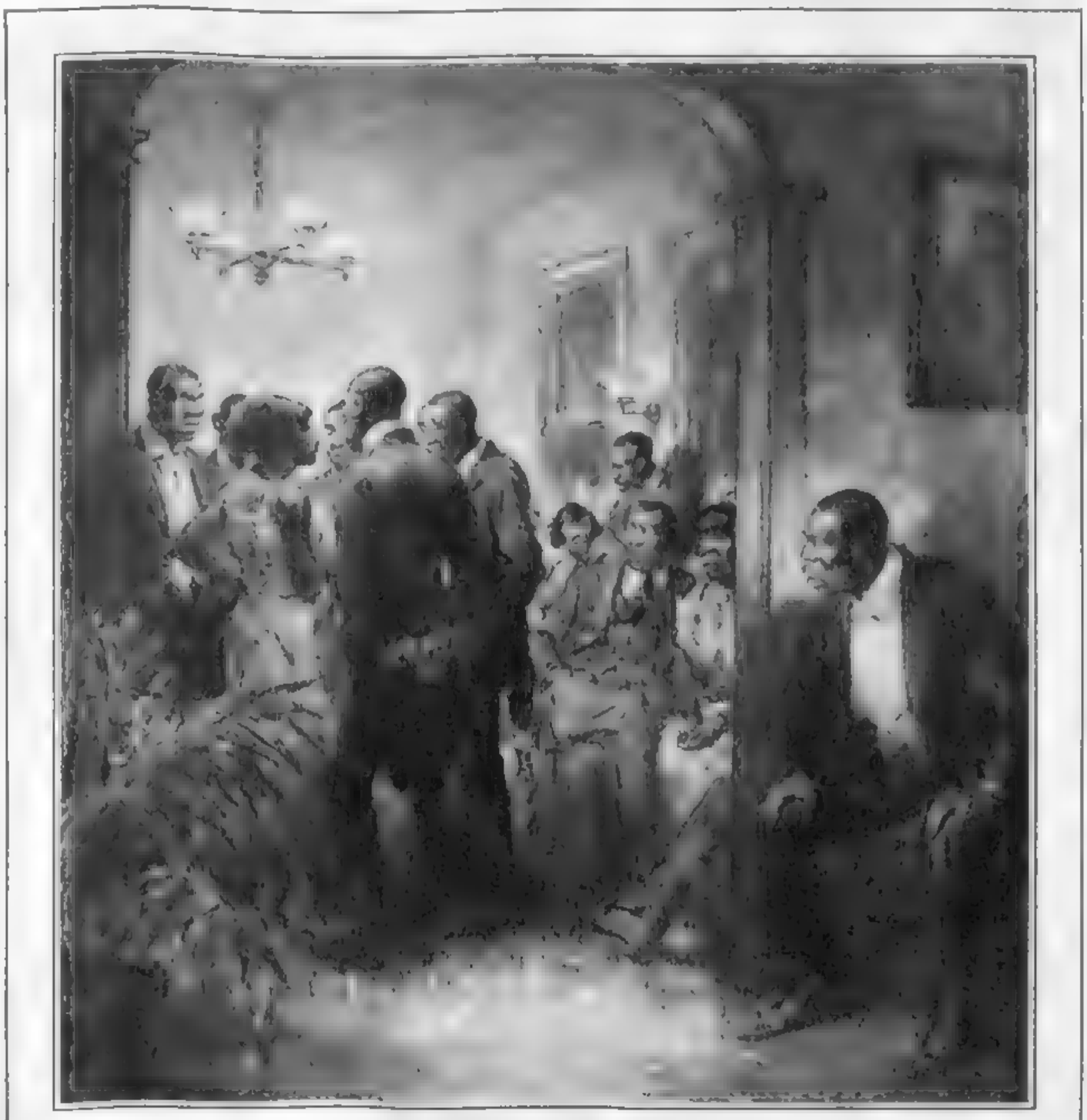

He Knew That the Moment Miss Mezanine Conner Caught Sight of Him Unpleasant Disclosures Would Develop

WINNIE AND THE TIGER MAN

By BERTRAM ATKEY

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE L. BENSON

WINNIE was singing a little, soft, plaintive lullaby all to herself in the south drawing-room at Hawkshover Hall. It was late afternoon. The hunting people had not yet returned. The bridge fiends were still rapt in tense and bitter communion in the card room, and Lady Fasterton had retired temporarily into the restful seclusion of her most private holy of holies.

Winnie was one of many guests there, and she had been disinclined either for bridge, sleep, mild intoxication or any other of the diversions which usually ameliorated a wet-weather midafternoon for the party at any one of the Fasterton country houses. So, finding the cozy south drawing-room empty of people, she had settled down to amuse herself for a few passing moments at the piano. It was a little old-fashioned lullaby, with the ghost of an exquisite, half-faded melody haunting it, and the girl looked very sweet, very childlike, as she sat on the great carved stool, a little figure, looking upwards, her slender fingers straying over the keys, singing softly in the subdued light like a tiny bird piping sweetly in the dusk.

It was a very pretty picture, indeed, and it very definitely arrested the progress of Cyril Fitzmedley as, in muddy hunting kit, he passed the open door.

Sir Cyril stopped, gazing in spellbound at Winnie, and the sweetness of the lullaby lapped about him like the soft waters of Lethe. He listened and was lulled. He never had been quite so excessively or pleasantly lulled in his short and rather confused life. At least, that was his impression. It was all so sweet and gentle and somehow so different that he could not help being lulled. The words were quite simple. There was, he gathered, a naughty wolf that wanted to eat a baby all up, but—sang Winnie—baby needn't be afraid. All baby needed to do was just to go quietly to sleep, and when she was asleep mummy would go and get the naughty, greedy wolf's skin and make a pretty rug of it for baby to roll on—that was all. There appeared to be nothing in it for the wolf.

But the youthful and somewhat-spoiled baronet thought he had never known anything quite so charming, regarded purely as a brief change from the normal. He waited till the last note died out, then went in.

"Dear Miss Winnie," he said earnestly, "I want to thank you for the sweetest few moments I remember for—er—many a long day. That was charmin', quite."

Winnie was very surprised and pleased, but not excited.

"It was only a little lullaby my nurse used to sing to me, dear Sir Cyril. A little thing—it just came into my head, sitting there."

"Ah, it just went into my heart!" said Fitzmedley. He was leaning low to Winnie. "I shall often think of it—often. Will you let me give you some little souvenir of that little moment of pleasure—our tiny secret—what?"

Winnie's wide blue eyes gazed gravely up at him.

"How kind you are to me!" she said. "But I don't think there is anything I want. And I am beginning to feel that I ought not to accept presents—oh, don't be angry with me, please." Impulsively a hand, fair as a flower, rested upon his pink sleeve.

"But why?" said Cyril, leaning nearer. "Do you know, dear Miss Winnie, that I am old enough to be your elder brother—what?"

"I think that must be why!" sighed Winnie. "Is it right for me to accept gifts from you?"

"Oh, quite, quite—especially when it is a souvenir of such a special little secret pleasure as your charmin' song gave me. I assure you it would be quite all right. I love to give things to people who give me things."

The frank admiration in Winnie's eyes made him almost desperately eager to mark the occasion. Unconsciously he felt violently wishful to live up to that look.

"I think you have a great nature, Sir Cyril," she lullabied. "You don't mind my saying that, do you? I think that if there happened to be anything I wanted I could accept it from you without being misunderstood."

He leaned nearer yet.

"You could; indeed, you could!"

"I mustn't accept jewelry, Sir Cyril. That would be wrong. I haven't had much experience of these things, but I know a girl mustn't accept jewelry from rich, good-looking men, no matter how chivalrous they may be."

"Oh, I don't know about that, Miss Winnie."

"But perhaps it would not be much harm to accept a little pet."

His naturally rather dull eyes lit up.

"I should love to give you a pet, dear Miss Winnie. What would you like?"

Winnie's eyes fell. "You will laugh at me, I am afraid," she said.

He caught at her hand—in order to reassure her.

"No, no! How could I laugh at you for wanting a pet?"

He was thinking how perfectly sweet she would look fondling a tiny Pekingese pup or Persian kitten presented by himself.

"What pet would you like, dear Miss Winnie?"

"A little race horse, please," cooed Winnie.

"A race horse!"

For an instant the infatuated youth was startled. After all, you can't gallop a race horse into Lullabyland without the temporary inhabitants thereof getting a slight shock. But suddenly he got what he conceived to be the right perspective of the thing. When a few months before he had inherited his father's approximately three-quarter-million estate he had inherited the big racing stud into which something like another quarter million had been sunk by his turf-loving parent. He realized that there were few things he could spare better than a little race horse, for, counting foals, yearlings, horses of racing age, studhorses and brood mares, he possessed something like a hundred. Dimly it occurred to him that Winnie was paying him a pretty compliment, or so he vaguely interpreted it. The shock passed and he grew enthusiastic.

"Why—why, that's a splendid idea, Miss Winnie!"

"It seemed so appropriate, somehow," smiled Winnie.

"Which would you like?" he asked eagerly. "You were with the party that I showed over the stables and farm yesterday, weren't you? Did you see one you liked?"

"I liked them all, I think," said the girl. "But there was one that I fell quite in love with. A—a—yearling, I think it was called; a lovely little black one with four white stockings—don't they say?—and a white patch on its forehead like a big star."

He knitted his brows. Sir Cyril had not inherited his father's passion for Thoroughbreds, and except for the classical-event winners he hardly knew one from the other. He possessed himself of Winnie's other hand.

"Then you shall have that one!" he declared impulsively. "What was its name?"

"I don't think it had a name. Shall we—just you and I—telephone to the trainer and ask about it?"

"Yes, rather, Miss Winnie! Just you and I—on the quiet, eh? Toppin' idea."

They crossed the room to the ornately camouflaged telephone and rang up Cyril's sharp-eyed, rather witnered-looking master of horse, one Mr. Dan Harmon. The lovely little black one was, it appeared, an unnamed yearling filly of extremely aristocratic parentage, her mamma being Moonlady, who in her day had won the Oaks, while the filly's papa, the celebrated Volt, had annexed the Derby, the St. Leger, the Two Thousand Guineas, the Eclipse Stakes and other similar useful little affairs.

"You have chosen very well, Miss Winnie," said Cyril.

"Have I? How lucky!" sighed Winnie. "I chose her because she is so pretty."

Cyril gave the necessary instructions, and made way at the telephone for Winnie.

"Is that Mr. Harmon, please? Good afternoon, Mr. Harmon. This is Miss O'Wynn speaking. Thank you for your congratulations. Yes, the little black one with the white stockings; the—is it?—the Moonlady filly—how pretty—mine now, yes. Sir Cyril wishes it—so kind. I beg your pardon, Mr. Harmon? Oh, do you think so? That would be too good to be true. Yes, yes! With you, Mr. Harmon, of course. I could not think of allowing her to be trained by anybody but you. May I come for a little talk to-morrow? Thank you, that will be nice. I want her to be named Lullaby"—Cyril thrilled—"Lullaby. What is she doing now? Yes, this very minute—in her box? How nice! Yes—I shall bring her some sugar to-morrow, tell her—Lullaby. Thank you, Mr. Harmon. Take great care of her, won't you? She is the only one I have, you know. Thank you, that is kind—kind. Good-by, Mr. Harmon!"

She turned to Cyril. "Do you like Lullaby for a name—just in memory of our little secret, Sir Cyril?"

"Ah, Miss Winnie, you know I do!" he bleated. "You——"

He broke off sharply as a thinnish, middle-aged lady came in; a pale, well-gowned woman with a manner so icy, remote and faultlessly correct that she was positively awe-inspiring. This was Lady Foxelen, Cyril's future mamma-in-law, for Cyril was firmly betrothed to Vivien Foxelen. "You are home early, Cyril," she said slowly.

"Yes, I took a short cut and missed the others."

"I hope you are not wet through." Her eyes played over his pink.

"Perhaps I had better get out of my things," said Cyril, rather *piano*, and faded away.

"Cyril is so reckless," observed the lady, with a chill smile, to Winnie. Winnie agreed.

Lady Foxelen patronized her—this unknown little nobody—for a few moments, not unkindly, and presently moved on to the big lounge hall where the hunting folk were beginning to appear in search of tea or other support to tide them over till dinnertime. Winnie looked at the telephone, hesitated, then rang up the trainer again.

"This is Miss O'Wynn speaking, Mr. Harmon. Is Lullaby doing any work? Splendid! I think you are quite right, Mr. Harmon. I shall come out early to-morrow morning to see her gallop. Thank you—if Mrs. Harmon would really like it, it would be so nice to breakfast with you—yes."

She hung up. So did Mr. Harmon, whose comment was not without interest. "She must be that blue-eyed slip of a thing that asked Evans all those questions about the Moonlady filly yesterday," he said to his assistant. "She looked like a child to me."

"Well, child or not, she's owner of the likeliest yearling ever bred in the Fitzmedley stud," said the other, one Skyland. "I wonder if the boss knows what he's parted with."

The trainer laughed

"Knows? Does he know the Moonlady filly from a Hereford heifer? Lord! What can a man know who'll give away a filly like that—for nothing?"

Mr. Skyland smiled.

"Oh, perhaps he got a kiss for it, if he had sense enough. More likely she let him 'old 'er 'and for a minute," he added inelegantly.

The trainer pondered.

"Well, she was certainly a lovely little thing that blue-eyed little lady. But—the finest filly in the South! Given away! It makes me tired! Still, I'd as soon train for a girl with an eye for a horse as a man who knows nothing. And I've no doubt I'll have my own way—that's one thing," he added innocently. "I usually do with owners Lullaby, eh? I guess she'll lullabize some of 'em before all's finished!"

Dan Harmon shook his head.

"I shouldn't say she knows much—she sounds like a kid. At least, she did the first time she spoke on the phone. But come to think of it, the second time she rang up she sounded sort of businesslike." He frowned slightly. "She wanted to know if the yearling was doing any work. And she's coming to see a short pipe-opener to-morrow. Well, now, was that just ignorance? Or did she know that Lullaby will soon be a two-year-old, and forward at that. Y'know, Ben, the boss has parted with the winner of next year's Middle Park Plate, with a bit of luck. O'Wynn! Kind of familiar name too. Seem to have heard of it—on the course too! Funny! However, if I can manage the owners I've got to, and the place and people I'm paid to, I guess I can manage a blue-eyed baby like little Miss O'Wynn." He spoke in his ignorance.

II

LONG before six o'clock next morning Winnie, mounted on a good-looking hack lent to her during her visit by warm-hearted Lady Fasterton, who was really fond of the girl, was cantering through the mist towards the Harmon training stables.

She was in high spirits and breathlessly eager to see how her little lady, Lullaby, promised. She was quite alone, and none of the house party was aware that she was going to see the Fitzmedley string at work—not even Cyril. Winnie was leaving for London two days later, and quite the last thing she desired to happen while she was at Hawkshover was for the secret she shared with Cyril to leak out.

"If Lady Foxelen should hear that he has given me Lullaby, and that I've accepted her, I am sure that she and Vivien would freeze me to death," she said, smiling. "But luckily they know less about Cyril's horses so far than poor Cyril does himself, and by the time they know—if ever—it will be ancient history."

She cantered in thoughtful silence for a little.

"Look Down, Major," She Advised Kindly. "People Will Notice Your Eyes. They Will Think You are Going to Spring at Me"

Whether he meant the yearling or the yearling's sweet little owner he did not say.

"D'ye think she knows anything about horses, or was it just a lucky dip?"

"If Lullaby is what I really think she might be she shall go for the Ascot New Stakes next June, the Richmond Stakes at Goodwood in July, and, if she does well, the Middle Park Plate in October. Some of these big two-year-old sprints will be good for her."

She laughed for the sheer joy of life.

"Oh, if only poor daddy were alive! We would make them lie down and cry, as he used to say. I think Cyril Fitzmedley will never be a very ferocious wolf. I don't think he will ever snap up a little girl in one bite—unless she is a little silly in her mind! And how could anyone resist accepting a wolf's skin—a small part of it—when the wolf comes gamboling up and implores one to help oneself? If it had been Lord Fasterton, now——"

She looked more serious, for Fasterton was a wolf of different caliber from Cyril Fitzmedley. She would have been less ready to accept a near-two-year-old from Lord Fasterton, ready as that nobleman no doubt would have been to give her one, though possibly not one such as Lullaby. Acceptance of such a gift from the experienced Fasterton would have called for somewhat more complicated handling than it did from an innocent young wolfling like Cyril. Besides, Winnie felt that it was as well to keep the gay Fasterton in reserve. She might be requiring a three-year-old some day, all being well.

But however that may have been, certainly all was well with Lullaby. The veriest beginner could have seen the class of the yearling. Her breeding was stamped on her from hoofs to ear tips. High-spirited and fidgety as a happy, healthy child, with the promise of all the shapeliness, grace and sweet temper of her famous dam, Moonlady, exquisitely merged with the power and look of speed of the great Volt, her sire, Lullaby took her little owner's heart by storm.

"Oh, you darling!" went Winnie, fondling the yearling.

She purposed to possess a good many race horses in the course of time; but she knew at once that never, never would she own any horse that would ever be to her what this beautiful, fairy-footed creature was going to be.

Mr. Dan Harmon smiled at her enthusiasm as a man might smile at a child with her first kitten or a boy with his first pup. They rode out to the great Heath, watched the work of the string and returned together. Winnie tore herself away from Lullaby and breakfasted at the trainer's home. She was so happy that she was radiant. It was all very jolly, indeed, but when presently she rode away Mr. Harmon seemed faintly puzzled.

"There goes the prettiest thing in lady owners I've ever seen," quoth he. "Why, she's but a child! She talked a good deal, didn't she?" His wife agreed.

"But I don't call to mind that she said one silly thing about racing—or made one mistake. Her ideas are sound as a bell. Did you notice her rattle 'em off—Ascot New Stakes, Richmond Stakes and Middle Park Plate, please—like milk gurgling out of the jug? A young, innocent, blue-eyed thing like her! And you know, Kate, I don't quite know how it happened, but, come to think of it, I'm damned if I don't believe I've agreed to train the filly at a figure that isn't going to show me more than about a couple of cigars profit a year! Funny!"

His wife laughed.

"Why, you great baby, you're half in love with the child yourself!" she said easily. "Sure, she can tie you in knots round her fingers—the same as I can," she explained kindly. "Not that she isn't all you say," she added. "You must do well for her with the Moonlady filly."

"She's only a kiddy and I rather fancy she needs it. Can you, Dan, d'you think?"

Big Kathleen Harmon was half Irish, still as generous, easy and emotional after twenty years of married life as on the first day.

"If only the filly trains on as she promises to," he said solemnly, "Miss O'Wynn has had a fortune given her. I tell you, Kate, Lullaby's a flyer! I wonder what he gave her to the girl for."

"Ah, get along to your horses!" said Kate. "What do you want with wonder? Did you never give me a present in the old days—and you half engaged to that yellow-headed Maud MacGill? Wonder! Sure, it's the men who wonder half the fairy stories in the world!"

"And it's the women that tell them, Katie," said Dan, and escaped.

But Mr. Harmon was not the only person who believed that Lullaby was a flyer. There were others. Winnie met one of them as she rode through the flowing dawn to Hawkshover. This was Major Mountarden, who, with his extremely smart wife, was a popular member of the Fasterton house party. Winnie had had very little to do with the Mountardens so far, for they were leading lights of the more desperate bridge section; nor did she feel particularly drawn toward either of them, though she believed the major to be one of the most distinguished-looking men she had ever seen. He was very tall, broad, with a soldierly face and a rather uncommon golden mustache, which he wore drooping in the old-style cavalryman fashion. It was tremendously effective.

He greeted Winnie with such a very careful, almost elaborate sweep of the hat and with such cordiality that all her natural instincts of caution jumped on parade at once. The major, it appeared, was riding out to the Heath. He was not surprised to meet Winnie, he said, for he had guessed that she would be going out.

"And how do you like the Moonlady filly, dear Miss Winnie?" he asked, adding casually, "Cyril told me—in strict confidence—that you had won the yearling from him."

"Won Lullaby, Major Mountarden?" echoed Winnie.

"Over your wager that he could not give you a stroke a hole at golf, wasn't it?" said the major.

Winnie thought quickly. She had played a game of golf with Cyril Fitzmedley two days before—Vivien Foxelen having a headache—and she was pleased and rather surprised that Cyril had been bright enough to find so plausible an accounting for his gift and her acceptance of Lullaby.

"Oh, that! For a moment I did not understand," she said demurely. "Yes, wasn't it lucky? Do you think it was right for me to accept the yearling, major?"

"Why, certainly, dear Miss Winnie! A wager is a wager Oh, of course! It's rather a pity that she isn't a two-year-old, or even a three-year-old. You see, it will be a long time before she can win a race for you, and the cost of training mounts up"

"But, please, why need it be so long?" asked Winnie, her lips drooping a little.

"Why, Lullaby—what a pretty name!—is only a yearling. She can't race till she is two years old, and even then you mustn't overwork her. It is nice to have such a handsome little horse, but a good, useful three-year-old would give you far more fun and put you to far less expense."

Winnie's face shadowed with disappointment.

"I I never thought of that," she said. "I wanted her to race at once—lots of times." The major smiled.

"Don't take it too much to heart," he advised. "There are ways and means. You might sell the filly and invest the proceeds in a useful three-year-old, for instance"

"But what can such a baby horse be worth, please, Major Mountarden?" faltered Winnie. "A yearling isn't worth so much money as an experienced three-year-old racer, is it—any more than a calf is worth as much as a cow?"

The major turned his head for a half second, his lips flickering.

But he was quite grave when he answered.

"Oh, not at all, Miss Winnie! You see, Lullaby is a little aristocrat. Her breeding makes her worth a fair sum. In fact, you ought to be able to make a quite useful exchange, if you can find a man who is reckless enough to give you a reliable three-year-old for a speculative, well-bred yearling. Lots of men love to gamble in yearlings. They are rather foolish men, between you and me. They nearly always lose, but it's a weakness—a foible. I ought to know"—the major smiled ruefully—"for, you see, I am one of those silly fellows."

Winnie looked shyly sorry for him.

"Oh, what a pity!" she cried

"No, no, not at all. We enjoy the gamble. But it's odd, isn't it? As I said, it's a foible. There's no accounting for it. Take myself now. I happen to own a grand three-year-old. Indeed, they say—and I am inclined to agree with them—that he is the handsomest horse on the English turf to-day—a great, slashing, magnificent red bay with white stockings and a splendid white blaze. He's called Royal Splendour! You've heard of him, perhaps. His dam was Queen of Beauty and his sire was Golden Prince. A beautiful horse—beautiful," said the major absently. Then, rousing from reverie, he went on: "And yet anybody could tempt me to exchange him for a pretty yearling. Silly, isn't it? It's just the charm of the unknown quantity, I suppose."

Winnie said nothing, but she looked very sympathetic, and the major beamed upon her, greatly pleased with his finesse. He had wanted Lullaby for some weeks. Indeed, nothing but an ingrained dislike to pay a fair price for anything had prevented him from making Cyril Fitzmedley a fair offer for her long before. Still, he was inclined to congratulate himself already on taking his early ride. Dreamily he saw himself working off that showy cur of a horse, Royal Splendour, in exchange for the most promising yearling, now practically a two-year-old, he had ever known. Nor was he encumbered by any feeling of reluctance to take advantage of this innocent, baby-sweet child, of pity for her lack of experience, of indulgence, generosity or lenience in consummating the deal. For he was a hard man—a very hard man—in spite of his straight-gazing eyes and his beautiful golden mustache.

"Royal Splendour," said Winnie softly. "It's a ringing name, isn't it?"

"Rather good, but he carries it well."

Winnie dropped her eyes quickly. Few people knew better than she how well Royal Splendour carried his name. Her daddy had often told her of that handsome fraud. His trouble was not how he carried his name, but where he carried it to. Usually he carried it in a position which gave his jockey an admirable view of all other runners' heels and tails.

"Well, Miss Winnie, are you going to indulge my weakness and exchange your little yearling for my big beauty?" Confidence made the major a little careless. He was not usually a careless man.

"I don't think I should like to do that, major," said Winnie. "You see, I love my little horse too well ever to give her away for another, and she is so well bred. Perhaps some day she will win the Derby. Nobody can tell, after all. But I do sympathize with you, and I quite understand about your liking yearlings, major, even though I don't know much about horse racing. I wish I could help you."

He Greeted Winnie With Such a Very Careful, Almost Elaborate Sweep of the Hat and With Such Cordiality That All Her Natural Instincts of Caution Jumped on Parade at Once

She thought for a moment. "What is an option, major? Isn't it something that means first choice?"

"Something of that sort, Miss Winnie." He was watching her.

"If you like—perhaps I am only saying something silly; do forgive me if I am—if it would help you, I would sell you—doesn't that sound mercenary?—the option to buy Lullaby if ever I could bring myself to part with her. I don't think I know enough about racing to exchange for a great, handsome horse like Royal Splendour. But I've heard of options. Daddy used to buy them from a man in the city, but they were awfully unlucky ones."

"Better sell her outright, Miss Winnie. I would advise it. No end of bother, racing—for a lady. I could get you a hundred guineas for the yearling. In fact, I'd pay you that for her myself."

"What a lot of money for a baby horse!" said Winnie. "I'm sure she isn't worth it, except to me."

"Well, you are the only one that matters, you see," the major pointed out rather less confidently.

"It seems unkind, but I wouldn't sell Lullaby for five hundred pounds!" declared the girl softly.

"Pounds!" The major laughed—almost naturally—and then sighed. "All right, Miss Winnie, it's a deal. I'll pay you five hundred guineas."

"For the option, major?"

"Lord, no, my dear child! For the filly."

"Why, major, she isn't for sale—at any price. I couldn't possibly part with her."

The major scowled, carefully turning away. But he was too wolf-wise to press her.

"Very well, Miss Winnie. I'll buy the option."

Her face lighted up.

"Oh, I am so glad to be able to do that for you, major!" she cried, her blue eyes shining on him like stars. "Mr. Harmon had a friend who would have given me a hundred guineas for the option to buy her if ever I wished to sell her, but I would ever so much sooner you had it."

Major Mountarden's smile was rather wry.

"By Jove, it's a stiff price for an option on an unproved yearling!" he said. "But," he added reluctantly, "we'll make it a bargain, Miss Winnie. I'll give you a check after breakfast. Forgive me if I hurry away now. I have to see a trial on the Heath, if I am not too late already."

"Of course, major."

He rode off, and Winnie watched him as he went. It is possible that he would not have felt quite so debonair as he undoubtedly looked had he seen the expression in the blue eyes of the girl. As was her custom, she drew upon her natural-history lore to classify him.

"*Felis tigris*, or tiger," she said gently. "I shall never regret fining him that hundred and five pounds." She always thought of a guinea as one pound one shilling. It was instinct, but a useful one, for nothing is more easily thrown away than the odd shilling that tags onto the English guinea.

"Never! He offered me—because he thought I knew no better—that notorious brute Royal Splendour for my little lady Lullaby. And if I had not learned to take care of myself—and remembered poor daddy's advice—he would have done it. What a shame!"

For a moment Winnie felt very, very sorry for the little girl who would have been without a Lullaby if she had not been careful. Then her eyes sparkled and she laughed softly.

"How absurd!"

She turned her horse and rode on, happy as the birds that were watching her from the trees.

For himself, Felis Tigris Mountarden was somewhat less joyous. He was engaged in wondering precisely what sort of an option it was that he had bought. It seemed to him, thinking it over, that he had agreed to pay a hundred and five healthy sovereigns for an excessively nebulous, ghostlike and attenuated option indeed. But it was the best he could do—only he caught himself wishing that the child had been a little more sophisticated. He felt that he could have made a better trade with someone a little less obviously just out of the nursery.

"Damn these flappers!" he said to his horse. "They know nothing, and they do better out of their infernal innocence than women who have spent half their lives and all their beauty in gaining experience."

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THE GAFF

ILLUSTRATION BY H WESTON TAYLOR

I WAS standing inside the store leaning on the collar-button stand, absorbed in thoughts of the slump that had hit us in the pit of the stomach. A shadow crossing the show window caused me to look up. A man had stopped outside. Alternately he would glance at a clipping held in his hand and at our display of shirts.

We had just dressed the window with a line of fine silk shirts priced at eight dollars and fifty cents. They had cost us more than that and I had been curious to note the effect of the sacrifice sale on passers-by.

My natural inference was that this man had seen our ad. From his clothing and from the rather clumsy way his large fingers handled the clipping I mentally listed him as a workingman—probably a mechanic with a pocketful of money.

We consider our place a swell sort of haberdashery. Ordinarily I would not step outside to question a prospective purchaser. The actions of this man, though, excited my curiosity. I walked out to where he stood. Despite a soiled collar and rumpled clothes I saw that he wore a shirt of about the same fine grade as those in the window.

"Interested in shirts?" I inquired pleasantly. "Nice display there."

"Is this Number 160?" he asked, apparently ignoring my question.

"Yes, this is the place," I assured him. Again he glanced at what I took to be our little ad in the paper.

"I was trying to find 164," he explained. "Must be upstairs."

"Upstairs? Yes, there is a big place of some kind up there—a factory, I think."

"That's the place," he declared.

"Then you are not interested in shirts right now?"

"Not now," he said with the suggestion of a smile on his face. "Not them kind. There's an ad here for a skilled mechanic. I'm looking for the job. Thanks."

He hurried away, leaving me to look at our shirts alone.

Unimportant as it may seem, that little incident gave me a jolt. It was the beginning of my awakening. Men were looking for jobs instead of shirts.

"Sam," I said to my partner, who was back talking with the bookkeeper, "I've got a hunch we'll have to mark those shirts down further before we do much selling."

"What's the idea?" he asked in surprise. "They're down to cost now."

"I know, I know," I insisted, "but you haven't seen any rush of trade, have you? Something tells me we are going to have trouble selling that high-priced stuff at all."

"What's come over you, Ed? You proposed the sale for an ad."

"Yes, but I've just seen a fellow outside—one of those fellows who have been buying the expensive stuff—looking for a job."

"Just an exception," he assured me after I had related the incident. "Others'll come along. Pretty hard to stop a workingman once he gets the silk-shirt habit."

I accepted this assurance and waited. But we waited in vain. During the day others stopped at our window, all looking for that job. There was no big sale. Occasionally a traveler dropped in and bought a shirt, but the increase in sales was not enough to pay for decorating the window. Up the street a competitor had offered a similar shirt for seven dollars.

I kept an eye on that place next door, and I saw at least fifty men go up there in answer to that ad.

Stocking a Nifty Haberdashery

THIS was toward the end of the presidential campaign, when the newspapers were printing notices of factories cutting down their output, some closing up. It seems unduly stupid now, but neither Sam nor I could connect those things with the conduct of a haberdashery shop in the heart of the biggest city in America, a block or so from the busiest corner in the world. We were on the main thoroughfare of the theatrical district and close to both the great railway terminals.

I was not a born haberdasher; that is to say I was not brought up in the retail clothing or men's furnishing business. I had never been in any real business at all until the close of the war. I had been to college and from there went into the army. It was there that I met Sam. He had worked as a clothing salesman and knew something about the tricks of the trade. When we returned as buddies my father staked me to the five thousand dollars that he had been saving up for me when I got old enough to start out for myself. Sam also had a little bank roll.

For weeks we talked over prospects and finally decided to lump our money and go into the haberdashery business.

"Oh, Wait'll I Show You. I've Got It All Right on Paper. Listen!"

You see, we had an idea that we knew a whole lot of young men and that we knew exactly what a young man wanted. A fellow gets that way in the army. He imagines that after the war all those young men will stick together. He can't get it into his head that each of his former comrades will find a nook to fall in, and that each will be thinking along the same line that we were.

At first we had a foolish notion that our personal popularity would get us something; just as a prize fighter does in starting up some kind of business after he has won a championship—only to go broke. We did not tumble to the fact for a long time that a business has to succeed on its merits; that people will not drop in to buy a shirt at a higher price just because they happen to know the proprietor.

Anyway, after profound discussions, into which we took our fathers, we decided to open up a fashionable store for men—a nifty one.

My father made it clear to us that what we had was the total bank roll; that we could get no more because there wasn't any. I knew that Sam already had stretched his shoe string as far as it would go.

"With a capital of about ten thousand dollars you and your partner ought to get off to a good start," my father said to me in a way that I shall never forget, "but you had better keep your minds on making a good finish. Otherwise you'll be working for some other fellow for twenty-five dollars a week."

We were given a letter of introduction to a bank, and opened an account. Sam knew some wholesale dealers and found out that it would be comparatively easy with ten thousand dollars in cash to get additional credit for about fifteen thousand dollars. To begin right we found that it would be necessary to carry a stock of around twenty-five thousand dollars. We didn't know at first, though, that there is a difference in getting fashionable credit and credit for ordinary stuff.

Having decided to operate a nifty, exclusive place we naturally had to put in a stock of nifty and exclusive goods. Our bank roll appeared mighty puny when we called on a firm of standard shirt makers. On one condition only would they permit us to handle their stuff. We would have to pay spot cash for our first line of shirts. After that we would have to let them observe how we were conducting our business. If we were attending to it properly they would allow us a certain amount of credit on the next order.

This was quite a setback. We had imagined that our trade would be courted by the wholesalers.

"Sam," I remarked, thinking of army days, "that guy talked like a first sergeant."

"Yep," he agreed. "You are going to be checked up the rest of your life now. You might as well get used to it."

A haberdashery store, you may know, doesn't require so heavy a stock as regular clothing establishments. We handled shirts, underclothing, hats, neckties, canes, pajamas, gloves, bathrobes and extra things like that. But you have no idea how much money a little place no bigger than a telephone booth can sink in silk shirts when they cost as high as ten dollars each, wholesale. Ten dozen, for instance, is twelve hundred dollars—and that's hardly a dab. You can see how weak that bank roll looked when we started furnishing a whole store. But somehow we got the place fixed up and started.

Luck was with us. From the jump-off we stepped right into a little gold mine. Thousands of soldiers were re-equipping themselves, and as everybody had money and big wages it seemed that we could get nothing too expensive for them. Price seemed to cut no figure. We had launched into business right at the high tide. It seemed a cinch. It never occurred to us that real business acumen would be required when the ebb set in. To tell the truth, we had just about come to the conclusion that it would always be high tide until—well, until the sales began to show signs of dwindling and I saw that mechanic out in front of the window looking for a job. From that moment worry set in.

A Tip From a Banker

I WAS married the very day I got out of the army, and for a year things had been mighty bright. My wife's sister lived with us in an apartment and we got along fine. Even in the face of high prices we lived well and did quite a lot of entertaining in a small way. I felt myself a prosperous merchant and began to have visions of going abroad with those merchant princes, of whom I had read, some day. Why not?

In forming our partnership Sam and I had agreed at the beginning that each of us should draw a salary of one hundred dollars a week. That, we decided, would be about right to maintain what we always took pride in referring to as our social positions.

The rent of our store—rents were very high then, and still are—was five hundred dollars a month. Our other expenses included a bookkeeper at forty dollars a week, and a check girl, who also acted as a sort of stenographer or typist, for twenty-five dollars. Right now I can't think why in the world we ever thought we would need a stenographer, but we did.

One day a friend called our attention to the fact that we must figure off six hundred dollars as expense—the interest on the ten thousand dollars that we had invested. We had never thought of that. In other words, that money would have brought six per cent if invested in securities. We must make over and above that amount just to be even. That taught us something.

Roughly speaking, then, our overhead expense was around twenty thousand dollars a year—four hundred dollars a week!

A business man of experience would have seen instantly that we would have to go some to keep ahead of that. But, as I say, we jumped off at high tide—and did go some.

After a year or so of this you can well understand the peculiar creepy feeling that came over me about five weeks after the mechanic had been looking for a job instead of a shirt when Sam called me back to the bookkeeper's desk.

"Ed," he said very seriously, looking at a row of figures, "we did less than five hundred dollars' worth of business last week. Look at these deposit slips."

"H'm!" I grunted. "What do you suppose the bank'll say?"

"It isn't what they're going to say," he declared. "They have already said it. The manager explained to me this morning that the money market was tightening up and that we'd have to pay off a part of that last note."

"He isn't worried?"

"No, but he said by paying off part of that note we'd make our business look healthy."

"Why didn't you call his attention to the twenty-five-thousand-dollar stock we had to borrow money on?"

"I did. And that's where he knocked me for a goal. 'If you've got a valuable stock on hand and want to raise money,' he said, 'the best thing to do is to sell it. That's what we'd have to do if we loaned money on it and you couldn't make good.'"

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GAMBLING MADE EASY

By Kenneth L. Roberts

The Rock is Monaco, and the Strip of Land Which Edges the Harbor and the Shore Beyond is Monte Carlo, and the Two Together Make Up the Principality

THE French Riviera offers almost as large a percentage of scenery to the square inch as any section of the world. There is scenery to appeal to any taste, no matter how jaded. At the Cannes railroad station, for example, one looks directly out from the windows of his railroad train at a store which sells antique furniture and intriguing art objects, and on one side of the antique shop there are two cozy little saloons and on the other side there are two more cozy little saloons—and of course it goes without saying that at least two of the four saloons are known as American bars, and sell Bronx cocktails that taste as though they were made with a kerosene base.

That mixture of scenery, I may say, is one which appeals to the taste of many a cultured American family at the present day; but if one prefers other sorts one may move away from the saloons and the antique shops and gaze at the blue Mediterranean sparkling in the sun and at the villas of the idle rich, architected by the same school of architects that designed the scrollwork with which the porches of so many American summer homes are still cursed.

Beyond Cannes lies Nice with an even different brand of scenery. Nice boasts a background of distant mountains and a front yard of sparkling Mediterranean and broad promenades on which one may view beautiful French ladies clad in garments appropriate to children of eleven or possibly twelve years of age—garments trimmed as to hats, coats and skirts with so much ragged and stringy monkey fur that one receives the impression that they are badly in need of being sent to the coiffeur for a haircut and an application of pomade.

When Sporty Romans Laid Their Bets

SHOULD the scenery of Nice prove disappointing, one continues along the shores of the sparkling Mediterranean in the direction of Italy, and just before reaching Italy one encounters the very apex of Riviera scenery. Mountains rise almost straight up from the water's edge, and into the azure sea at the foot of the mountains there juts a circular flat-topped rock which the more romantically inclined might liken to a giant frying pan greatly swollen and thickened with age. On the rock there squats an ancient fort and a palace and a medieval town; and a gently sloping ramp runs down the side of the rock from the palace to the lagoonlike harbor at its base.

This rock and the fringe of land around the little harbor and a very narrow strip of land extending a few hundred yards beyond the harbor mouth toward Italy is the Principality of Monaco. The rock is Monaco, and the strip of land which edges the harbor and the shore beyond is Monte Carlo, and the two together make up the principality. As scenery it is the best that the Riviera has to offer, and one can gaze at it with great enjoyment for several hours or for a day or for even two days. At the end of that time, however, the keen delights of sitting around and looking at scenery begin to pall on even the most ardent scenery hound, and one casts around for more absorbing diversion. One then finds that there are plenty of other things to do if one has the equipment or the energy to do them.

One can go for nice long walks, for example, if one doesn't mind plugging up and down long hills that would make even a goat favor his feet occasionally. Or one can play golf if one is willing to climb about a mile up a mountain to reach the links, and then see almost every flubbed shot hit a rock and bounce down to the distant Mediterranean. Or one can shoot pigeons—wild and hurried Spanish pigeons, specially imported for their nervous actions when released in front of the anxious pigeon shooter who is waiting to blow them into the middle of next week.

During 1919 Monte Carlo was visited by 1,700,000 tourists. Most of them were averse to walking more than was absolutely necessary in order to reach the dining room at meal time, 90 per cent of them would have needed a shovel in order to move a golf ball, and 98 per cent of them were no more equipped for pigeon shooting than they were for hop picking, quince canning or any other specialized sport. Lacking anything else to do, they followed the example of nearly all unoccupied assemblages of healthy and financially solvent humans, and gambled.

This, of course, is a natural instinct. Any reasonable male, on being shown a deck of cards and the elements of the game of poker, at once fancies that he is peculiarly equipped to engage all comers and relieve them of all the loose currency to which they have recourse at the moment.

Almost straight up in the air above the Principality of Monaco, perched in a notch in the lavender mountains, is the ancient village of La Turbie, crowned with the crumbling ruins of a mighty tower built by Augustus Cæsar to commemorate a great victory over the Gauls, and to mark the dividing line between ancient Gaul and ancient Rome. Now the odds are in the neighborhood of one thousand to one that whenever the ancient Romans who built that tower were not actively engaged in tower construction or in pursuing wild-eyed and fierce-whiskered Gauls to the edges of precipices and pushing them over the edge with manly Roman shouts of triumph they never wasted their spare moments in admiring the gorgeous view spread out beneath them. Beyond any question, these ancient conquerors of the world, in spite of the scenery and the azure Mediterranean and the golden sunlight on the olive groves, crawled into dark huts after business hours, removed their greaves and their helmets and the more irritating portions of their grass lounge suits and bet each other that they couldn't do certain things. One can hear them talking in the language which the historical novelists have given us to understand they indulged in regularly.

"What bettest thou, Quintus Decius Ammonius, that fortune will not smile upon me in the casting of lots? Speak, good Quintus!"

"By Hercules, Marcus Tullius Boobo, I esteem thee a false alarm as a caster of lots! Five great big fat sestertii against five of thine that thou canst not pull it off!"

"Done, Quintus Decius Ammonius! And thou, Lucius Junius Castorius and Emilianus Lupus Consensus? Wouldst thou, too, nick me for a little piece of change?"

"Yea, Marcus Tullius Boobo! Twenty denarii that thy cast is a bloomer! Shoot the piece, noble Marcus!"

"By Jupiter, fellow Romans, but thy money is as good as up the spout! Little lots, lend me thine ears! Sit pretty, little lots! It is I, Marcus Tullius Boobo, champion lot caster of the Aventine Hill, who whisper to thee. Come to thy papa, little lots! Come on, thou babies! Fly high—wide and handsome! Zowie! By Minerva and all the gods of the Capitoline, I am stung again!"

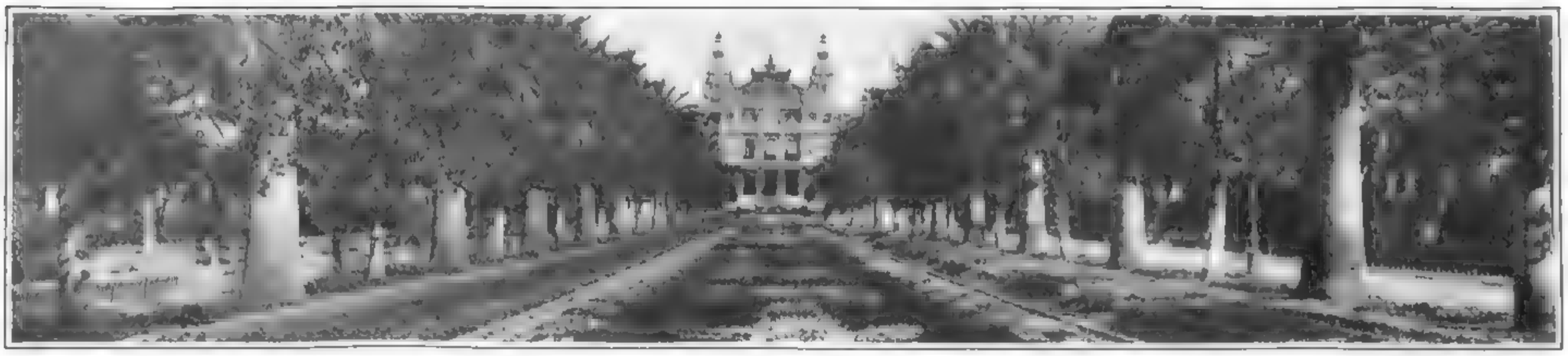
Thus it was in the olden days; and thus, with some pronounced variations, it is to-day. I have no particular wish to concentrate on Monte Carlo to the exclusion of other European resorts. Wherever in Europe to-day there are gatherings of people with nothing to do except look at scenery, and adorn themselves with enough scenery so that they in turn will be looked at, there are also cunning contrivances for separating these people from their loose change; and the separation is being consummated with more energy and enthusiasm on both sides than has ever before been known. In the resorts of Switzerland, France, Belgium, Spain, Germany, Czecho-Slovakia and Italy, the green-baize table covers are being subjected to the greatest amount of wear and tear in their history—and none of the complicated games or artfully manipulated mechanisms, so far as can be discovered, maintains any sort of benefice or kitty for any charity or disgorges any of its winnings to any of the unfortunate wreckage of the war.

The Casino as a Money-Maker

MONTE CARLO, however, has about the same relation to all the other gambling resorts that a football has to a kidney bean. Monte Carlo gambling is not only gambling made easy; it is gambling made inescapable. Gambling is the beginning and the end of everything in Monte Carlo. Ostensibly the Casino at Monte Carlo is a small part of the Principality of Monaco. Actually the Casino is the principality. The great international brotherhood of male and female boobs—of boobs and boobines, so to speak—flows into the Casino at Monte Carlo. The Casino at once removes their money. It doesn't knock them down with a club and slit open their pockets with a knife—no coarse work characterizes the Casino's methods; but its results are even more effective than they would be if the patrons were tapped briskly behind the ear with a stockingful of screened gravel and their garments searched with a suction pump.

From the Casino the money flows out and supports the Principality of Monaco. The Casino supports the prince and the prince's palace and the prince's advisers. It supports a minister of state and a counselor for the interior and a counselor for finance. It supports a governor-general, a number of court chamberlains and secretaries, and a cluster of aides-de-camp and ordnance officers. It supports an army and a police force and a fire department. It does this with the money of the simpletons, not to say the come-ons and the rubes, in the persons of archdukes and race-track touts and countesses and profiteers and second-story workers and society leaders and prime ministers and demimondaines and millionaires who flock to Monte Carlo accompanied or followed by the idea that they can stake their money on the turn of a wheel or the flip of a card and get something for nothing.

Not only does it do all this, but it does much more. No resident of the Principality of Monaco pays any taxes of any sort. The money which is so deftly abstracted by the Casino from the pockets of its nit-witted patrons builds



The Casino Gardens

and maintains all the flawless roads in the principality It maintains an electric-light plant which distributes light free to the inhabitants. It builds schools and keeps them up and pays the teachers. It has built three churches, so that the principality has been made a bishopric; and it supports a regular bishop. It indulges in as much harbor improvement each year as the nerviest of congressmen would dare to demand for a deserving constituency on the banks of Mushrat Crick. It puts up new and gorgeous buildings every little while, and has them designed and decorated by the leading architects of Europe and the most successful painters and sculptors of nudes that can be found in all France.

It is not definitely known why so many of the vast concourse of artists and sculptors who have had a hand in the decoration of Monte Carlo have never sculped or painted anything except women without any clothes; but the reason is supposed to be symbolical.

The figures are supposed to be symbolical of the fact that anyone who goes near the Casino will lose even his clothes if he isn't careful.

In addition to all this, the Casino runs an opera for its patrons—an opera for which it engages the best singers in Europe, maintains a perfectly appointed hotel connected with the Casino by an underground passage, owns and regulates an establishment for sea bathing and for the external and internal application of various sorts of queer-smelling waters, and operates a big restaurant, an exhibition building and a subsidiary gambling establishment for superfatheads who wish to get rid of their money more rapidly by making larger bets than can be made in the Casino.

The Casino keeps up all these enterprises to the pitch demanded by the luxury-loving clientele that patronizes them, fills them with so many servants, detectives, spies and croupiers that they are more heavily populated than the most densely populated sections of China, and surrounds them with gardens in which every flower and every grass blade looks as though it were manicured and touched up with a bit of fresh paint each morning.

Nor is this all. The Casino is put to considerable expense to calm the excitable individuals who are frequently in position to agitate measures which would cut into the Casino's earnings—such measures, for example, as incorporating the Principality of Monaco in the French Republic and abolishing the gambling as a private venture, or printing some of the many stories which are constantly cropping up at Monte Carlo. In other words, the Casino has to maintain a large slush fund and still the frequent hoarse outcries of the blackmailers who, given somebody rich and vulnerable to blackmail, consider blackmailing the king of winter sports.

Having disposed of these trifling expenses, which would do credit to any medium-sized American city, and having salted away a few million francs in its reserve fund, the Casino is at liberty to use the rest of its money for dividends and for the salaries of its innumerable officials. The par value of the stock of the Monte Carlo Casino—or, to give the Casino its official title, the Société des Bains de Mer—is 500 francs; but just before Christmas, 1920, after four years of war and two after-war years of great depression, the stock was selling at 4930 francs a share on the Paris Bourse, or practically ten times its par value. The stock is expected to pay more than 100 per cent dividends for the year 1920 after it has finished with its other back-breaking bills; and the stockholders are confident that they will have to hire taxicabs in order to transport their 1921 dividends to the bank. From this it can easily be seen that the Monte Carlo Casino is one of the best get-rich-quick schemes ever devised; and it teaches the thoughtful observer that promoters of the type of Mr. Charles Ponzi, who recently snaked millions out of New England suckers with a something for nothing proposition and got himself in durance vile, ought to go to Europe and get gambling concessions.

There was a large amount of talk in Monte Carlo last winter relative to the proposed entry of the Principality of Monaco into the League of Nations. It was stated on good authority at that time that the stockholders of the Société des Bains de Mer were opposed to it because they feared that the principality would at once be saddled with a mandate for Armenia, and that the expense of maintaining a standing army in Armenia would necessitate a cut in the dividends of the society. Other competent authorities, however, maintained that this fear was groundless, since the society would only need to build a wing on the Casino and install four more roulette tables in order to rake in enough extra money to maintain standing armies in both Armenia and Upper Silesia if necessary.

There is more secrecy and false whiskers and hush stuff and gum-shoe work to the Monte Carlo Casino than there ever was in the most hectic German spy novel; but it doesn't work so well as the German spy stuff used to work—in the novels. The basis for most of the stealthy motions through which the Casino goes whenever an occasion presents itself is due to fear of blackmail, fear of violence from ruined patrons, or

(Continued on Page 36)

Facade of the Monte Carlo Casino. Above—A Gambling Room

OLD-TIMER

By HAL G. EVARTS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

X

THE new superintendent was a man of superb conceit, impatient of the least suggestion offered by another, reasoning in his egotism that one with the temerity to suggest was guilty, at least by implication, of setting his judgment above the superintendent's own. He lost no opportunity to impress those about him with the fact that his insight was infallible. Many civilian employes in the reservation had left their jobs. Three out of the dozen park scouts had quit their posts. When he traveled he was accompanied by an escort.

Old Mart was disappointed but not unduly surprised. Other officers had sought Woodson's counsel and profited by the application of his ideas, worked out through decades of actual experience. With the confidence of long service and untarnished record Old Mart committed the grave error of volunteering information as to the proper care of the park antelope herd. Hat in hand he stood before his chief and requested that a detail of six troopers be held subject to his call if occasion rose.

The Moose Could Winter in the Heavy Drifts Where All Others Starved

The officer was given to short snatches of jerky repetition in his speech.

"No, no," he returned irritably. "No, no! They're not shepherds. They're soldiers."

He waved abruptly, to signify that the interview was ended. But Woodson stubbornly urged his point.

"There's some four thousand head ranging the Lamar and Yancey Flats," he said. "When we have a heavy winter they're still apt to gather and drift down country like they did years ago. We'll have to watch them sharp if they get down to the Gardiner Flat. A few men can get behind them and shove them back up the bottoms till the next storm hits. But if we once let 'em drift across the line it's the last we'll see of them."

"Antelope! Antelope!" the officer jerked. "This is no pet stock farm. It's a military post. Military post! You hear me—military post!" Again he motioned abruptly to the door. "Get out. Get out. Get out! Don't you see that I'm busy!"

His hand jerked in accompaniment to his words, and Old Mart thought of a prairie dog whose tail flipped in accentuation of every chirp.

As he passed down the hall the querulous complaint drifted after him: "Military post! Military post! Want to make a pet stock farm out of Fort Yellowstone, I'd like to know?"

As a consequence of his temerity in thus volunteering his advice, Woodson, chief scout no longer, but merely a private, had for more than a month been patrolling the south line from the Snake River Station to Bridger Lake. The snow lay six feet on the level round the post on the Snake and the winter was little more than half gone. His route covered sixty miles, with but two snowshoe cabins for overnight stops between. The cabin at Bridger Lake was but a hut. Beyond it, thirty-five miles by the route a man must take, lay the station at Sylvan Pass, and the intervening stretch was not patrolled. Only on every sixth night, when he completed his round and returned to the station on the Snake, did Woodson have an hour of human companionship.

As he left the Snake on the start of his seventh patrol of this country he was accompanied by the swirling flakes of a storm, the worst one of the whole hard winter. He reached the first snowshoe cabin well after dark, his webs sinking in eighteen inches of fresh snow that had fallen on top of the old.

"This will start the antelope to drifting down country," he mused aloud. "If this keeps up they'll never stop." In his mind he followed the drift he had viewed in reality a dozen times. "They're streaming all down the Lamar by now," he said. "The head of the drift is past Junction Butte and milling through Yancey Meadows. Those that were at Yancey on the start have about reached the Gardiner Flat by now."

It snowed all through the night and the following day. At the second snowshoe cabin of his patrol he prepared a late meal and rolled into his blankets. But he tossed restlessly and sleep would not come to him. He visioned the Gardiner Flat with the storm sweeping and eddying across it, and thousands of antelope plodding toward the line. The past few years he had looked upon the antelope as his special charges, as a few years back he had guarded the park buffalo. He was doomed to failure in this as well. He reviewed his life—a succession of failures in everything he had set out to do. He knew that by now at least three thousand antelope were on the flat and would cross the line unless headed back. The whole scene was as clear to him as if he looked upon it in reality.

He closed his eyes and once again he was riding the Gardiner Flat in a storm. The snow stung his face and ears as he headed against the wind. He removed his hat and swung it against his knee to free it of the flakes banked on brim and crown. A band of small figures moved slowly through the blinding swirl of flakes and he veered Teton to head them. The dim forms stopped, huddled together and stamped fretfully. He heard the gruff hoarse bark of an antelope doe. A dozen barked in chorus. Then the band milled and turned back up country and he hazed them along for three hundred yards. The storm thickened and closed in on him. His eyes availed him little now, for he could not distinguish objects at ten yards. The gentle motion of his horse was soothing and he had ceased to feel the cold. Teton was accustomed to this work and could be trusted to warn him of any drift of antelope passing by. A few miles away three hundred troopers slept in comfortable quarters at the post. He drowsed in the saddle, only to wake with a start as Teton nickered and received an answer. Twenty yards away another scout was riding through the storm. The two men drew together.

"We're holding 'em, I guess," Woodson said. "Have you seen the other two boys?"

"Once each," the other man said. "It's a wonder they wouldn't turn out a bunch of them troopers to help us on a job like this."

Woodson nodded.

"But we'll have to make out the best we can," he said. "When it breaks we'll shove them back up the country."

"This is two nights without sleep," the other said. "Here's hoping she lifts before the third or I'll fall off my horse."

He rode away and the eddy of flakes swallowed man and horse. Woodson gave Teton his head and dozed in the saddle, then roused as the horse swerved and turned into the teeth of the storm. His ears were pricked alertly forward. Woodson peered ahead but could see only the shifting white. The gruff bark of warning sounded from immediately before the horse and proved that Teton had been right. The horse held on, with an occasional twist to the right or left, and the man knew that a drove of antelope scurried ahead of them, though he could not sight one himself.

"I wonder now, Teton, if you'd do that alone if I was to pile off and collect a little sleep," he said. "But I reckon not."

The old scout rolled over in his blankets.

"But who gives a damn about antelope?" he asked. "Nobody. This is a military post."

In the first gray dawn he rose, swallowed a bite of breakfast and started on. He sketched what had actually occurred the previous night on the Gardiner Flat as accurately as if he had been an eyewitness of the whole affair. Three thousand antelope had crossed outside in a single night. Later, the new superintendent predicted that they'd soon come back, but they never did, and when spring came there were less than four hundred pronghorns in the reservation. Throughout the day, as he covered the snowy miles of the last lap of his patrol, Woodson pictured all that was taking place.

"About now some squatter is getting up and is real surprised to see a bunch of antelope stringing through his pasture," he said as he left the cabin. "He's reaching for his gun to pile up enough meat to run him through the winter. His next-door neighbor is bent on doing the same; and so on, all down the line. They'll shoot 'em up all day and keep 'em on the run. We've seen the last of them."

He slept that night in the snowshoe cabin at Bridger Lake, the end of his patrol; but in the morning he did not start on the return trip to the Snake. Instead he held straight on up the Yellowstone, towing a toboggan. He turned up Atlantic Creek and camped that night at Two Ocean Pass. The storm had lifted and the wind rose to whip the white particles into motion. Blinding clouds of wind-driven crystals bored past him as he traveled, and he lay over a day in the heavy timber, sheltered by a ledge that broke the drive of the gale.

He was alone with his thoughts, and with nothing to do but review them. He had failed in all that he had set out to do, an absolute blank failure in the eyes of men. He had worked harder than most, had fought the elements when others remained inside, and it had brought him—this! At various times he had brought in the hardest characters in three states, men who had thought to vary their activities by making some swift raid in the park. And throughout those three states his name was mentioned only with a curse; for he stood flatly against many things in which others deemed it their privilege as free men to indulge at will. One of the greatest statesmen America has ever seen had laid a hand on his shoulder and thanked him for his work.

"You've guarded the property of the millions against the invasion of the few," he had said. "They don't fully realize that fact yet; but some day they will."

That constituted his sole reward for nearly thirty years of service. Now he was through, he told himself. It was not because his was a thankless job—that part did not greatly matter—but for the reason that it was a useless one. It was foredoomed to failure, had been from the first. With the cessation of the wind he headed down Pacific Creek toward Jackson Hole, having no particular destination in view. It had been years since he had visited this locality. He remembered the wealth of natural feed, the meadows rank with hay and the open sidehills of the Grovant and the Snake covered with luxuriant stands of grass.

This was the favorite winter feed ground of the elk. They would always have elk, he decided. Hide hunting had been tabooed by law. The elk had no particular value, so men killed them only as they needed meat. Mountain men would always do that. He had never known a locality where mountaineers could be induced to give up their right to kill what meat they chose. But Wyoming, first of all the states to take steps before it was too late, had made every effort to protect her game. Broad tracts covering hundreds of square miles had been set aside as game preserves, and all shooting in those parts was prohibited. Other states had done this thing, but

The Coyotes Were Superior in Cunning to All the Wiles of Men

Three Thousand Antelope Had Crossed Outside in a Single Night

they had waited till it was just too late. Wyoming had profited by observing the mistakes of others, and started in good time. More than a hundred thousand elk fed in the park and the Wyoming game preserves. Some sixty thousand head of these wintered south of the park in Jackson Hole. Fifteen thousand drifted east to winter in the Shoshone and the Sunlight; perhaps forty thousand head left the state, half of them moving west, out Madison way into Idaho, the rest wintering to the north, in the valleys of the Montana hills.

Small bands had stopped along Pacific Creek, and he saw them feeding on exposed sidehills cleared of snow by the recent wind. But the big droves had moved farther down. He would find them on the rolling aspen hills of Spread Creek, Ditch Creek and the open country of the Grovant, even beyond that stream and south to the Hoback Range. He camped that night at the mouth of Pacific Creek and the next day crossed the Buffalo Fork and swung east up Spread Creek. Out across the bottoms he could see snow-covered mounds which he knew for haystacks. The country had settled up somewhat in the last ten years. Men had filed their homestead rights on the valleys and had cut the natural meadow hay for winter feed.

Woodson found the carcasses of a dozen elk in an aspen clump and wondered what could have caused this wholesale slaughter. But when he viewed the south slopes that broke down into Spread Creek he knew. These open hills had blown free of snow, but instead of the wealth of grass he remembered from the past he saw only bare dirt and gravel now. The feed was gone.

This was open range, free to any man who would graze his stock. Here, as in other places, with a prodigality that was characteristically American, men had thrown more cows out to summer in the hills than the range could possibly support. These south slopes, last to snow under in the fall and first to show green in the spring, had been fed off to the grass roots the summer past. There was not a spear of grass for the elk. Thousands were scattered through the aspens, and the bark and twigs were stripped from the smaller trees.

"They're down to eating the bark off the quaking asps already," Woodson said. "And the winter only a little better than half gone. Nothing but quakin'-asp bark. But that's good feed. They'll winter through on that."

Yet in his heart he knew that the elk was primarily a grazing animal and must have grass; that he could not live exclusively by browsing, as could the moose and deer.

"I wonder why they don't go farther down," he said a dozen times during the day. "The Grovant always was the best feed country in the hills."

It was well after dark when he headed out across the bottoms toward a stack yard—some six or eight stacks of hay surrounded by a pole stockade. He was followed by a persistent music that haunted and sickened him—the smash of brush as the elk tore down the aspens, the steady, never-ending crunch of the frozen crust as the ravenous brutes pawed to reach the grass that was not there. As he neared the stack yard he glimpsed a hat brim in silhouette against the sky and stopped.

"Hello!" he called.

The man on the stack knew that greeting. It had a familiar ring. That invariable, laconic salutation had startled hundreds of offenders, and it was linked with the name of Old Mart wherever poachers congregated. Lee Page had heard that casual greeting on four separate occasions in the old days, and each time he had seen his plunder confiscated. The last instance had occurred nine years before, when he had almost reached the line with the heads and scalps of a dozen bighorn rams. Page swung his rifle into line as the figure below him advanced a few feet.

"Stop right there!" he ordered. "This place is mine."

Woodson stopped.

"That you, Lee?" he inquired. "Seems like I know the voice. I've wondered where you was holding out. I was aiming to sleep in the stacks. It's cold laying out these nights.".

"I ought to know," Page returned. "I've been laying out for the last three weeks. Listen," he went on. "You're on a false lead if you're after me. I'm telling you. My whereabouts every day for the past two months could be easy proved; so I wouldn't mind going along—only it'll clean me out to the last dollar I own if I quit these stacks for an hour. I stay right here."

"I'm not looking for you," Woodson said. "Didn't even know you was within a thousand miles. I've quit up above, anyway. Well, Lee, I'll be sauntering along. Any stacks anywheres close around?"

"Not right close," said Page. He gazed after the figure disappearing in the night. "Better crawl up and burrow in for the night, Mart," he called. "There's considerable space. I guess you're not looking for me—or you wouldn't be starting off."

"All right, Lee." Woodson turned back. "No; I was telling you straight. I've quit."

A fourteen-foot stockade of heavy poles had been erected round the stack yard, but the snow had drifted halfway to the top.

"Hand me up your toboggan rope," Page said. "I'll pull and you give her a boost from down there. We'll put her inside the fence. Load lashed on so it won't spill off?"

"Yes, it's lashed," Woodson assured him. "But I'll just leave it here."

"It'll get smashed flat out there," Page demurred. "Let's drag her in."

Woodson handed him the rope and they hoisted the toboggan and its light load over the fence. Page gave him a hand to the top of the nearest stack. Woodson scooped away the snow, scratched out a trough in the hay, unrolled his blankets and burrowed in.

"So you've quit up above?" said Page.

"It's a losing game," Mart stated. "I'd have been a considerable better off if I'd found that out thirty years before; and that's a fact."

"Likely we've both played losing ends," said Page. "Neither extreme is what you might call remunerative, and a pile of grief goes with either way. I'm what you might call middle-aged—sixty-eight last spring—and this little filing and fifty-odd head of cows is all I've got to show for it."

With only their heads protruding, ear flaps tied down to shut out the bite of frost, the two old-time enemies alternately talked and drowsed. A scattering volley of rifle shots sounded from far down the bottoms. Then from some two miles away came the heavy detonation of a shotgun, bellowing forth on the still cold night in a quick succession of reports. Woodson could see the red flashes before the sound of the shots reached his ears.

In an hour he heard some two hundred shots. From all sides came the music of famine and slow death. Five hundred dim shapes prowled the flat, disregarding the proximity of man, and riveted to the spot by the sight of the hay, which might mean life if they could but reach it. The crackle and crash of brush sounded from adjacent slopes as the famished horde tore down the trees and stripped the bark. And through it all came that awful crunch as ten thousand hoofs pawed desperately at the frozen crust.

Again there came the roar of the shotgun and the sound of general firing for miles down the valley. Jackson Hole had long been held up to the world as a nest of poachers. Here was the home of the tusk hunter, the man who shot down elk merely for the price of their teeth. But Woodson had not imagined it was so bad as this; that men could be so vindictive as to kill elk or drive them off when starving rather than scatter a few forkfuls of hay which might save their lives.

Suddenly there came a clatter of hoofs and the splintering crash of poles. Page's gun flared again and again in the face of fifty elk that had stormed the crib in a bunch. They shrank back before this fusillade.

"It's hell, Mart," Page said. "The poor devils are starving fast."

Woodson had experienced a sudden glimpse of the other side. He had thought he knew all about elk, but this desperate storming of stack yards in the face of men

(Continued on Page 48)

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 12, 1921

Picture Puzzles

FOR thirty-five cents one may buy a pocket map of Europe according to the peace conference, and own the most curious picture puzzle of the times.

In the old map of Europe its ambitions, jealousies and hates were more or less scattered and confused, but the pieces fit after a fashion. In the new one all the historic hates are brought compactly together in individual pieces, and provision is made for a number of new ones. But there are also odd and useless fragments, like Austria, that do not fit in anywhere, that are left over; so it is quite impossible to assemble the map. If the player did not know that this puzzle was the work of experts he would be tempted to think he could make a better one himself.

An amateur who was not a statesman or an expert would probably have assumed that the unity and not the division of Europe was the highest possible objective towards which the conference could work, but the amateur does not understand these things. He is inclined to think in terms of individual happiness and prosperity, instead of in terms of the state and its majesty, especially the majesty of its statesmen. He does not concede that hate and war between nations are inevitable. It would not occur to him to segregate the races as carefully as possible, so that there could be no human contacts between them, or to assume that men of different parentage and language must necessarily cut each other's throats. He would not grasp the importance of making certain two-by-four pieces of his puzzles tight little economic entities, armed to the teeth with trade weapons, and then of scattering beggar nations among them; nor the reason for starting more confusing currencies, frontier regulations, tariffs and taxes to accentuate and perpetuate the very things that have made Europe a hopeless muddle. To a looker-on in Vienna, to an observer in Armenia, Esthonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Klagenfurt, Fiume, Galicia or Hedjaz—to mention only a few of the places from which one may look on and observe—it all appears like a muss. His amateur mind demands a map that will fit together into an orderly whole. That many of those who sat in the conference were working sincerely for the peace of Europe and thought they were solving its problems only serves to make the result more incomprehensible.

The amateur has at least one statesman with him in his view, for it was Nitti, we believe, who said that unity was the sole hope of Europe. Not independence, but interdependence is the greatest good that the little states of Europe—and for that matter, the big ones, too—could seek. There is a type of individual, with whom we are all familiar, who would rather starve than abate one jot of his haughty "independence." He usually starves. So does that type of nation. The dethronement of its kings has cleared the path of one obstacle that stood in the way of European unity.

The League of Nations, if it is to mean anything to the world, must break down the social and economic barriers that are keeping the European states apart. That does not mean the disintegration of nationalities or nationalism. One may love his own country and his own people first, and still be friendly to others. The blind hatred of other races and lands that is fostered under a cloak of nationalism has no relation to the real thing. The narrow nationalism of Germany, proclaimed by its old rulers, fostered by a subservient press and a wrong educational system, that sought to make the empire great and prosperous at the expense of the rest of Europe, precipitated her downfall, just as it has in the past brought low one European state after another. Only through the greatness and prosperity of all Europe will any one country in it become permanently great and prosperous.

The limitation and control of armaments, the establishment of an international court of justice would necessarily precede the major task of the league in Europe. Our interest in all this is vital, but it is secondary to that of the nations who were either lukewarm or antagonistic to the league idea.

A successful league must be a unifying force, a force that will not only work ceaselessly for world peace but strive earnestly for social and economic coöperation in Europe. Backed up by a press that was devoted to the real interests of Europe, that was not too often a fomenter of international hatred, that was not in part the tool of stupid and self-seeking statesmen, the impossible would be quite possible. It is not because the men who want to emigrate to America are Germans or Poles or Russians that we hesitate to admit them now, but because, taught little of late years except to hate their neighbor over there, they are apt, in blind ignorance, to continue to hate him over here. International hate does not need any reënforcements in America just at this time. We must teach the Europe in America that has been shaping up during the past decade that there can be no racial hate lines over here, before we can admit a new horde of haters.

The diplomatist, the connoisseur in international hates, who can differentiate between the various shades of them as a winetaster tells the tale of his vintages, negatives the idea that European unity is possible. But it is possible simply because it has to be. If the nations that exist today will have none of it, they will perish from the earth and new men with the instinct to survive will take their place—men with the wit to accept the conditions that make for survival. Even the amateur knows that Nature has a nasty way of wiping out species that will not adapt themselves to a new environment. And during the past generation the environment of mankind has changed and he must adapt himself to different conditions or give way to better men. Those who have ears must finally hear and understand the meaning of the roar of the express train, the vibration of the fast steamship, the humming of the automobile, the crackle of the wireless, the whirring of the airplane, and the ceaseless, world-wide clatter of machinery. Some day it may even penetrate to the chancelleries of Europe.

College Presidents Wanted

COLLEGES, one might logically suppose, are the natural seed beds and forcing houses for the propagation and nurture of future college presidents. As there are more than six hundred institutions of higher learning in the United States which have been steadily feeding the stream of our national intellectual life, it might be inferred that college presidents are easy to find. Unfortunately the facts do not bear out this inference. In the cloistered realms of education, as in the rough world without, there seems to be plenty of room at the top, for at the present time the trustees of thirty colleges are at their wits' end to find men to head their respective institutions. Why is it, men ask, that out of all our thousands of college graduates between the ages of thirty and sixty it is so hard to find a score or two possessed of every qualification for useful careers as progressive and constructive heads of educational bodies?

Part of the answer, but not all of it, lies in the fact that in America, as in France and England, higher education is in a transitional state. There was a time when the academic course was a rather fixed and permanent figure composed of standardized subjects, altered and modified only by slow degrees as new studies proved their worth and necessity. Two generations ago geology and biology, branded as impious studies because they did not square with the Mosaic narrative, were knocking at college gates. Loud and long they knocked before they were grudgingly admitted. Before long other physical sciences, notably chemistry and electricity, which had closely and inseparably coupled themselves with common daily life, managed to force their way in, despite the protests of the old-line classicists. But that was not the end. To-day living languages trample upon the dead. Youngsters who know, or think they know, precisely what they want, are demanding courses in corporation management, transportation, efficiency engineering, social service, foreign banking methods and the export trade, not to mention the whole young sisterhood of sciences whose family name is Economics.

The old guard stand firm. "We are not attempting to fit boys for jobs," they declare. "Our aim is to prepare them for life. Let them first learn how to live, how to be good Americans, good parents and high-minded citizens, and in due time they will make better business men than boys whose college courses have been robbed and starved by frivolous studies and vocational programs."

Such is the turmoil that an incoming college president must still. Such are the issues he must accommodate by compromise and diplomacy, yielding when yielding is right, standing firm for the preservation of old ideals, presenting an open mind toward the new and ever displaying an unerring sense of proportion, linked with an unfailing ability to distinguish between the essential and the nonessential, the true and the sham, in dealing with scores of subjects with which he cannot have much detailed familiarity.

Moreover, he must be a man of forceful character tempered by tact and suavity. He must be a sound and accomplished scholar in at least one field of learning. He must be a born executive, a clever after-dinner speaker, an expert loosener of purse strings and a perambulating fountain of common sense. He must unite in his proper person the intellects of Plato and Darwin and the accomplishments of Doctor Eliot and Chauncey M. Depew.

The fact is that college overseers stand out for a man touched with the divine fire, one who unites more wisdom, knowledge, talent, personal magnetism and worldly faculties than the gods grant to mere mortals oftener than once or twice in a century. To outsiders it would seem that if our colleges are to be well and wisely served, trustees must become reconciled to a division of labor; for a group of vigorous, coöperating minds can accomplish with ease tasks that none but a superman could perform unaided.

In recent years graduate bodies have strikingly proved their ability to collect the huge endowment funds demanded by altered economic conditions. Why not make them permanently responsible for the raising of new capital and thus strike out the specification that requires college presidents to be skilled promoters and expert money getters? Why not further the democratization of our colleges by giving the faculty representation on the board of trustees and a larger say in matters of university government? Why not give the alumni more decisive power in the selection of the new president with whom they will be asked to work?

As the outer world returns to normal the educational storm will subside. The tree of knowledge will continue to burgeon and grow and to alter its outline year by year; but it will still be watered by the deep running stream of wisdom that flows on from age to age without much change.

THE OUTGO ON INCOME

By Edward G. Lowry

I VENTURE to present myself as a public benefactor. The simple purpose of what is set down here is to save you money. I hope that may appeal to you as a laudable and worthy enterprise. How much money did you make last year? It is rather necessary for you to know with exactness and precision, for some of it is about to be taken away from you. Before March fifteenth every single person, man, woman and child, in the United States whose net income was $1000 or more, and every married person whose net income was $2000 or more, must tell the national Government how much money he made last year. Penalties are laid upon those who make an incorrect reply, and heavier penalties running as high as a $10,000 fine and eighteen months' imprisonment upon those who fail or "wilfully refuse" to tell.

So you see it is just as well that the 4,000,000 of us to whom this requirement applies should know something of the details of our income that the Government expects us to know and tell that we may be taxed according to our deserts.

Collecting this income tax is one of the honestest and most forthright, straightforward things the Government does. It establishes a direct personal relationship with the taxpayer, and takes from him a proportion of his earnings based on a fixed schedule There is no hugger-mugger or hidden-card trick about it.

Though the income-tax law has been in effect since 1913 the taxpayers have not yet learned how to do their part. At the same time the government agencies charged with the enforcement of the levy have become tolerably expert. In this one instance, at least, government efficiency is greater than that of private or individual business. A great many of all the income-tax returns made by the taxpayers are incorrect in one particular or another A large percentage of the errors made by taxpayers in filing their returns are in their own favor. They seem to give themselves the benefit of the doubt when any question arises in their own minds. In many of the incorrect returns the taxpayers are found to have favored the Government at their own expense. Last year more than 70,000 persons were assessed a nominal fine of five to ten dollars for failure to file an income-tax return for 1919, although their income for that year was not taxable.

Inquests on Tax Returns

YET the records show that only about 5 per cent of all the individuals and corporations paying the income tax attempt to defraud the Government. They are almost invariably caught up with. It is next to impossible to swindle the Government in paying income tax. In the case of corporations there is an almost infallible and childishly simple method of detection that works virtually automatically. It recovered for the Government in one instance more than $10,000,000 in taxes and penalties. I naturally refrain from saying what the method is while it remains so useful and so effective. I have only to say now that no method has been found to beat the income tax and defraud the Government out of any considerable sum. Any who are weak and tempted may as well put that thought out of mind. If you try it you will be caught almost surely, and if you are caught you will be stung, as those who have tried it can testify.

Of the about 4,000,000 individuals who will file income-tax returns before March fifteenth the greater number believe that when they make out the schedule setting down what they believe they owe the Government and hand in their check to the internal-revenue collector the whole matter ends there; that their case is closed and finally disposed of. As a matter of fact, that is only the bare beginning; for returns are subjected to a continuous and methodical scouting from many angles that may cover a period of months.

This careful audit at Washington was producing, when I was there at the end of last December and beginning of January, additional tax in excess of $1,000,000 a day, including Sundays and holidays, or, say, at the rate of about $35,000,000 a month. The total additional tax collected by this method in 1920 was a neat sum in excess of $400,000,000. It is expected that this sum will run to $1,000,000,000 in 1921.

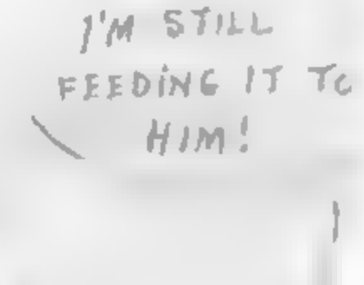
It is quite probable that you whose eye rests upon this printed line were one of those who made an incorrect return last year. So don't run away with the impression, if by any chance you gave yourself a shade the better of it in computing your tax, that you won't get caught up with.

The income tax is the Government's chief source of revenue, and the Government is more efficient in collecting its income than it is in spending it. Easy come, easy go is as true of governments as it is of gamblers.

Where does the money come from?

How many persons and corporations pay it?

(Continued on Page 54)



"Gosh, Doctor, You've Sewed Up Four Knives and Eight Sponges in Him!"

TWO AND TWO

By Alice MacGowan and Perry Newberry

XXVII

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

I Dodged Into the Study, Jerked His Own Pistol From Its Holster, Squeezed Myself in Behind the Open Door and Waited

TWO hours' sleep, bath, breakfast; and I started on my early morning run for the county seat. Nobody else was going my way; but even at that hour the road was full of autos, buggies, farm wagons, pretty much everything that could run on wheels, headed for the festival, all trimmed and streaming with the blossoming branches of their orchards. These were the country folks, coming in early to make a big day of it; orchardists; ranchers from the cattle lands in the south end of the county; truck and vegetable farmers; flower-seed gardeners; the Japs and Chinese from their little closely cultivated patches; this tide streamed past me on my left hand, as I made my way to Worth and the jailer's office, trying with every mile I put behind me to stiffen my courage.

Why wasn't this shift of the enemy a blessing in disguise? Let their setting of the hour for the murder stick, and wouldn't Worth's alibi be better than any we should have been able to dig up for him before midnight?

From time to time I was troubled by recollection of Barbara's crushed look from the moment they sprung it on us, but brushed that aside with the obvious explanation that her efforts in bringing Mrs. Bowman to speak out had just been of no use; surely enough to depress her.

Worth met me, fit, quiet, not overeager about anything. They let us talk with a guard outside the door. Once alone, he listened appreciatively while, as fast as I could pile the words out, I told him of our interview with Cummings and Dykeman.

"Nobody on earth like Bobs," was his sole comment. "Never was, never will be."

"And now," I reminded him nervously, "there's the question of this alibi. You went straight from the restaurant to your room at the Palace and to bed there?"

"No-o," he said slowly. "No, I didn't."

"Well—well," I broke in. "If you stopped on the way, you can remember where. The people you spoke to will be as good as the clerks and bell hops at the Palace for your alibi." He sat silent, thoughtful, and I added: "Where did you go from Tait's, Worth?"

"To a garage—in the Tenderloin—where they keep good cars. I'd hired machines from them before."

"Oh, they knew you there? Then their testimony will ——"

"I don't believe you want it, Jerry. It only accounts for the half hour—or less—right after I left you; all I did was to hire a car."

"A car?" I echoed vaguely. "What kind of car?"

"I asked them for the fastest thing they had in the shop. Told 'em to fill it all round, and see that it was tuned up to the last notch. I wanted speed."

"My heaven, Worth! Do you know what you're telling me?"

"The truth, Jerry." His eye met mine unflinchingly.

"Where did you go?" I groaned. "You must have seen somebody who could identify or remember you?"

"Not a solitary human being to identify me. Those I passed—there were people out, of course, late as it was—saw my headlights as I went by. But I was moving fast, Jerry. I was working off a grouch; I needed speed."

"Where did you go?"

"Straight down the peninsula on the main highway to Palo Alto, made the sweep across to the sea, and then up the coast road. I ran into the garage about dawn."

"No stops anywhere?"

He shook his head.

"And that's your alibi?"

"That's my alibi." Worth looked at me a long while before he said finally: "Don't you see, Jerry, that the other side had all this before they encouraged Bowman to change his mind about the hour that father was shot?"

I did see it—ought to have known from the first. This was what they had back of them last night in Cummings' room; this explained the lawyer's smug self-confidence, Dykeman's violent certainty that Worth was a criminal. A realization of this had whitened Barbara's face, set her lips in that pitiful straight line. As to their momentary chagrin over Bowman, no trouble to them to get other physicians to bolster any opinion he'd given. Medical testimony on such a point is notoriously uncertain. All the jury would want to know was that there could be such a possibility. I sat there with bent head, and felt myself going to pieces. Cummings was right—I was no fit man to handle this job. My personal feelings were too deeply involved. It was Worth's voice that recalled me.

"Cheer up, Jerry, old man. Take it to Bobs."

Take it to Bobs—the idea of a big husky old police detective running to cast his burden on such shoulders! I couldn't quite do it then. I went and telephoned the little girl that I was doing the best I could—and then ran circles for the rest of the day, chasing one vain hope after another, and finally, in the late afternoon, sneaked home to Santa Ysobel.

Now I had the road more to myself; only an occasional handsome car, where the wealthy were getting in to the part of the festival they'd care for. In the orchards near town where the big picnic places had been laid out with rough board tables and benches, seats for thousands, there were occasional loud basket-lunch parties scattered.

All at once I was hungry enough to have pulled up and asked for a handout.

I went by back streets down to the house to get my mail. There seemed no human reason that I should feel it a treachery to have Worth in jail at San José, and be able to walk into his house at Santa Ysobel a free man.

The place was empty; Chung had the day off, of course

It was possible Worth's cook, even, didn't know what had happened to his employer. Santa Ysobel had no morning paper. In the confusion of the blossom festival I ventured to guess that not more than a score of people had as yet heard of the arrest. Our end of town was drained, quiet; nobody over at the Vandeman bungalow; looking down upon the square as I made my sneak through I had caught a glimpse of Bronson Vandeman, a great rosette of apricot blossoms on his coat lapel, delivering his speech of presentation to the cannery-girl queen, while his wife, Ina, her fair face shaded doubly by a big flower hat and a blossom-covered parasol, listened and looked on.

One of my pieces of mail concerned the Skeels chase. If my men down there had Skeels, and Skeels was Clayte, it would mean everything in handling Cummings and Dykeman. I took out the report and ran hastily through it; a formal statement; day-by-day stuff:

Found Skeels and Dial at Tia Juana. Negotiating to buy saloon and gambling house. Arranged with Jefico for arrest of S. (Expense $20.) Rurales took S. to jail. (Expense, $4.50.) I interviewed S., and he said he came here to open a business where he could sell booze. D. was his partner in proposition. S. knew nothing of bank affair. Would waive extradition and come back to stand trial at our expense. Interviewed D. He says combined capital of two is $4500, from S.'s business and D.'s miner's wages. D. said ——

Not much to show up with; but there were three photographs inclosed that I wanted to try on Cummings and Dykeman. No telling where I'd find either, but the Fremont House was my best bet. Getting back there through the crowd I saw Skeet Thornhill in a corner drug store, waiting at its counter. I was afoot, having been obliged to park my roadster in one of the spaces set apart for this purpose. I noticed Vandeman's car already there.

I lingered a minute on that corner looking down the slope that led to City Hall Square. Tent restaurants along the way; sandwiches, hot dogs; coffee; milk; pies; doughnuts. Part way down a hurdy-gurdy in a tent began to get patronage again; the school children in white dresses with pink bows in their hair had just finished a stunt in the square. They and their elders were streaming our way, headed for the snake charmers, performing dogs and

(Continued on Page 24)

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

What millions ask for

Among all the people who buy beans in the United States, Campbell's is the name that is most frequently used in ordering from the grocer. Quality—the delicious goodness of the beans and their famous tomato sauce—is the only thing that could make millions of people select Campbell's. Slow-cooking makes Campbell's Beans thoroughly digestible.

2 cans for 25c

Except west of Mississippi River and in Canada

Campbell's BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 22)

nigger-in-the-tank. In the midst of them Vandeman and his wife came afoot. He caught sight of me, hailed, and when I joined them asked quickly, glancing toward the drug-store entrance: "Worth come with you?"

I shook my head. He made that little clucking sound with his tongue that people do when they want to offer sympathy and find the matter hard to put into words.

A seller of toy balloons on the corner with a lot of noisy youngsters round him; the ka-lash, ka-lam of a mechanical piano farther down the block; and young Mrs. Vandeman's staccato tones saying:

"I tell Bron that the only thing Worth's friends can do is to go on exactly as if nothing had happened. Don't you think so, Mr. Boyne?"

I agreed mutely.

"Well, I wish you'd say so to Barbie Wallace." Her voice sharpened. "She's certainly acting as though she believed the worst."

"Now, Ina," Vandeman remonstrated.

And I asked uncomfortably: "What's Barbara done? Where is she?"

"Up at Mrs. Capehart's. In her room. Doesn't come out at all. Isn't going to the ball to-night. Skeet said she refused to speak to Mr. Cummings."

"Is that all Skeet said? Vandeman, you've told your wife that Cummings swore to the complaint?"

"Yes, but—er—there's no animus. The executor of Gilbert's estate—with all the talk going round—if Worth's proved innocent he might in the end be glad of Cummings' action."

"Oh, might he?" Skeet Thornhill had hurried out from the drug store, a package of medicine in her hand. Her eyes looked as though she'd been crying; they flashed a hostile glance over the new brother-in-law, excellently groomed, the big flower favor on his coat; the tall, beautiful sister, all frilly white and flower-festival fashion. "If Worth's proved innocent!" she flung at them. "Bronse Vandeman, you've got a word too many in when you say that."

"Just a tongue slip, Skeeter," Vandeman apologized. "I hope the boy'll come through all right—same as you do."

"You don't do anything about it the same as I do!" Skeet came back. "I'd be ashamed to 'hope' for a friend to be cleared of a charge like that. If I couldn't know he was clear—clear all the time—I'd try to forget about it."

"See here, Skeet"—Ina obviously restrained herself—"that's what we're all trying to do for Worth—forget about it, make nothing of it, act exactly as if it'd never happened. You ought to come on out to the ball with the other girls. You're just staying away because Barbara Wallace is."

"I'm not. Some darn fool went and told mother about Worth being arrested, and made her a lot worse. She's almost crazy. I'd be afraid to leave her alone with old Jane. You get me and this medicine up home—or shall I go round to Capehart's and have Barbie drive me?"

"I'll take you, Skeeter," Vandeman said. "We're through here. We're for home to dress, then to the country club—and not leave it again till morning. That ball out there has got to be made the biggest thing Santa Ysobel ever saw—regardless. Come on."

The crowd swallowed them up.

Making for the Fremont House I passed Doctor Bowman's stairway, and on impulse turned, ran up. I found the doctor packing; very snappish, very sorry for himself. He was leaving next day for a position in the state hospital for the insane at Sefton. His kind have to blow off to somebody; I was it, though he must have known I had no sympathy to offer.

The hangover of last night's drunk rendered emotional the tone in which he said: "After all, a man's wife makes or breaks him. Mine's broken me. I could have had a fine position, at the Mountain View Sanitarium, well paid, among cultured people, if she'd held up her damned divorce suit a little longer."

"And as it is, you have to put up with what Cummings can land you with such pull as he has."

"I'm not complaining of Cummings"—sullenly. "He did the best he could for me, I suppose, on such short notice. But a man of my class is practically wasted in a place of the sort."

I had learned what I wanted; I carried more ammunition to the interview before me. I found Dykeman in his room, propped up in bed, wheezing with an attack of asthma. A sick man is either more merciful than usual or more unmerciful. Apparently it took Dykeman the former way; he accepted me eagerly, and had me call Cummings from the adjoining room. The lawyer was half into that costume he had brought from San Francisco. He came quite modern as to the legs and feet, but thoroughly ancient in a shirt of mail round the arms and chest, and carrying a Roman helmet in his hand as though it had been an opera hat.

"Trying 'em on?" Dykeman whispered at him.

Cummings nodded with that self-conscious, half-tickled, half-sheepish air that men display when it comes to costume; they like it, and are ashamed of liking it. No doubt Cummings thought he'd look the noblest Roman of them all. His greeting to me was cool but not surly. What had happened might go as all in the day's work between detective and lawyer.

"Just saw Bowman," was my first pass at them. "I gather he's not very well pleased with the position you got him; seems to think it small pay for a dirty job."

"What's this? What's this?" croaked Dykeman. "You been getting a place for Bowman, Cummings?"

"Certainly," the lawyer lied with swift, practiced neatness. "I'd promised him my influence in the matter some little time ago."

"Yes," I said; "mighty little time ago—the day he promised to deliver the testimony you wanted in the Gilbert case."

"Anything in what Boyne says, Cummings?" Dykeman asked anxiously. "You know I wouldn't stand for that sort of stuff."

The lawyer shook his head, but I didn't believe it was ended between them; Dykeman was the devil to hang to a point. This would come up again after I was gone. Meantime I made haste to shove the photographs before them. Cummings passed them back with an indifferent "What's the idea?"

"You don't recognize him?"

"Never saw the man in my life." And again he asked "What's the idea?"

"You'd recognize a picture of Clayte?" I countered with a question of my own.

"Yes—I think so"—rather dubiously. "But Dykeman unquestionably would. Show them to him."

Dykeman reached for the photographs, spread them out before him, then looked up from them peevishly to say: "For the good Lord's sake! Don't look any more like Clayte than it does like a horned toad. Is that what you've been wasting your time over, Boyne? If you ask me ——"

"I don't ask you anything."

I retrieved the pictures, planting them deep in an inner pocket. Then I got myself out of the room.

Standing on the sidewalk in front of the Fremont House I felt sort of bewildered. This last crack had taken all the pep I had left. I suddenly realized it was long after dinnertime, and I'd had no dinner, no lunch, nothing to eat since an early breakfast. Worth had sent me to the girl—and I hadn't gone. I dragged myself round to Capehart's cottage as nearly whipped as I ever was in my life.

I found Barbara with Laura Bowman, everyone else off the place, out at the shows. Those girls sure were good to me; they fed me and didn't ask questions till I was ready to talk. Nothing to be said really, except that I'd failed. I told them of meeting the Vandemans, and gave them Ina Vandeman's opinion as to how Worth's friends should conduct themselves just now.

"So they'll all be out there," I concluded; "Vandeman and his wife leading the grand march, her sisters as maids of honor—except Skeet, staying at home with her mother. Cummings goes as a Roman soldier; Doctor Bowman as a Spanish cavalier. Edwards didn't see it as the Vandemans do, but after I'd talked to him a while he agreed to be there."

And suddenly I noticed for the first time how the relative position of these two women had shifted. Laura Bowman wasn't red-headed for nothing; out from under the blight of Bowman and that hateful marriage she had already thrown off some of her physical frailness; the nervous tension showed itself now in energy. She was moving swiftly about, putting to rights after my meal while she listened. But Barbara sat looking straight ahead of her; I knew she was seeing streets full of carnival, every friend and acquaintance out at a ball—and Worth in a murderer's cell. It wouldn't do.

I jumped to my feet with a brisk "Girl, where's your hat? We'll go to the study and look over all our points once more. Get busy—get busy! That's the medicine for you."

She gave me a miserable look and a negative shake of the head, but I still urged: "Worth sent me to you. The last thing he said was: 'Take it to Bobs.'"

Dumbly she submitted. Mrs. Bowman came running with the girl's hat, and "What about me, Mr. Boyne? Isn't there something I can do?"

"I wish you'd go to the country club—to the ball—the same as all the others. Got a costume here, haven't you?"

"Yes, I can wear Barbara's." She glanced to where a pile of soft black stuff, a red scarf, a scarlet poppy wreath, lay on a chair. "She was to have gone as The Lady of Dreams."

Barbara went with me out into the flare of carnival illumination that paled the afterglow of a gorgeous sunset. No cars allowed on these downtown streets; even walking, we found it best to take the long way round. At our left the town roared and racketed as though it was afire.

Nothing was said between us till I grumbled out: "I wish I knew where Cummings was keeping Eddie Hughes."

Barbara's voice beside me answered unexpectedly: "Here. In Santa Ysobel. Eddie was at Capehart's fifteen minutes before you got there; he came for Bill. A gasoline engine at the city hall had broken down."

I pulled up short for a moment, and looked back at the town.

"Where'd he go?"

"With Bill, to the city hall. Eddie's one of the queen's guards. They're all to be at the country club with her at ten o'clock to review the grand march that opens the ball."

I mustn't let her dwell on that; I hurried on once more, and neither of us spoke again till I unlocked the study door, snapped on the lights, brought out and put on the table the 1920 diary and the little blue blotter—the last bits of evidence that I felt hadn't been thoroughly analyzed. Barbara just dropped into a chair and looked from them to me helplessly.

"You've read this all—carefully?" she sighed.

It shook me. To have Barbara, the girl I'd seen get meanings and facts from a written page with a mere flirt of a glance, ask me that! What I really wanted from her was an inspection of the book and blotter, and a deduction from it. As though she guessed, she answered with a sort of wail: "I can't! I can't even remember what I did see when I looked at these before. I—can't—remember!"

I went and knelt on the hearth with a pretext of laying a fire there, since the shut-up room was chill. And when I glanced stealthily over my shoulder she had gone to work; not as I had ever seen her before, but fumbling at the leaves, hesitating, turning to finger the blotter; setting her lip desperately, like a youngster overdriven at school, but keeping right on. I spun out my fire building to leave her to herself. Little noises of her moving there at the table; rustle and flutter of the leaves; now and again a long sobbing breath. At last something like a groan caused me to turn my head and see her, with face pale as death, eyes staring across into mine.

"It was Clayte—Edward Clayte—who killed Mr. Gilbert, here—in this room."

The hair on the back of my neck stirred; I thought the girl had gone mad. As I ran over to the table and looked at what was under her hand it came again.

"He did. He did. It was Clayte—the wonder man!"

"Do—do you deduce that, Barbara?"

"Did I?" She raised to mine the face of a sick child. "I must have. See—it's here on the blotter; 'y-t-e,' that's Clayte. Double l-e-r; that's 'teller.' 'Avenue' is part of 'Van Ness Avenue Bank.' Oh, yes; I deduced it, I suppose. Both crimes end in a locked room and a perfect alibi. But—but—don't you see, if it is true—and it is, it is!—we're worse off than we were before. We've the wonder man against us."

"Barbara!" I cried. "Barbara, come out of it!"

"See? You don't believe in me any more." And her head went down on the table.

I let her cry, while I sat and thought. The broken sentences she'd sobbed out to me began to fit up like a puzzle game. By all theories of good detective work I should have seen from the first the similarity of these crimes. But Clayte, slipping in here to do this murder—and why? What mixed him up with affairs here? And then the icy pang—Dykeman had seen a connection—Cummings had found one. With them it was Clayte and his gang—and his gang was Worth Gilbert. I went and touched Barbara on the shoulder.

"I'm going to take you home now."

"Yes"—tears running down her face as she stumbled to her feet—"I'm a failure. I can't do anything for Worth."

I wiped her cheeks with my own handkerchief and led her out. As I turned from locking the door it seemed to me I saw something move in the shrubbery. I asked the girl about it. She hadn't noticed anything. Barbara Wallace hadn't noticed anything!

I began to be scared for her. Solemn in the sky above boomed out the town clock—two strokes. Half past nine. I must get this poor child home. We were drawing in toward the noise and the light when I felt her shiver, and stopped to say, "Did I forget your coat? Why, where's your hat?"

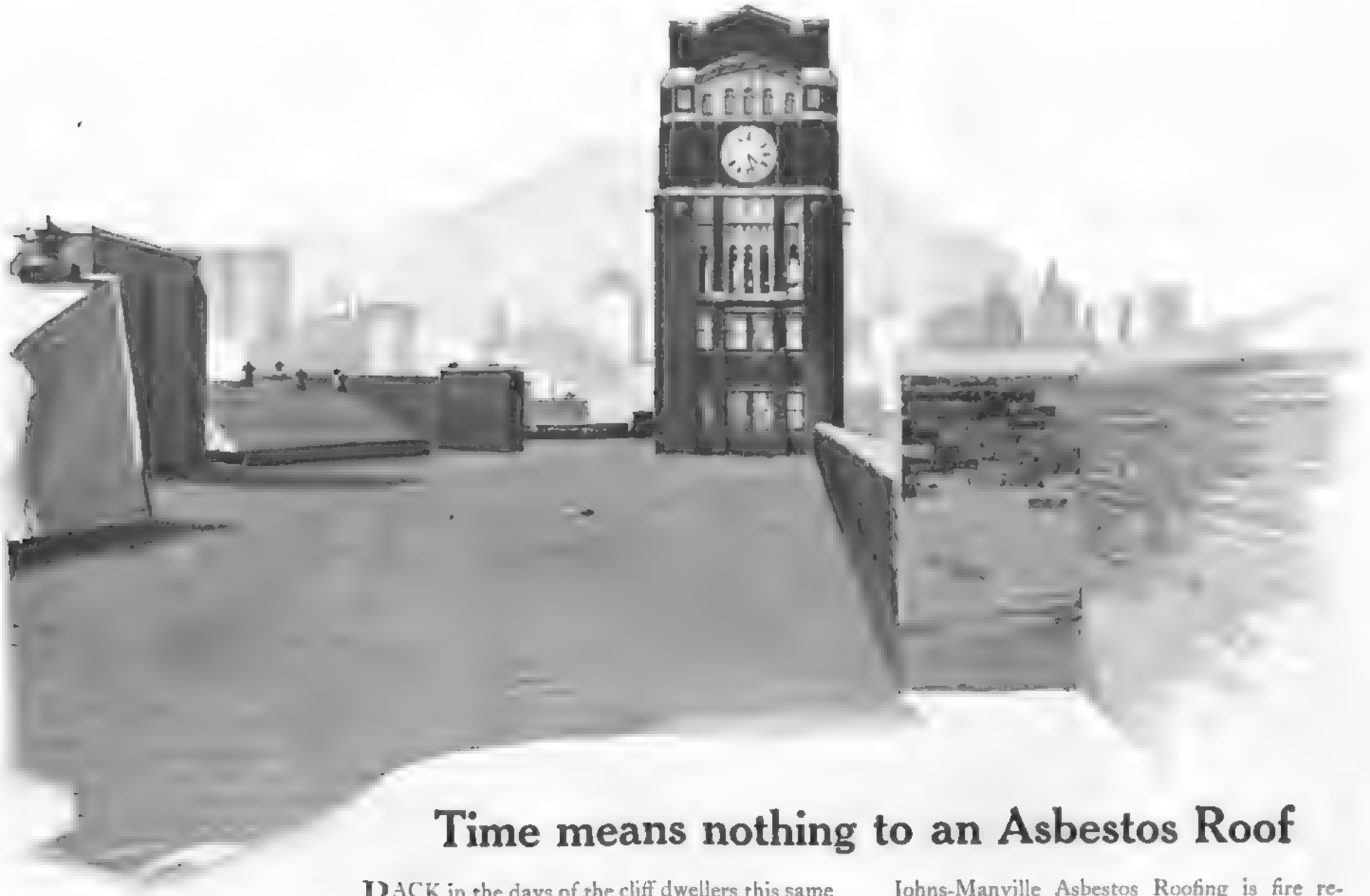
"The hat's back there. I had no coat. It doesn't make any difference. Come on. I can't—can't—I must get home!"

I looked at her, saw she was about at the end of her strength, and decided quickly.

"We'll go straight through the square. Save time and steps."

She offered no objection, and we started in where the bands played for the street dances, amid the raucous tooting of a thousand fish horns, the clangor of cowbells, and the occasional snap of the forbidden firecracker. As we turned from Broad Street into Main I found that the congestion was greater even than I had supposed. Here, several blocks away from the city hall, progress was so difficult that I took Barbara back a block to get the street that paralleled Main. This we could navigate slowly. Here, also, everybody was masked. Confetti flew, serpentines unreeled themselves out through the air, dusters spluttered in faces, and among the pierrettes, pierrots,

(Continued on Page 26)



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—and for all types of sloping roofs, monitor or saw tooth, there is a Johns-Manville Asbestos Ready Roofing in several weights and surfacings. Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofings are approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc., and take base rate of insurance.

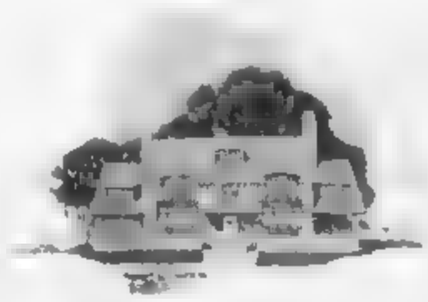
Time means nothing to an Asbestos Roof

BACK in the days of the cliff dwellers this same Asbestos Roof pictured above was lying in the ground in the form of Asbestos rock, waiting for the wiser generations of the future to dig it out.

What could be more natural than that we should turn to this age-old mineral to protect our buildings in their most vulnerable spot—the roof?

Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofing is not subject to rot nor to disintegration. It requires neither painting nor other protective coating.

The belief that all roofing needs constant attention is rapidly disappearing because of the growing knowledge that Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofing is a permanent trouble-free roofing.



Shingles of Asbestos are beautiful, fire-safe and economical

Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofing is fire resistant. Everybody knows it. Legislation in 114 cities requires fire-safe roofing. Even if you live in one of those cities which does not require fire-safe roofing, a Johns-Manville roof will insure your home from roof-communicated fires, and will increase the safety of the whole community.

There is no type of building, from barn to art museum, for which there is not a Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofing. Read the list below:

Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles, Colorblende Asbestos Shingles, Asbestos Built-up Roofing for flat roofs, Asbestos Ready to Lay Roofing in roll form, Asbestos Corrugated Roofing.

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that keeps the heat where it belongs
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that make boiler walls leak proof
ROOFINGS
that cut down fire risks
PACKINGS
that save power waste
LININGS
that make brakes safe
FIRE PREVENTION

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Serves in Conservation

(Continued from Page 24)

Columbines, sombreroed cowboys, bandannaed cowgirls, Indians, Sambos, Topsys and poppy maidens, Barbara's little white-linen slip and soft white sweater and my gray business suit, were more conspicuous than would have been the Akhoond of Swat and his captive slave. Even after the confetti had sprinkled her black hair until it reminded me of Skeet's blossom wreath, infinitely multiplied, I still saw the glances through the eyeholes of masks follow us wonderingly.

Opposite the city hall, where we must cross to get to the Capeharts' street, we were again almost stopped by the dense crowd. The square was a green-turfed dancing floor; from its stand an orchestra jazzed out the latest and dizziest of dances; and countless couples one-stepped on the grass, on the asphalt of the streets, even over the lawns of adjacent houses, tree trunks and flower beds adding more things to be dodged. At one corner, where the crowd was thick, we saw a big man being wound to a pole by paper serpentines. Yelling and capering, the masked dancers milled round and round him, winding the gay ribbons, while others with confetti and the Spanish cascarons tried to snow him under.

As we came up a big fist wagged and Bill Capehart's voice roared, "Hold on! Too much is a plenty!"

He tore himself loose, streaming with paper strips, bent and filled his fists from the confetti at his feet. His tormentors howled and dropped back as much as they could for the hemming crowd; he rushed them, heaving paper ammunition in a hailstorm, and reached us in two or three jumps.

"Golly!" he roared. "Me for a cyclone cellar! This is a riot. You ain't in costume either. Wonder they wouldn't pick on you."

With the words they did. I put Barbara behind me, and was conscious only of a blinding snow of paper flakes, the punch and slap of dusters, in an uproar of horns, bells and whistles.

"Good deal like fighting a swarm of bees in your shirt tail with a willow switch," old Bill panted at my shoulder. "Gosh!"—as the snapping of firecrackers let loose beneath our feet—"some o' these mosquito-net skirts'll get afire next. Then there'll be hell a-popping!"

Close at hand there was a louder report, as of a giant cracker, and at that Barbara sagged against me. I whirled and put an arm about her. Bill grabbed her from me, and lifted her above the pressure of the crowd.

I charged ahead, shouting, "Gangway! Let us through!"

Willing enough, the mob could not make room for passage until my shoulder, lowered to strike at the breast, forced a way, that closed in the instant Bill gained through. It was football tactics, with me bucking the line, Bill carrying the ball. Fortunately the bunch was a good-natured festival gathering, or my rough work might have brought us trouble. As it was, a short stiff struggle took us to the outer fringe of the mob.

"How is she? What happened?" I grunted, coming to a stop.

"Search me."

Bill twisted round to look at the white face that lay back on his shoulder, with closed lids. Three strokes chimed from the city-hall tower. Barbara's eyes flashed open; as the last stroke trembled in the air Barbara's voice came, sharp with breathless urgence.

"A quarter of ten! Quick—get me to the country club!"

"Take you there? Now, d've mean?" I ejaculated; and holding her like a baby Bill's eyes flared into mine. "Did something happen to you back there, girl? Or did you just faint?"

"Never—mind about—me! There." That glance of hers that saw everything indicated a parking place packed with machines half a block away up a side street. "Carry me there. Take one of those cars. Get me to the country club. Don't"—as I opened my mouth—"don't ask questions."

I turned and ran. Bill galloped behind. Barbara had lifted her head to cry after me, "The best one! Pick the fastest!"

I plunged down the line of cars, looking for a good machine and one with whose drive I was familiar. The guard rushed up to stop me; I showed him my badge, leaped into the front seat of a speed-built machine and had it out by the time Bill came up with the girl in his arms. I turned and swung open the tonneau door. Almost with one movement he lifted her in and climbed after. I started off with braying horn, and at that I had to use caution.

Making my way toward the corner of the street that led to Bill's house I felt a small hand clutch the slack of my coat between the shoulders, and Barbara's voice, faint, but with a fury of determination in it, demanded, "Where are you going? I said the country club."

"All right, I'll go. I'll look after whatever you want out there when I've got you home."

"Oh, oh!" she moaned. "Won't you—this one time—take orders?"

I went on past the corner. She had a right to put it just that way. I gave the car all I dared in town streets.

"What time is it?" I heard her whispering to Bill. "Eight minutes to ten? I have to be there by ten, or it's no use. Can he make it? Do you think he can make it?"

"Yes," I growled, crouching behind the wheel. "I'll make it! May have to kill a few—but I'll get you there in time."

By this we'd come out on the open highway, better, but not too clear either. There followed seven minutes of ripping through the night, of people who ran yelling to get out of our way and hurled curses behind us, only a few cars meeting us like the whirling of comets in terrifying glimpses as they shot past; and, at last, the country club; strings of gay lanterns, winking ruby tail lights of machines parked in front of it; the glare from its windows, and the strains of the orchestra in its ballroom, playing On the Beach at Waikiki. When she heard it Barbara thanked God with "We're in time!"

I took that machine up to the front steps over space never intended for automobiles, at a pace not proper for lawns or even roads, and only halted when I was half across the walk. Bill rolled from the tonneau door and stood by it. I jumped down and came round.

"Lift me out, and put me on my feet," Barbara ordered. "Help me—one on each side. I can walk. I must!"

We crossed a deserted porch; the evening's opening event—the grand march—had drawn everyone, servants and all, inside. So far, without challenge, meeting no one. We had the place to ourselves till we stood, the three of us alone, before the upper entrance of the assembly room. Inside, the last strains of Waikiki died away. I looked to Barbara. She was in command. Her words back there in town had settled that for me.

"What do we do now?" I asked.

White as the linen she wore, the girl's face shone with some inner fire of passionate resolution. I saw this, too, in the determined, almost desperate, energy with which she held herself erect, one clenched hand pressed hard against her side.

"Take me in there, Mr. Boyne. And you"—to Capehart—"find a man you can trust to guard each door of the ballroom."

"What you say goes." Big Bill wheeled like a well-trained cart horse and had taken a step or two when she called after him, "Arrest anyone who attempts to enter."

"Arrest 'em if they try to git in," Capehart repeated stoically. "Sure. That goes."

But I interrupted, "You mean if they try to get out."

At that she gave me a look. No time or breath to waste. Bill, unquestioning, had hurried to his part of the work.

I took up mine with, "Forgive me, Barbara, I'll not make that mistake again"; slipped my arm under hers to support her; dragged open the big doors; shoved past the hallman there; and we stepped into the many-colored moving brilliance of the ballroom.

"It's Fong Ling!" Bawled Capehart. "Sure We Wanted Him—and Whatever That Was He Was Carrying"

XXVIII

THE ballroom of the country club at Santa Ysobel is big and finely proportioned. I don't know if anything of the sort could have registered with me at the moment, but I remembered afterward my impression of the great hall fairly walled and roofed with fruit blossoms, and the gorgeousness of the hundreds of costumes. The mere presence of potential funds raises the importance of an event. The prune kings and apricot barons down there, with their wives and daughters in real brocades, satins and

(Continued on Page 34)

Congoleum Art-Rug No. 378. Particularly effective pattern of old blue and rose with a buff center background. The 6x9 foot size retails for $9.75.

"BESS, you're a wonder! This is just the kind of a home I like—simple, but attractive. And that Congoleum Rug—there's an idea full of common sense—saved money and looks fine."

Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rugs—beautiful in design and economical in cost—fit in wonderfully well with the modern idea of housekeeping.

They are absolutely sanitary—the smooth, firm, waterproof surface cannot harbor dust and germs. Just a light going-over with a damp mop leaves Congoleum clean as a pin, bright as a new penny.

This ease of cleaning saves hours of time. Woven rugs take so long to sweep—just about five times as long as this modern floor-covering.

And the crowning feature of *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rugs is their charm. The colors are rich and harmonious—the patterns, artistic reproductions of beautiful Oriental rugs. In the variety of colors and designs you will find suitable styles for every room in your house.

Easy to lay? The simplest thing possible—no tacks or fastenings of any kind. They lie perfectly flat without "kicking up" or curling.

Don't forget that the Gold Seal identifies the one and only grade of Congoleum made. Don't be misled into buying a "just as good" substitute.

The following table of the popular sizes and prices will give you an idea of just how economical these rugs are:—

Popular Sizes—Popular Prices

1½	x 3	feet	$ .80	6	x 9	feet	$ 9.75
3	x 3	feet	1.60	7½	x 9	feet	11.85
3	x 4½	feet	2.40	9	x 10½	feet	16.60
3	x 6	feet	3.20	9	x 12	feet	19.00

Prices in the Far West and South average 10% higher than those quoted, in Canada prices average 25% higher. All prices subject to change without notice

Write for Free Booklet

Before buying your *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rugs, [illegible] interesting book, "Modern Rugs for Modern Homes." Then you can look over the newest patterns at leisure, and talk them over with the family.

CONGOLEUM COMPANY

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GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM ART-RUGS

Look for the Gold Seal

When we placed this liberal pledge, "Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back," on every one of these durable, charming rugs, we meant exactly what we said.

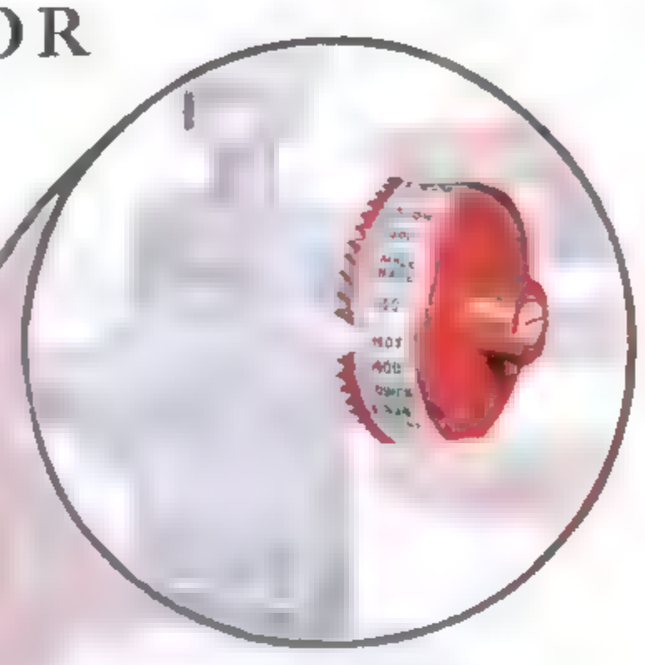
If the rug does not give satisfaction, we will give you back your money through your dealer.

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

LORAIN

OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

An easy turn of the "Lorain" Oven Heat Regulator wheel places 44 measured and controlled oven temperatures at your command.



Important Notice

Hereafter the "wheel" of the "Lorain" Oven Heat Regulator will gain a distinctive color. It will be enameled in a beautiful shade of red. Not all the "Lorain"-equipped ranges now on sale have the new red wheel, because the change has but recently been made, but be sure that the indicator hand bears the name "Lorain."

Read This

If you have a good range you don't feel like discarding for the present, use a thermometer in getting oven temperatures, watching the oven to see that the temperature is maintained. This is only an approach to "Lorain" regulated heat, but it will help. Later you will want a "Lorain"-equipped gas range when you realize the advantages of measured heat.

Cook by Temperature—*to avoid failures*

If women would learn how to cook by temperature instead of "by guess" they would never have failures.

Until I learned this secret with my purchase of a "Lorain"-equipped gas range I could never tell how my baking was coming out. Now I never have unlucky days

THE above quotation from the letter of a "Lorain" user will interest all women who keep house.

Many modern cooking authorities are now giving accurate temperatures for different sorts of baking or oven cooking. Instead of the old-fashioned, inaccurate expressions, slow oven, moderate oven, hot oven, etc., they now state the exact degree of heat to use.

This important step forward has been made possible by the "Lorain" Oven Heat Regulator, which *sets and maintains accurate, controlled, measured oven temperatures.*

The "Lorain" is an attachment to the oven of our gas ranges. By the setting of the red wheel on the heat regulator it is possible to get and maintain, for any length of time, an accurate degree of heat in the oven, regardless of gas pressure variations, atmospheric conditions and other influences.

"Lorain" eliminates guesswork and "unlucky" days from oven cooking. It has many other interesting advantages, including "unwatched" whole-meal cooking.

There is a "Lorain" dealer in your district. Watch for his "Lorain" advertising in the local newspapers. Go and ask him for a demonstration of the "Lorain." If he hasn't our book, *An Easier Day's Work*, write to us for a copy.

Only these famous gas stoves are equipped with the "Lorain"

CLARK JEWEL—George M. Clark & Co. Div., Chicago, Ill.
DANGLER—Dangler Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio
DIRECT ACTION—National Stove Co. Div., Lorain, Ohio
NEW PROCESS—New Process Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio
QUICK MEAL—Quick Meal Stove Co. Div., St. Louis, Mo.
RELIABLE—Reliable Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio

We manufacture oil and coal stoves for use where gas is not available

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY, 13 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo., *Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World*

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

PHOTO BY ANDERSON, KANSAS CITY, BY COURTESY OF NATIONAL SAFETY COUNCIL

A Constant Jay Walker Habit in All Cities—Arrow Indicates Pedestrians Crossing Street East and West Despite Traffic Officer's Signals for North-South Movement

The Prevention of Accidents

By Floyd W. Parsons

OUR participation in the World War resulted in snuffing out the lives of 48,000 American soldiers. During the same nineteen months, here in the United States, 126,000 men, women and children engaged in normal pursuits or attending to duties in their homes and on the streets met their death from accidents. On an average each year in America more than 75,000 human beings are killed in accidents, most of which could have been prevented. During this same period of time more than 1,000,000 persons are injured. Approximately twenty-eight per cent of the accidents occur in industry, while the remainder happen outside of mines, mills and factories. Most distressing of all, nearly one-fifth of the accidents occur to children of school age.

Efforts to safeguard human life are not new to history. A now famous old book on mining published in 1556 shows ancient quarry workers wearing shin guards, leather aprons and head protectors. There is little doubt that if goggles and other safety devices had been known in those early days they would have been adopted by the quarrymen. This proves false the notion that safety is a new-fangled idea. However, when we view the whole problem of accident prevention in the light of our present knowledge, we must concede that real progress in the safety movement dates back only about a quarter of a century. Up to 1895 very few of our large industrial companies had safety departments. About this time safety laws were passed in many states, and a few farsighted managers commenced to see the advantages of developing and installing devices to safeguard their workmen.

There is no better example of the recent rapid change in the attitude of employers toward their men than the present corporation practices and beliefs concerning accident prevention as compared with the practices and ideas of only twenty years ago. When the first safety statutes were enacted hundreds of industrial managers declared that such laws were unjust and unnecessary. At first the state and Federal officials were at fault through attempting to bring about safety in industry by compulsion. Now we know that you cannot compel a conscience, and that success in safety depends more upon education than upon legislation.

In recent years we have been able to see the problem in its true character. Carefully compiled statistics are daily pointing out danger spots. No longer is the single isolated accident fatality permitted to pass unobserved. The curtain has been torn aside, all of the individual cases have been grouped into a single total, and the results of human carelessness and indifference stand forth in their true and terrifying proportions.

Approximately nine people meet death through accident here in America each and every hour of the day and night. In 1919 practically 500,000 American workers were so seriously injured in the performance of their daily tasks that they were maimed for life or lost more than a month of time. A careful survey indicates that if proper precautions had been taken 375,000 of the unfortunates might have escaped. It is a known fact that three-fourths of all the deaths and serious injuries in industry can be eliminated.

Every morning when the whistles blow at our American industrial plants more than 2,500,000 workers are missing. Here in the United States every working day three per cent of all employees are reported absent on account of sickness or industrial accidents. Each year more than 2,250,000 work years are lost on account of sick and injured men and women. At the low average wage of three dollars a day this entails a yearly loss of more than $2,000,000,000 in wages and an additional equal amount lost to the manufacturer through decreased production. Accidents in the single state of Pennsylvania in 1919 cost 2569 lives and $20,000,000. They also caused the loss of 122 eyes, 54 arms, 88 hands, 773 fingers, 77 legs, 80 feet and 144 toes. Notwithstanding this unsatisfactory showing, there was a decrease of 994 fatalities in that state in 1919 as compared with the previous year.

Automobiles are the present greatest menace to human life, although if we take machine for machine the airplane constitutes a far greater danger than the motor car. More people are hurt cranking cars than in any other way. This shows that everyone hasn't a new model with a self-starter attachment. Next to cranking come collisions, and then skidding or ditching. In happy contrast with the dangers of the automobile is the great advance made in eliminating accidents on railroad trains. During one recent month a great American railroad was operated without a single fatal accident in its ranks of 40,000 employees.

Some people have asserted that flying and motoring are now carried on with as great safety as attends travel on our railroads. Such a statement is far from true, for if the casualties among railroad engineers were in proportion to those among civil aviation pilots more engineers would be killed in a single year than the total number now employed at one time on our American railroads. Statistics for Great Britain, France and the United States indicate that the hazard of the airplane pilot is 1000 times as great as that of the railroad engineer.

Comparing the risk of the passenger in flying with that of the passenger traveling on a train, one British authority presents some interesting figures. Says he:

"If .06 passengers were killed and .61 injured per 1000 hours of traveling, as was the case in flying in Great Britain last year, the death roll among railway passengers would reach the staggering total of 105,000 per year, while more than 1,000,000 travelers would be injured. The actual number of passengers killed on the British railroads last year was 133, and the injured 1218, making the airplane's passenger risk about 800 times as great as the risk run by the railway passenger."

Recent investigations show many surprising facts with reference to accidents here in America. Six times as many school children are injured the first week in school as in any other week of the year. More children are injured in traffic accidents during clear weather than on days of rain or snow. Boys are killed and injured on the streets more frequently than girls. In industry, though women suffer the most from sickness, the men are more liable to accident. Several authorities claim this is true, not because men are engaged in the more hazardous occupations, but because women are more careful.

In one of the largest Eastern states it was found that more than half of the accidents to women were caused by machines, generally punch presses, looms and sewing machines. Sewing machines caused the largest number of injuries. Next after machines as a source of accidents comes stumbling and falling. High heels are suggested as a cause of many such accidents. Injuries by hand tools rank third on the list. More than sixty per cent of the injuries from this latter cause came from the use of the needle, which proves that the needle is the most dangerous tool women pick up. Most injuries to women would not be serious were it not for the carelessness which permits slight cuts and lacerations to become infected.

The limits of our powers for prevention are as miles to inches compared with our limits for reparation. Accident prevention is a common ground on which employer and worker can meet with mutual understanding of each other's motives and with profit to both. It is one of the first steps an executive must take if he would win the confidence of his employees. No amount of welfare work will take the place of safety endeavor. Clubhouses, restaurants, entertainments and even an extra high rate of wages cannot be substituted for intelligent and earnest effort to safeguard the health and lives of a company's working force. One of the most encouraging facts in the whole safety movement is that practically every company that has undertaken efficient accident-prevention work has been convinced that the policy is not a fad, but that along with its humanitarian aspects it is a profitable investment.

Not long ago one of the largest employers in the United States was approached by the manager of his compensation department with a request for authorization of an expenditure to enlarge the company's industrial hospital. The manager urged the benefits that would result from promptly treating disabled workers so that they could return in minimum time to their jobs.

The president of the company flatly refused the request, saying: "We will bend all our efforts toward prevention. Taking every possible precaution is a far better investment than mending broken men who need not have been injured."

With this aim in mind the big boss started to clean house. His subordinates shuddered at the apparently ruthless scrapping of old but serviceable equipment. With a seeming disregard of expenditure, hundreds of machines were remodeled, buildings were changed and, most important of all, the workmen themselves were trained.

The carrying out of the president's program cost the company several millions of dollars, but the results more than justified the expenditure. For example, 50,000 men and women are employed at the parent plant of the company. They work on 3000 punch presses and 20,000 other machines. Seventy elevators are in operation, with miles of loading docks, where sixty giant cranes move at once. There are also 350 acres of foundries, heat-treating works, drop-forge departments, machine shops, chemical laboratories and railroad yards. In this and all similar plants accidents heretofore had been frequent. But during the first year after the big safety drive had been put into effect only one worker met death by an accident. If this percentage of accidental fatalities were maintained by the industries of the country generally, the accidentally killed in our American industrial plants each year would be 760 men and women instead of something like 22,000, the present total.

At the present time, in the same plants of the company just referred to, disease prevention goes hand in hand with accident prevention. Two million dollars a year is spent in keeping the premises clean. The most scrupulous attention is given to floors, windows, drinking fountains, waste cans, drains, sewers, and the like. Paper cuspidors are provided for those who can't get along without some such receptacle. This one feature involves an expenditure of $20,000 a year, but the sum is ungrudgingly appropriated in the interests of the safeguarding of health.

One of the big problems of the factory management was the department in which are located ninety-seven cyanide and seventeen annealing furnaces. It was necessary to heat these furnaces to 1560 degrees Fahrenheit, and the workman was compelled to stand directly in front of the furnace doors, where he had to work in a temperature of about 135 degrees. The labor turnover in this work was a serious matter to contend with, and during the summer months it was not unusual for the department to furnish eight to ten cases of heat prostration every day. The difficulty was met in this way: Metal canopies were placed around each furnace, permitting the continuous exhaustion of the hot air. At the same time cold air was blown down upon the heads of the furnace tenders, which plan reduced the temperature of the working place to eighty degrees. The cost of this device was about $11,000, and its effect upon conditions has been surprisingly favorable. The canopies have done away with heat prostration, the labor turnover has been reduced twenty-five per cent, the output has been increased and the working force has been reduced fifty per cent. The ventilating installation

(Concluded on Page 30)

(Concluded from Page 29)

paid for itself in the saving of labor alone by enabling one man to take care of two furnaces instead of one, as before.

A most important member of the staff of the company is the director of safety, who is assisted by twenty-five inspectors, a hygienist, a bacteriologist and a follow-up man. Besides these salaried assistants, the director has a a standing committee of 100 workmen and foremen, each selected by the men in his own department. Many problems have been solved. An outlay of $9000 was made for a suction system which would remove dust from a piston-turning operation. Almost immediately there was a reduction of almost twenty-two per cent in the requests for transfers from that department. The acid room of the radiator department also was a sore spot. The fumes from this room caused skin diseases, and men refused to work there. In overcoming this difficulty, the roof of the room was raised and exhaust hoods were placed over the vats. This eliminated the fumes, and labor turnover was reduced to a fraction of what it had formerly been. Punch-press accidents have been wiped out by the installation of a push-button tripping device. The fingers of operators running high-speed sewing machines are protected by guards placed on the machines. The danger from traveling cranes is avoided by the use of powerful sirens placed just above the crane hooks and electrically operated as the cranes travel. The company's campaign against the up-turned nail has been most successful. Several men are employed to do nothing else but draw nails out of empty boxes and other containers, and the records show that the saving in reclaimed nails justifies the effort and time spent.

The company's safety policy may be briefly stated as follows: First, keep the place clean; second, make the worker comfortable; third, make the machines fool-proof and so far as possible accident-proof; fourth, reach the men in an educational way, by bulletins, leaflets, noon meetings, moving pictures and verbal instruction given simultaneously with lessons in English at the Americanization school; fifth, prepare and display in each department a series of posters showing the hazards of that particular work; sixth, compulsory training of employees in first-aid work. Men who know how to treat various injuries have a better appreciation of the seriousness of such injuries. The actual accomplishments in accident prevention alone justify first-aid work.

A short time ago a man walking on a railroad track was struck by a passing train and badly injured. Trainmen and passengers were completely at a loss as to how to proceed in giving temporary relief to the victim, who was suffering from compound fractures of the arms, legs and skull, with probable serious internal injuries. Suddenly five men stepped out from the crowd of passengers, waved the train crew to one side and took charge of the case. One tore off his suspenders and converted them into tourniquets, which stopped the bleeding. Another opened a suitcase and pulled out a supply of bandages and surgical dressings. A third ran forward, climbed into the baggage car and ripped enough slats from the side of the car to make splints for the injured man's arms and legs. The two remaining volunteers in the meantime had rendered effective service to counteract the shock to the victim's system. A few minutes later the train was on its way, with the injured man as comfortable as he would have been had there been five physicians in attendance. The men who had done the neat job were workers from one of the plants of the company just mentioned, and were on their way to participate in the interplant first-aid meet.

This particular corporation's answer to the question: Is accident prevention worth while? is summed up as follows: Fatal accidents have been reduced fifty-five per cent; accidents resulting in loss of eyes, seventy per cent; accidents resulting in loss of legs, fifty per cent; accidents causing loss of feet, fifty per cent; accidents causing loss of hands, 100 per cent, or a general average reduction in all cases of seventy-one per cent. The company's compensation costs last year showed a reduction of more than twenty per cent, as compared with those of the previous year. As a sidelight on the company's earnest effort in accident prevention, it is interesting to note that the management has established a guard-making department which employs fifty men who are kept busy constantly making safety guards to protect the workers on all of the company's machines. The company claims that accident-prevention work has progressed and met with success principally because safety speeds up production.

One of the oldest of all hazards is the danger to the logger who chops down a tree. From time immemorial the lumber business has been one attended by many risks. For several thousand years our ancestors have been cutting down the monarchs of the forest, and it is altogether likely that prehistoric man swung his flint ax against the bases of enormous trees and ran the same risks as the woodchoppers of to-day. But recent studies of this hazard have resulted in knowledge which bids fair to eliminate this age-old danger. It has been found that by cutting a deep V-shaped notch instead of cutting straight across the tree as formerly, and then starting the saw from the other side so as to meet the upper point of the V, a key may be formed which makes it impossible for the log to kick back and, in fact, causes it to jump forward from the stump. This practice results in economy as well as safety, because if the cut is made properly no splinters are torn from the log. Besides this, two choppers may work at once instead of only one, as is the usual practice.

Due to the constantly increasing number of automobiles, it is each year becoming more and more dangerous for a person to walk the streets. The death rate from automobile accidents in 1919 was the highest ever recorded. One investigator of the problem suggests the construction of additional street crossings in the middle of blocks, where automobiles can approach from only two directions. Splendid results have followed the erection of curbed safety islands at busy street intersections. Here in the United States we are literally becoming a nation on wheels. More than one-third as many people are killed in this country each year by motor cars as there are total fatalities in all of our industries, including railroads and mines. Whereas we are getting control of the industrial-accident situation, the deaths from automobiles are mounting in mathematical ratio to the increase in machines. The Federal Census Bureau provides figures showing that nearly 800 people are killed in New York City each year. The lowest estimate coming from any credible source indicates that the yearly death rate from automobile accidents in the United States now exceeds fourteen for each 100,000 of population.

Not long ago the city of St. Louis became aroused over the frequency of motor-car accidents. A committee was organized; the newspapers gave wide publicity to the movement, and even the grand jury took a hand in studying the problem. Three hundred earnest, intelligent citizens became members of a vigilance committee. Each man carried with him at all times a pack of cards on which there were twenty violations specified. When he saw a motorist violating some rule he checked it on the card and sent the notice to the police department. Immediately a courteous letter would be sent to the offender. In case of a second violation by the same person a stronger letter would be sent, and on the third offense the motorist would be asked to call and see the chief of police. As a result of the movement one St. Louis judge stated recently that he had not had a single repeater in his court since the vigilance committee had started work.

A second activity in St. Louis which brought worth-while results was the establishment of a school for chauffeurs. The course consisted of ten lessons, each of which was presented by an expert. Before the school was organized there was a trucking company which employed 100 chauffeurs, and the concern had so many chauffeurs constantly in court that it was obliged to hire a lawyer, who devoted practically all of his time to taking care of motor-law violations by employees of the company. Finally one of the judges decided to correct the nuisance, and imposed a fine of $500 on one of the corporations' drivers. The president of the company appeared on the scene and asked for leniency. The judge refused to be moved, and suggested that the executive go back and start an educational campaign for safety among his men. The outcome was that the chauffeurs of the company were persuaded to attend the school, and on last accounts six months had passed without a single chauffeur from this particular concern having been haled to court. St. Louis now boasts that the majority of its chauffeurs have learned the ABC of safety, which is, Always Be Careful. They say further that the men have been taught that right of way is better than might of way.

Up in Minneapolis also the safety movement is getting well under way. Every workday morning in that city seventy blind men and women leave their homes, and with prayers on their lips and canes in their hands start for their respective places of employment. After they get to their places of work there confronts them the same dangerous task of getting home safely again in the evening. There are many other blind people in Minneapolis, but these seventy are the unfortunate ones who not only must work for a living, but have no child or friend to guide them in their goings and comings. As one of these sightless workers recently stated, "Getting to the job is the hardest part of the day's work, no matter what the work may be."

As a result of a number of accidents to this group of seventy blind workers, officials in the city made a study of the problem and decided upon a uniform signal which should be given by the blind person as he or she starts across the street. The signal agreed upon as the most practicable, both from the standpoint of the motorist and the blind person, was the outstretched arm, rigid, directly in front, either with or without the cane, to indicate that the person thus signaling is blind. As a means of educating the public regarding this particular matter, the Minneapolis division of the National Safety Council arranged to show motion pictures in the city's theaters illustrating not only the signal adopted, but giving practical suggestions as to how to assist the blind on and off street cars.

The public schools in many of our cities have now abandoned the old idea of teaching children to be careful simply by giving them an occasional lecture on safety precautions. C. W. Price, of the National Safety Council, recently told me of one visit he made to a school in a large city where the campaign for safety was being conducted in accordance with the idea that children learn quickest and best when they can actually handle a thing or work on a problem themselves.

"I went into the arithmetic class, where the children were working on problems in subtraction," said Mr. Price. "A little boy wrote on the blackboard, 'A hundred million people were in the United States in 1918, and 80,000 boys and girls and men and women were killed by accidents. How many were left?' While there was just as much mathematics in this problem as in the ones usually given the children, there was in addition a valuable lesson in safety. Then I went into the writing class and found the children writing letters to the principal on safety. Next came a class in English, and here each child was required to deliver a four-minute talk, with the understanding that the best speaker would be selected to go into the lower grades and preach the gospel of safety. One little fellow made a speech while I was present, and it was certainly the best short talk on accident prevention that could have been written to impress children. The youngster employed just as much language in making his safety speech as would have been used in talking about something of less interest and value.

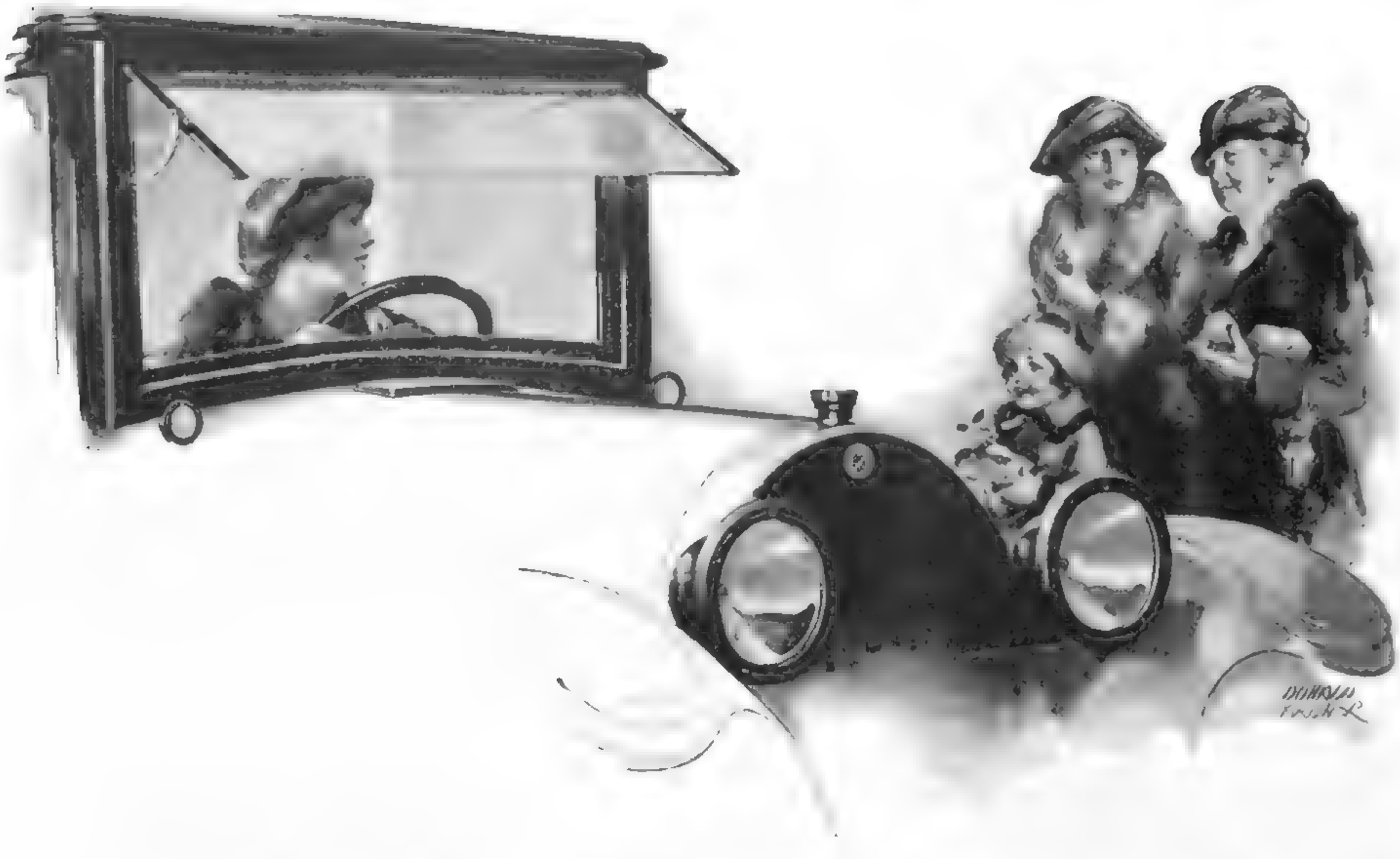
"One unique lesson was given in a room where 200 children were seated, and consisted in the showing of twenty-one pantomimes. Preceding each silent act, one of the children made an announcement. One such speech, made by a little boy, was as follows: 'Now, boys and girls, you have heard about the rusty nail, and that you should be careful never to step on one. The reason is that when you step on a rusty nail there are lots of little bugs that get into the wound, and these bugs are so small that a million of them could sit on the head of this pin without falling off. And do you know that when that rusty nail goes into your foot those little bugs go into your blood, and go up to your heart and make you sick and perhaps kill you?' The curtain parted and this pantomime was shown: A little boy was going down the street and noticed a board with a nail in it. He pretended to go over to the side of the road, pick up a rock and pound out the nail. The children applauded enthusiastically, and there was no doubt in my mind concerning the value of the pantomime used in this way to preach the gospel of safety for children."

No matter what the movement may be, people are always more interested in it if they feel that they have some part in initiating and carrying forward the work. In accordance with this theory, many industries are encouraging interest, thought and coöperation among employees by inaugurating a suggestion system. In such cases the workers are urged to submit suggestions which will eliminate fire hazards, provide better working conditions, decrease the waste of materials, power, space and labor, and improve methods, machines and products. The men must be made to feel that all suggestions will be given consideration, and that the most valuable ideas will be promptly adopted and the originators adequately rewarded.

The results which have been obtained by safety drives lasting for a day, a week or a month in different communities show plainly what could be accomplished throughout the whole nation if all of the people were to exercise never-ending care. Only a few months ago one of our medium-sized cities inaugurated a safety drive lasting a week, and during the seven days of the campaign there was not a single serious accident in the town. In this connection it is interesting to note the experience of another city, of 300,000 souls, in which it was discovered one winter day that the pumps controlling the water supply of that city had broken down. Realizing that only the most scrupulous and rigid observance of precaution could safeguard the community against a catastrophe, the mayor issued a proclamation and the newspapers spread the warning that not a drop of water would be available for protection in case of fire.

The people of the city responded magnificently to the challenge. For four days the pumps were out of commission, and for four days every man, woman and child in the town exercised extreme caution, and never once lost the thought, "There must not be any fires!" As a result, not once during those perilous days did the citizens hear the sound of a fire bell.

There is an old saying, "If each one gives a thread, the naked will have a shirt." If each person will give a little time and thought to the subject of safety, and prevent an accident a day, a week or even a month, the total number of accidents in this and other countries would be reduced to near the vanishing point. The attainment of maximum production is prevented largely by the disabling of industrial workers. The cost of living is needlessly increased by the lost time and effort of hundreds of thousands of employees who are sick or injured. It is entirely possible to incorporate into the nervous systems of the people of this country such a spirit of caution and sanity that human action in avoiding danger and conserving life will be wholly automatic, always operating without conscious thought or studied effort.



CADILLAC

Everyone rejoices in the beauty of the Cadillac, but—let us suppose for a moment it were less beautiful.

Suppose the design were not the delight it is—the finish and the furnishings less completely satisfactory.

Suppose that the attachments and the fittings were not the last word in completeness—suppose that you bought a little less of luxury in every way when you acquired a Cadillac.

Is it not a fact that there would still be left to you an abundant measure of riding and driving delight which no car other than the Cadillac could deliver?

Where else would you look for those long, flawless days of unruffled satisfaction which are the common experience of Cadillac owners?

Where would you look for that lightsome uplifting quality of travel which has been so often likened to a flight through space?

Suppose you had to sacrifice the beauty of the Cadillac, but retained the other—would you not still be the possessor of something priceless and unique in motoring?

It is not merely a phrase of ours, but a happy fact to which every Cadillac owner testifies, that he gets out of motoring something which less fortunate owners altogether miss.

His mode of travel adds something unique and delightful to every driving and riding moment of the day.

His Cadillac days and Cadillac miles are days and miles of refreshment and rest and repose, with a mind freed from the imp of uncertainty.

He *knows* that his pleasure will be continuous; he *knows* that his Cadillac will not fail him; he *knows* that he is master of every circumstance and condition the year's travel can encounter.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.

WINNIE AND THE TIGER MAN

(Continued from Page 14)

Then suddenly his mood changed, as if an idea had occurred to him.

"The very thing!" he exclaimed. "By Jove, that hundred was money well spent, after all!"

He rode on, smiling.

III

WITHIN a space of hours Winnie became aware that she appeared to have made three new conquests during the week-end—namely, Cyril Fitzmedley, tied in steel-strong though silky-looking chains to Vivien Foxelen though he was; Major F. Tigris Mountarden and his brilliant wife. Hitherto the Mountardens had not exactly fatigued themselves in their efforts at cordiality to Winnie.

The young, verdant and slightly sappy Cyril she took rather as a matter of course. He was different from whole battalions of his like only in that he possessed far more money than was good for him. And although Winnie did not precisely shoulder him roughly away, she found him absurdly easy to understand and deal with. His position—with her—was weak, very weak, and she took care to let him see that she knew it. But with the Mountardens it was different and more difficult. The major's increased cordiality she could understand.

"He does not mean to lose sight of me, and he wants to become closer friends because of Lullaby," said Winnie to herself. "But why should Mrs. Mountarden be so gushing? Especially as May Fasterton says that Cyril was prone to worship at her shrine in Vivien's absence until he transferred his spare worship to me."

She decided that the major had asked his wife to be nice to her, no reason being immediately apparent.

Certainly the Mountardens were charming to her; so much so that an invitation to stay a little while with them at their place in town was extended to the girl and accepted by her. She agreed to go on to them from Hawkshover—indeed, to leave with them in their big limousine. Winnie was young, but not so young that she disdained to consult her friend, worldly wise Lady Fasterton, about accepting the invitation.

"Oh, yes, go, my dear! They are all right—no worse than the rest of us, I think. They'll give you a good time. But don't play there."

"Play?"

"Cards—roulette—that sort of thing, child. They play very high at Mountardens', and level-headed little woman as you are, you might get bitten. I know, Winnie. I cost Fasterton lots of money there some years ago, when I was more like you than I am now, you sweet little thing. They make a flutter a very pleasant sensation at Mountardens'. You will enjoy yourself without gambling there. I'll come in there when I get back to town."

So Winnie went back to London, convinced that the major was not only after Lullaby, but that he purposed winning her in preference to paying money for her.

"That is quite, quite obvious," thought Winnie as, curled up in a luxurious corner of the big comfortable car with the Mountardens, she watched the countryside swing silently past. "Quite obvious, and yet—and yet ——"

Her brain, her reason, was not satisfied. *Felis tigris* is a tolerably catholic feeder. Hungry, he will eat almost anything he can bite. He is not particular as to quality, but he is something of a stickler for quantity. He likes bulk—big mouthfuls. And she did not feel mathematically sure that she and Lullaby were quite a tiger-sized mouthful. In her best ingénue manner she had learned quite a good deal about the Mountardens since she had collected the major's hundred guineas, and it seemed to her that she hardly did either Felis Tigris or his wife justice in assuming that they were not capable of a rather more adroit way of getting Lullaby than winning her with cards or a roulette wheel.

"They don't know how much I have in reserve," mused Winnie, her lovely eyes absently studying the rather heavy and bulbous jaw hinges of the major—a sign, her daddy had once told her, of ruthlessness and possibly brutality. "And they can have no reason to think that I could not pay what I lose, if I lose"—she smiled faintly—"without parting with my little race horse. It's somehow it's clumsy, ponderous. Yes, it is taking a mountain to crush a molehill."

But it was very pleasant, very restful and lulling to be petted as the major and his wife—a dark, virile beauty in the well-known hidden-fire, passionate, or Spanish style—proceeded to pet Winnie. Before she had been a day in their big, elaborately comfortable and expensively fitted house near Eaton Square the girl realized that if she were their only and idolized daughter they could not have made more fuss over her, and it was delicately and subtly done. Neither the major nor his wife made any mistakes. There was a charming semi-motherly touch in Fay Mountarden's manner toward the girl, and the major was something between old Uncle Henry, papa, and a courtly old admirer who was much too courtly to say so.

"All for Lullaby?" asked Winnie softly of Faithful-Little-Friend-in-the-Mirror in her room that evening before dinner. She curled up on a big settle before the electric fire and thought diligently. But her reflection led her nowhere, save to a decision to question Cyril Fitzmedley, who was dining at the Mountardens' that evening with two or three other guests, on a few points concerning the major's position as a racing man. It might give her some hint that would prove useful, she fancied.

"Of course, all this attention may be due to their personal liking for me," said she, smiling. "But there was no sign that they were particularly fond of me at Hawkshover until Lullaby was mine, so I don't think it is me that is the attraction. It must be Lullaby. They want something from me, I am quite sure of that. Well, we shall see. Meantime ——"

It was quite a joyous little evening. A delightful, cozy, well-put-on dinner, a little music—not too much—some bridge, and later roulette. There were eight young people there—five boys of about Cyril's type, three with their wives. The bridge illumined life for the ladies in the drawing-room—they played a tolerably tight game, Winnie observed—while as the evening drew on the men forgathered round the roulette wheel.

Winnie had plenty of opportunities for conversation with Cyril. She gathered all she wished for from the youth, who, if his affection for her was merely his left-hand affection—the right-hand variety presumably being reserved for Vivien Foxelen—it was clearly of an intensely affectionate nature.

"Did Major Mountarden tell you he wanted to buy Lullaby from me, Sir Cyril?" asked Winnie.

"Yes, rather—what? But you wouldn't sell her, Miss Winnie."

Winnie gazed kindly at him.

"I don't think I should like to sell your present to me," she said softly. "Besides, I love Lullaby, and Mr. Harmon says that she might easily win a race."

Sir Cyril nodded wisely, his face lighting up. Winnie was an agreeable addition to the major's plentiful champagne.

"Very wise, dear Miss Winnie. Lullaby is a very good, very promisin' yearling. Don't you part with her. She might turn out wonderfully well. I always believed in her."

Winnie spared him a few radiations of good fellowship, listening respectfully. She would cheerfully have staked a good deal of money against his recognizing Lullaby among a dozen of his yearlings.

"Hasn't the major any yearlings of his own?" she asked presently.

"I think so—several very promisin' ones. He doesn't need your pet so badly. He has one beauty, I know—a Projectile colt. Picked him up for a trifle too. They say that if this colt trains on he will be a sensation. But tell me about yourself, Miss Winnie. Are you enjoying yourself here? You have a flat in town, haven't you?"

But here they were interrupted. Bridge had begun in the drawing-room and the boys were going to have some roulette with the major.

Winnie watched them for a little. She was very interested in their play. She would have disclaimed any intimate knowledge of roulette, for, as she told them shyly, she had never seen a real game for what she called real money before; and that was perfectly true. But though she did not speak of it, there had been a period during her daddy's career when he had been possessed of a devil who led him to believe he had discovered a system which was fated to freeze all other systems out of existence. He and Winnie had spun no more than thirty thousand turns of a small roulette wheel before the perfectly ghastly array of paper losses discouraged the aforesaid devil, cured Captain O'Wynn and convinced his daughter that, regarded as means of livelihood, roulette belonged to the stuff that mirages are made of.

So, having watched long enough to realize that the stakes were not low, that the boys were not precisely experts, that their methods of playing were perhaps champagnely optimistic, and that one or two others were expected to drop in presently for some baccarat, though it was near midnight, Winnie unobtrusively departed to bed.

IV

WHEN, a few days later, Winnie said demurely at lunch that she was permitting Cyril Fitzmedley to take her to tea at the Astoritz that afternoon, nothing but smiles and quiet encouragement greeted her announcement. Everything was quite *couleur de rose*. The major fired off a playful reminder that he still had an eagle eye on Lullaby and must enlist Cyril's powers of persuasion in his aid, and Mrs. Mountarden had so friendly a word for Cyril that she had evidently forgiven his defection from her. It was all very jolly—so free, so homelike, so unwolfy.

"Bring Cyril back to dine, darling," said Mrs. Mountarden. "There will be one or two people in—enough for some bridge."

Winnie promised. The Mountardens, she had long ago found, were never without dinner guests who, as the evening wore on, became bridge or roulette or baccarat battlers.

That afternoon, cozily ensconced in an extremely retired corner of the Astoritz with Sir Cyril, the girl discovered that the too-wealthy youth was apparently in the mood to press right romantically his left-handed wooing. But for a little she subtly shouldered him away from the subject of hearts that beat as one.

"You know, Cyril," she said, dropping her lids for an instant, "I don't understand games very well; but surely, surely you all play a great deal and for very high stakes at the Mountardens', don't you?" Her tone was timidly chiding. Cyril looked very much the man of the world.

"Well, certainly one can always get a thrill at the major's," he confessed.

"Ah, but don't you lose a great deal? I—I—don't like to think of you losing so heavily," she sighed.

"That's simply toppin' of you, dear Miss Winnie—oh, toppin'! But don't worry. I can afford to lose what I lose, you know."

Winnie nodded.

"Yes, I know you are awfully rich. Have you lost very much during the last week at the Mountardens'? Men are so bold and reckless!"

Cyril hesitated. Then, evidently believing that it would invest him with a species of terrible glory in her blue eyes as it did in his own, he informed her that he had won heavily during the early part of Winnie's stay at the Mountarden place, but that he had lost far more heavily during the latter end of the week.

"I have dropped four thousand during the week," he said, staring at her. And so little did this lucky son of a rich father realize exactly what the sum really meant that it might have been fourpence. Winnie saw that.

"I shall take it back from Mountarden—when the luck turns," he added airily.

Winnie was suitably impressed. When she had recovered she asked another question:

"How reckless you are! Have you played long at the major's?"

"I used to play there a good deal, but I gave up goin' there a few months ago when I—I got tired of it."

He meant when he first became engaged to Vivien Foxelen.

"I only started dining there again, or calling in later, when I knew you were staying there," he added boldly. "But let's drop the Mountardens and talk of you, Winnie."

Winnie said nothing. Her silence seemed to encourage him, and quite suddenly the spoiled child and the juvenile but developing wolf flamed out in him. He put it just well enough to allow of Winnie listening, but no better than that. He made it quite clear that his matrimonial future was unalterably fixed with the comparatively poor but extremely well-connected and excessively blue-blooded Vivien Foxelen, and for whom in his fashion he reserved his right-handed love. He hinted, too, that his father's will had something to do with the Foxelen alliance. But, that understood, the left-handed portion of his devotion and income was wholly at Winnie's disposal. He spoke of allowances, he babbled of cozy flats and he burbled of motors. Upon the joys of houseboats he held forth, nor did he neglect to touch upon the charms of Monte Carlo. To Paris he referred enthusiastically also, and dwelt, too, upon millinery, silks, satins and jewels. But in his discourse—and he was young enough to look slightly sheepish throughout—he made no mention of the simple and less-complicated aids to the social fabric, such as plain golden rings. Diamonds, emeralds and rubies he spoke of, also sables; but he seemed unaware of the simpler product of the honest goldsmith's art. Deeds of gift upon parchment, in fair black and white, he did not exclude from his eloquence; but he uttered nothing concerning those plain but wholesome slips of paper called marriage certificates. Finally he ran down, gulped and was silent.

Winnie looked at him curiously, with a quite-honest curiosity. He had insulted her pretty badly—about as badly as he could have done—but she bore him no ill will for that. She was not even angry. She realized that quite a lot of men were like him, though she hoped that some day she might meet one who was not. But she really wondered that he could not see the difference between herself and Vivien Foxelen; not the surface difference, for his proposal implied that probably he did see that, but the intellectual difference.

With his three-quarters of a million and her wits she could have put him anywhere—might even have made him worth while. Vivien, cold, unenthusiastic, correct but dull, could do nothing for him. Winnie doubted even whether that slip of the aristocracy cared for him at all. But in any case Winnie would not have had him. Her ideas and arrangements about matrimony concerned a different type of man from Cyril Fitzmedley.

A time was to come when he would squirm a little and feel warm to think that he had ever had the impudence and folly to imagine that Winnie O'Wynn was a suitable candidate for his left-handed love, and staring with considerable and increasing discontent into the blue eyes shining before him he became vaguely and most uncomfortably aware of some strange premonition of this. Then Winnie smiled.

"I forgive you, Cyril," she said gently. "Don't blush so. I know you will be ashamed some day. You look as if you were going to cry. But that's vanity, not heartbreak." Her voice was like a velvet whip, but one that cut like rawhide. "I think we needn't be enemies because of it." She rose. "You know, I am sure you could be quite nice—nice in your soul, I mean—if you tried. I would think it over if I were you. I am sure it really isn't necessary to be a wolf in order to get most fun out of life. There now, it's forgotten—finished."

And it was—except for the penalty. Winnie never forgot the penalty. Wolves, even baby wolves, must expect to pay for the luxury of being wolfy—naturally. Besides, she felt that she could afford to be forgiving. She had learned all she needed to know of the real reason why the Mountardens had been so excessively kind and indulgent to her.

Cyril, a little—but very little—subdued, went back to the Maison Mountarden with her—the Foxelens were visiting a political marquis, a relative, in Scotland—but he saw nothing of her after dinner. She pleaded a headache and vanished to her own room immediately after leaving the dining room. She wanted to think over her discovery.

"I knew I was right when I called the major a tiger man," she told herself presently, when, luxuriously relaxed and kimonoed before the big mirror, she began to consider her problems.

"But how clever he is! I wonder I guessed at all. I see how it is. I am too

(Continued on Page 35)

Produce!
—with the aid of Right Lighting

In late afternoons and on overcast days, work lags! Poor light dulls the keenness of every workman. Swift hands become heavy, ease becomes effort and inaccuracy heaps the scrap-pile high. In every plant the failure of the sun is costly unless good dependable electric light is instantly available.

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Take a personal interest in your lighting. Invite the man who supplies your NATIONAL MAZDA lamps to bring his Foot-Candle Meter and take readings throughout your plant. Compare the results with the Experience Tables which show what degree of illumination you ought to have. This will tell the story! You will know the NATIONAL MAZDA agent by the blue NATIONAL MAZDA cartons on display in his store. National Lamp Works of General Electric Company, 102 Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

The Blue Convenience Carton

Each of these labels represents a Sales Division equipped to give a complete lighting service

NATIONAL MAZDA LAMPS

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UP in New England, the Converse Rubber people have utilized engineering brains in achieving greater tire mileage. Result—the Converse Cord—a startling step forward in tire construction based on a sound mechanical principle.

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Take a block of rubber—a rubber eraser will do. Stretch it. Then cut it. See how easily it cuts.

Experiment 2

Now compress the rubber by pushing both ends towards the middle. Try to cut it. See how it resists the cutting. Right

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SKID-PROOF—Exhaustive tests show them way ahead as efficient anti-skids—the tough, oversize tread, armed with sturdy, never failing suction grips, holds grimly to the most slippery road surface.

FREE BOOKLET

Write for illustrated booklet "Building Mileage," which tells the interesting story of Converse Compression Tread. Address: Converse Tire Division, 801 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

More Miles—Less Skid

(Not a phrase, but a fact)

Converse Tires

(Continued from Page 32)

innocent, too trusting. Yes, I am too credulous. And yet it was clever to use Lullaby as a mask—an excuse. I believed it! But really they are using me as a decoy for Cyril Fitzmedley. I felt somehow that Major and Mrs. Mountarden were pouncing on me with great, soft, velvety paws—tigers' paws! They knew Cyril's feelings towards me the moment he gave me Lullaby. Well, they chose the weapons. They can hardly blame me—an orphan, almost alone and nearly friendless in the world—if I fight them with the sort of weapons they use themselves."

She smiled and rang for Mrs. Mountarden's maid to brush her beautiful hair.

She rose early next morning—so early, indeed, that the gray fingers of the dawn had only just begun to pluck back the black veils of night. Silent as a kitten, Winnie embarked on what seemed likely to develop into a tour of inspection through part of the house. She went first to the roulette room, from which presently she emerged with happy eyes, and went down to the smaller of the rooms immediately underneath—the major's den. She was in the den perhaps fifteen minutes, and during almost all that time her attention was fully occupied with the tall gun cabinet, a massive bit of furniture reaching from floor to ceiling. The major was notoriously, even ferociously fastidious about his guns. He cleaned them himself, and kept them in the specially built wood-fronted cabinet, to which, as to the den itself, the servants were forbidden access.

The cabinet was locked. The key Winnie found in the top drawer of the major's writing desk. She appeared to have a desire to study the guns in the cabinet, which was big enough to hold forty, though she found only a pair.

Very sweet and innocent she looked in her dressing gown as she stood in the dawn in that tiny room peering with big blue eyes into the depths of the big cabinet. She was smiling when presently she came out and passed, soft as some lovely little ghost, up the thickly carpeted stairs to her bedroom.

"Yes, *Felis tigris*," she said. "Eater of men, to say nothing of lonely little girls who must fight for themselves with the best weapons they can find."

Then she nestled down again in the big soft bed and in a minute was sound asleep.

v

WINNIE made two calls on the following morning. The first was upon that large and breezy-mannered agent of Finch Court, Southampton Row, Mr. George H. Jay, with whom she in the course of her career had already transacted business.

Mr. Jay professed himself charmed to see her, and produced a welcoming laugh nearly as loud as the wind bellowing across the moors. His eyes, though, were the eyes of a careful man. But he need not on this occasion have put himself so rigidly on guard against too-baffling innocence and naïveté, which oddly enough had cost him a good deal of money almost every time he had endeavored to turn an honest penny out of it, for Winnie only required a very small favor from him—so small that she seemed really shy about bothering him about it.

Looking at her as she sat before him, fair as a flower, and much better dressed, the enchanting half promise of a smile on her perfect lips, a gift—optical—of gold in her sunny hair, of cool ivory, rose-tinted, in her cheek, and with lullabies in her deep, deep eyes, he warmed to her as always—as fatal a feminine problem to mere man as ever the experienced Mr. Jay had contemplated.

"I am afraid you will think me very foolish, dear Mr. Jay," she said. "But I am nervous. I have been staying with a Major and Mrs. Mountarden, and I expect to leave there to-day—this afternoon at about teatime. I"—her eyes were downcast—"I am afraid that the major will try to force unwelcome attentions on me before I leave. Do you understand, please, Mr. Jay?"

Mr. Jay nodded vigorously. Oh, yes, he understood perfectly! It was a shame!

"And I was hoping that perhaps you would not mind very much if I begged you to help me in a certain way."

Mr. Jay was very willing.

"Why, of course, dear Miss Winnie! You have come to the right man. Old George H. Jay will always be ready to help you against the wolves that infest this big city," he declared. "I know them—I know what they are." Probably he did—he was one of them. "What would you like me to do, Miss Winnie?"

Winnie gave him a foolscap envelope sealed with a big blob of red sealing wax.

"Would it irritate you, please, Mr. Jay, if I asked you to stand opposite Major Mountarden's house with this envelope just showing out of your pocket—so that I can see it from the house—from half past four to half past five o'clock this afternoon?"

Mr. Jay looked puzzled but willing.

"Why, certainly not, my dear little lady!" he agreed, slowly, staring rather keenly at her. "That's not very much to do."

"Oh, thank you so much, Mr. Jay! You are always so kind. I think you are the kindest man I know," cried Winnie. "And I forgot to ask if you would tell a taxi to stop at the house to pick me up at about half past five."

"Well, that will be easy enough, too," he said. "May I inquire why you want me to do this, Miss Winnie?"

"Oh, yes, of course! I want to be able to point out that my guardian is waiting for me—if necessary."

His heavy face cleared. The last time he had acted as temporary guardian to this charming little ward he had netted a wholesome two hundred pounds for himself, the first incoming he had had from Winnie's direction, though he had experienced heavy and rather inexplicable outgoings towards her.

"Oh, certainly I see! I regard that as a great compliment, Miss Winnie," he said.

"And you won't think I am purse-proud or arrogant will you, please, if I say I expect to pay you a fee?" inquired Winnie anxiously.

"Oh, no, not at all!" said Mr. Jay, marveling at the extraordinary way in which the child seemed to retain her fresh, innocent, unspoiled outlook. "Not at all!"

Winnie rose.

"How fortunate I am to have one good friend!"

She smiled wistfully, permitted him to shake hands and left. Next she went to her own flat and announced to her acidulated and somewhat forbidding housekeeper, Mrs. Darnall, that she would be home that afternoon at five-forty-five precisely. Then joyously back to the Mountardens to lunch.

It was a big bridge afternoon there, and the card fiends rallied thither from afar as to the sound of the last no trump. Practically everyone in the Mountarden inner circle that mattered was there, and several of the roulette and baccarat devotees dropped in during the afternoon.

Winnie had informed her housekeeper that she would return to her flat for good at five-forty-five. But at five o'clock there was apparent no sign of her intending departure from the Mountardens' establishment. On the contrary, few of the chattering crowd in the big drawing-room during a bridge armistice looked more reposeful or permanently settled there than Winnie. Exquisite in one of her more-careful frocks, she was sitting on a lounge with Major Mountarden, who, having just taken a mahogany-colored one, had dropped down beside her for a few seconds' respite from his not very arduous labors as host.

"Well, little Miss Winnie, have you decided to let me have Lullaby?" he said gayly, using his stock opening.

Winnie smiled.

"I don't think so, major. You don't really need her, do you, with Royal Splendour and the Projectile colt already yours?"

The major's eyes flickered slightly.

"When did I tell you of the Projectile colt, my dear?" he asked.

"It was Cyril Fitzmedley who told me," she explained. "I guessed a little while ago that you didn't really want Lullaby at all."

"But I paid you a hundred guineas for the option of buying her," laughed the major.

"Yes, I thought that was so clever. It quite convinced me for a time that you really wanted her. I think you are wonderful, major. Don't mind my saying that. It made me quite believe that the reason you and dear Mrs. Mountarden invited me here and were—are—so kind was because you really wanted Lullaby and meant to persuade me to sell her."

The major seemed a shade puzzled, but he still laughed.

"Well, my dear, you have discovered my little strategy, haven't you?" he said.

"Yes," smiled Winnie, "I have discovered your little strategy, dear major. I know now that it wasn't on account of Lullaby at all that you invited me here."

"What do you mean, child?"

A sharpness tinged the major's voice, and his eyes narrowed slightly.

"Yes," purred Winnie softly. "I know now that why you wanted me here was to act as decoy for Cyril Fitzmedley and his roulette money, which he had given up bringing here."

She watched those bulbs at his jaw hinges enlarge as his teeth clenched hard. A vein swelled suddenly on his forehead so that it looked like a cord, and a pale glare blazed in his eyes which thrilled into the girl a certain sense of relief that she had deliberately chosen a crowded drawing-room in which to deal with him. She saw that she had been right in her classification. This was a tiger man, dangerous and ferocious at bay.

"That is not true," he said, controlling himself.

"I put it badly, perhaps, major," she smiled. "You know how I dread hurting anyone's feelings, though people don't seem ever to care how they hurt mine. But if I put everything quite clearly it would be fairer, wouldn't it?"

"Ah, yes, be fair to him, Miss Winnie!" chuckled a youth who, passing the couch, had caught her last words.

She smiled back at him as he moved on obviously believing he had mildly enlivened a tiny, half-playful flirtation. Not a soul in the room who noticed Winnie and the major dreamed that they were discussing business, and business of a razor-keen variety at that.

"You've got hold of some wild idea that I don't follow," said the major in a low, malign voice. But he smiled—albeit a little stiffly—as he spoke. He had to.

"I will try to explain better, major. Some months ago Cyril Fitzmedley gave up coming here to gamble. You missed badly the money you won from him. At Hawkshover you found out that he had transferred his—his left-hand love, I always call it, from Mrs. Mountarden to me. So you contrived to get me here—Lullaby helped—and Cyril began again his old custom. Only this time I was the decoy, and I did not realize it until Cyril had lost four thousand pounds. I suppose that things get very fast and furious in the roulette room after I have gone to bed and the wine has done its work. There, I think that is all I wanted to say." Her blue eyes were fixed squarely on his. "I have to ask you to let me have Cyril's four thousand pounds back, and you must promise never to let him gamble here again, please, major. There, that is all! I am sure it is all very painful to you, and I don't like it very well either," she concluded rather plaintively.

He stared at her like a man who does not know quite what is happening. He looked as if he might either laugh at her, as at a child who relates an amusing fancy, or try to strangle her. The gossip, laughter, tinkle of teacups and glasses went serenely on around them. Finally the major smiled—a tight, unmirthful smile.

"You funny, romantic, imaginative child!" he said. "That sort of thing is not done nowadays, at least not deliberately. But it's rather quaint how well the fairy tale you have made up seems to fit things. Only it's an accidental fit, my dear. Whether you are just a little duffer, or an adventuress, I don't know; but in any case, child, it is rather bad taste to raise the thing. It is perfectly true that I have won a few thousand from Fitzmedley this week, but that in a circle of sporting gentlemen is an almost daily occurrence. It may be quite the other way round next week."

Winnie sighed.

"Well, at least, I tried not to hurt your feelings, major, didn't I?" she said. "But you make me do it." She leaned nearer, sinking her voice to a whisper. "Listen, major, and take care, for I am afraid I am going to give you a surprise. Do all sporting gentlemen who keep a roulette wheel keep it on a special table with heavy carved legs and a big electromagnetic machine, in an almost terrifying tangle of wires and things, in a gun cabinet in the room underneath, all connected up with the roulette table in some way? And do sporting gentlemen have a set of switch keys hidden under a silent panel under the banker's end of the roulette table?"

She felt the tremor of the big settee as he went rigid.

"Look down, major," she advised kindly. "People will notice your eyes. They will think you are going to spring at me."

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"wide for comfort"

If your dealer cannot supply you, send us his name and we will tell you who can

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(21-5)

He was not yet beaten, and she guessed that. So precisely as the tiger tamer with the whip lashes the impulse to spring out of his pupil's mind, the girl lashed the impulse of violence out of her tiger.

"Control yourself, major," she said. "It would take perhaps one minute to guide all these people to see the surprise of their lives. Everyone is interested in electric puzzles, especially when they are fixed under roulette wheels. I expect that device has kept you in luxury for a long time, but now you are discovered, do you prefer to pay me back Cyril's four thousand, or will you be exposed?"

He relaxed a little, and she knew that he had given in.

"I will wait here while you get Cyril's money, please, major," she said—"in notes."

"I haven't four thousand in notes in the house," he said.

"Oh, do smile, major, please! People will think you are annoyed about something. If you have only three thousand nine hundred and ninety it will do. But you must play fair. There is a detective waiting for me outside. You can see him from the window. He does not know why he is waiting, but if I do not appear with my trunks at the front door by half past five he has orders to open a sealed packet of instructions. Come and see for yourself. Quickly, for it is twenty minutes past five already."

Like a man in a dream, with a fixed and painful smile on his lips, the major crossed the room with Winnie. As she had said, a man was loitering on the far side of the road. From his side pocket protruded slightly the top of a foolscap envelope, the red blob of sealing wax was plainly visible. He looked like a private detective to the major. Even as they gazed out upon him he stopped a taxi and waved it over to the front door of the Mountarden house.

The major was satisfied. That fixed smile still upon his face, he turned away and went out. A minute or two later Winnie followed him. But she remained quite near the drawing-room door until he returned with a thick packet in his hand. He thrust it at her, white and trembling with fury, and drew breath for the whispered maledictions with which he was charged. But Winnie, slender and dainty as a child in a pretty party frock, cool as a white rose, stopped him.

"Oh, don't spoil everything by being uselessly angry, major!" she said. "There is no time to swear at me now."

She was running through the thick wad of hundred-pound notes.

"Sixteen, seventeen—you tried to make use of me, you know—twenty—you pounced upon me like a tiger—twenty-two, four, six, eight, nine, thirty—to be your decoy—thirty-two—and even a little lonely unprotected girl has her feelings—thirty-six, thirty-eight, and two fifties is thirty-nine. Why, I make it a hundred pounds short, major!"

She smiled angelically.

"Oh, never mind that! It will set off the money for the option on Lullaby. And of course, you must stop the electric roulette, you know, major."

She moved past him. He lifted his hand with a low, bitter sound in his throat.

"Ah, no!" she said. "I have only three minutes left. I don't think you could kill me in three minutes. The detective will open his envelope before you can do it."

His hands fell. She was so openly unafraid of him that it made him uncertain. Then she ran up the stairs. The servants were already bringing down her trunks. The major hung restlessly about the hall till she appeared again—as charming as ever in a furry-collared coat and a little French hat with a tassel. But it was at the dispatch case in her hand that he stared, half fascinated. Then the door opened, revealing the waiting taxi and Mr. Jay, closed again, and Winnie was gone.

"Thank you ever so much, Mr. Jay," said she, leaning out of the taxi. "It was exactly as I feared—in there. But I knew I could rely on you to be ready."

She beamed upon him and passed him a folded note. It was one of the fifties—good pay, but Winnie was never mean. Mr. Jay smiled as he raised his hat. He was not surprised that Major Mountarden desired to pay his attentions to Winnie, though he was not thinking of the kind of attentions that Winnie had meant. He looked after her cab for a moment, then suddenly remembered the envelope of sealed instructions, which he had forgotten to return. He looked at it and hesitated.

"Oh, well, it's addressed to me anyway," he said. "After all, one can't help being interested in her—pretty, innocent little thing."

He ripped open the envelope and took out a sheet of note paper. It was quite blank. Winnie liked George H. Jay—in the sense that she did not dislike him—but she saw no reason to admit him more than about a sixteenth of an inch into her secrets, and it was to the glimpse of the envelope and the red sealing wax that she had trusted to clinch the doubts of Major Mountarden. Mr. Jay slowly tore up the blank sheet.

"Queer!" he mused. "Queer, that!" He shrugged his shoulders. "Impulsive as a bird—probably tore a sheet in two and put the wrong half in the envelope. Yes, impulsive as a kitten—and prettier." He scowled at the Maison Mountarden.

"A pretty girl gets a thin time of it in this burg," he muttered as he turned away. "Pestered and pursued all the time!"

Another thought struck him—an odd, rather surprising one.

"I had an idea once that I could employ her in my business," he said to himself with a slight frown. "But—but" he fingered the fifty—"I'm damned if it doesn't begin to look to me as if she's employing me—in her business!"

But however it may have been with Mr. Jay, Winnie was not harassed with any doubts as to who employed who; nor did she seem pestered. Indeed, she had rarely looked more tranquil.

"And that more than provides for Lullaby," she smiled, nursing the dispatch case, "until she begins to earn her own living. If Cyril had not insulted me so I would have given him back this money, perhaps. But he tried to be a wolf and pounce on me; the major tried to be a tiger and pounce on him and me; and the only way I could possibly defend myself, of course, was to pounce on them both."

She smiled sweetly at the strip of looking-glass, and leaning back began her favorite method of resting her mind—namely, counting a flock of imaginary bank notes passing one by one over a bank counter into her own account.

A tiny clock chimed as presently she entered her flat. It was five-forty-five to the tick. Mrs. Darnall was ready with tea, as previously instructed.

"Dear Mrs. Darnall," purred Winnie, and proceeded to put in a telephone call to Newmarket.

She was not exactly anxious about Lullaby, but she liked to know how the filly was bearing up without her. After all, Winnie was a woman, even if she could tame tigers and had a way with wolves.

GAMBLING MADE EASY

(Continued from Page 17)

fear of the leakage of information which would make the French Government so inordinately jealous of the Casino's winnings that steps would be taken by France to get a larger slice of the money than it already gets. Considering the present condition of the finances of the French Republic, it could hardly be blamed for wishing to cut in on the Monte Carlo melon to an even greater extent, for the Casino's gross income during the present year, before deducting all the countless expenses of the Principality of Monaco, will be well over 300,000,000 francs.

The Casino starts its hush stuff with its name. It calls itself the Société des Bains de Mer, or Society of Sea Baths; and as a society it is very touchy about being called anything else. Its officials and its numerous paid but unacknowledged press agents seem to think that the name brings a fresh, clean, salty tang to their enterprise. There is, however, about as much appropriateness in calling the Casino the Society of Sea Baths as there would be in speaking of an abattoir as a rose garden. The Casino likes to refer to itself familiarly by the initials S. B. M.; but more of the people who see the initials, instead of connecting them with the words "Société des Bains de Mer," have a vague idea that they mean "Stinger of Business Men."

All of the different projects which are owned and maintained by the Casino are separate societies with separate officials, though they are so close to the parent organization that one can stand at windows of the Casino's many bars and scale fresh ham sandwiches on to the façades of most of them. In this way the Casino provides large numbers of well-paid positions which aren't at all necessary, and is better able to use up its often too bulky winnings. Nobody has ever seen the Casino's books; and one very good reason why nobody has ever seen the Casino's books is because the Casino keeps no books worthy of the name. Business men may question this statement with many a scornful twist of the upper lip and declare that a business as big as the Casino couldn't get along without keeping books. There are other things about the Casino, however, that will remove the twist from almost any lip, no matter how skeptically scornful.

Neither the president nor any other Casino official, for example, ever writes a letter or a note or any communication whatever on any piece of paper which shows that it originated in the Casino; and in spite of the enormous amount of business which the Casino does each year, it uses no billheads or contract forms or any of the devices which all other businesses consider necessary if they wish to remain businesses instead of degenerating into total wrecks. A great many of its contracts are verbal, and no papers pass between the contracting parties to show that certain terms have been agreed on or carried out. In many other cases persons hold written contracts with the Casino, but they consist of a few words scrawled in lead pencil on the ragged back of an envelope. The Casino meets its obligations with cash, and for transactions of many kinds no receipt is asked or given.

The act of entering the Casino and receiving the privilege of losing one's money by the roulette route is invested with intense mystery and a general atmosphere of intrigue. On entering the front doors, which are of glass, one is conscious of the piercing gaze of a row of lynx-eyed individuals in French sack suits, the shoulders of which look as though they had been cut out with a bucksaw. These gentlemen are detectives of the French variety, distinguished from their English and American brethren only by reason of the fact that they decorate their faces with small trick beards. The toes of their shoes appear to have been rammed up against a stone wall when young and soft, and their hats are a bit too small and are worn tilted slightly toward the right ear. They are selected for their retentive memories, and it is their duty to tip off the management to visitors who may have caused slight disturbances in Monte Carlo in past years by picking an old lady's pockets of a few thousand francs or by either trying to murder or succeeding in murdering someone, or by some similar offense against the dictates of good breeding. Sometimes there are only two of these individuals on duty at the entrance, and sometimes there are as many as five or six during the rush hours. There are always at least two, and they are always making a conscious attempt to look very knowing and ferret as the saying goes—eyed; though if any self-respecting ferret knew that his eyes were supposed to look like those of a Monte Carlo detective he would bite himself to death in disgust and despair.

Having entered the outer doors, one passes to a chamber ringed with frock-coated men behind high desks. Each man is busy with a ledger about three feet square and three inches thick, and the only items which are entered in these ledgers are the names and the pedigrees of those who wish cards of admission to the Casino. The system used in registering the names is peculiarly dark and mysterious, and understood only by Casino authorities—if by anyone. One of the frock-coated ledger writers asks for the name, the address, the business and the nationality of the applicant, after which he reverses the first name and the last name, misspells both of them and writes them down gravely in this garbled form. One is then passed politely onward to a second ledger writer, and the same thrilling formalities are observed. It thus came about that I was enrolled in the first ledger as Robert Kermeth and in the second ledger as Robert Kennkethl. My residence, for some reason which I was never able to fathom, was always written down as London—probably because the ledger writers were totally baffled by the name of my home, which is Kennebunk, and preferred to substitute something more intelligible. I have no doubt that a resident of Manunka Chunk, New Jersey, would appear on the Casino records as living in Vienna.

The chief objects of all this registry are to find out whether the registrant is on the Casino's black list and to enable the Casino authorities to get all necessary data on a gambler at a moment's notice if the necessity should ever arise. Needless to say, the Casino obtains some remarkable results, as I shall show later.

When one has been duly registered he receives a card entitling him to indulge in the pleasures of the Casino for one day only. On the following day he returns, and if nothing has been found against him on the Casino's black list he is permitted to purchase a one-month membership card to the public gambling rooms of the Casino for ten francs, or a season ticket for fifty francs.

The public rooms of the Casino are the resort of the ordinary boobs and suckers who are content to lose their money in any old company. The more élite and tony boobs, who wish to be surrounded by more wall carvings and more nude paintings when dropping their inherited, stolen or hard-earned money, apply for membership in the Cercle des Étrangers de Monaco, or Foreigners' Club of Monaco. This is the name given to the private rooms of the Casino, and when one applies for membership in the Foreigners' Club one goes before another little group of serious and frock-coated ledger writers and gives information about himself, and then waits two days for his ticket. The two-day wait is merely to add to the mystery. At the end of the two days he is graciously permitted to pay fifty francs for a month's membership in the Foreigners' Club, or one hundred and fifty francs for a season membership. Membership in this club is eagerly sought, though members are somewhat chary of claiming the honor when compiling data for Who's Who.

In the old days the Casino never dreamed of charging its patrons for the privilege of losing their money; but the whole-hearted manner in which every moneyed person in Europe has been throwing his money around during the past two years has awakened the Casino to the fact that the after-war boob has reached the very apex of boobishness, and that he will gladly submit to anything that comes under the head of pleasure. Another reason that caused the Casino to start charging an entrance fee was the large number of persons who are known to the gambling fraternity as cheap pikers and tinhorn sports—people who had only ten or twenty francs to lose, but who managed to take two or three days in which to do it, thus using up an unreasonable amount of air and impeding the movements of more desirable patrons with more money to lose. The Casino thought that an entrance fee would keep these people away; but it doesn't seem to have done so.

The genuine hard-boiled gamblers whose red corpuscles stagnate and coagulate unless they can make bets of 10,000 or 20,000 francs at a time on thirty-five-to-one shots and the care-free millionaires who are totally unable to force their minds to think in sums smaller than 1000 francs never condescend to play in either the public or the private rooms of the Casino. For them the International Sporting Club has been built about a hundred yards from the Casino. It is a magnificent and luxurious building with the same sort of gimcracky, Luna-Parkish exterior that the Casino boasts; and when the roulette wheel is spinning right for the Casino a fortune of $2,000,000 can be—and frequently is—reduced to thirty soviet rubles in about twenty-seven minutes.

The Casino of Monte Carlo began business in a small way in 1856, when the Prince of Monaco found his style severely cramped by the smallness of his income. He looked around carefully and decided that one of the surest and easiest methods of making money was to start a gambling club. The prince accordingly hunted up a manager for

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At Eastertide

A gift that happily carries the friendliest greetings, that means more than the conventional card, and yet, because it does not cost too much, does not mean too much—

Your photograph.

There's a Photographer in Your Town.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

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the club, handed it a concession and sat back to wait for the mazuma, or jack, to start in his direction. The results at first were disappointing—possibly because the roulette wheels then in use may have been lopsided, and possibly because some of the hirelings may have been adept at slipping money from the tables into their shoes. In 1866 the prince impatiently imported a gentleman named François Blanc, who had managed the great gambling establishment at Homburg.

François could make a roulette wheel speak to him in several languages, and under his benevolent guidance money poured from the roulette tables to the prince's treasury with such speed that the prince had to sit up nights to count it. In five years the Casino was able to take over all the expenses of the principality, and since that time one of the gravest problems that has confronted the Casino has been the problem of how to get rid of the money. François Blanc and the prince who was pinched for money have both passed to their fathers. The present prince is a scientist of note, and he is so wealthy that the mere mention of the Casino and gambling is repugnant to him. Like the Medford family which made such excellent rum, he doesn't particularly object to the money, but he hates to have people know how he gets it. The present manager of the Casino is Camille Blanc, son of the François Blanc who started the Casino on its fruitful career. Camille Blanc is a short, sleepy-looking, white-haired little man with as great a genius for the administration of a gambling concession as his father had.

The Monte Carlo gambling concession runs until 1947. The Casino paid the prince a lump sum of $2,000,000 in 1899 and $3,000,000 in 1913. Up to 1907 the yearly tribute which the Casino paid the prince was $250,000. In 1907 the yearly tribute was increased to $350,000 and in 1917 to $400,000. In 1927 it will be increased to $450,000, and the yearly tribute for the last ten years of the concession will be $500,000, which, as Maine's old residents frequently remark, is better than a poke in the eye with a pointed stick.

Every few years the Casino grows an ell or two longer and adds a number of portraits of nude women, several more roulette tables and a new detachment of detectives, spies and croupiers. It has almost reached the limit of lateral expansion, and if it wishes to take many more millions a year out of its boob patrons it will either have to grow straight up in the air or steal some ground from the square on which it fronts—the square known to every true Monte Carlo gambler as the Camembert because of the cheese-shaped grass plot in the center. Every gambler also speaks of the Casino as the *usine*, "*usine*" being the French word for factory. This is because the habitués of the Casino literally make a business of gambling.

Technical Language

There are two games on which one can bet in the Casino—roulette and *trente et quarante*. Roulette is easy to understand but hard to play. *Trente et quarante* is very easy to play, but it seems to be as difficult for the average mortal to grasp as the formula for making synthetic eggs. Some of the most persistent gamblers at Monte Carlo declare loudly and firmly that 60 per cent of the people who play *trente et quarante* merely dump their money on the table and wait for a croupier to rake it away without knowing how it all happened. It is an easy game to play, because there are only four chances on which one can bet, and on any one of them the gambler has an even chance of winning. The largest amount of money that can be bet by one person on a given chance in *trente et quarante* is 12,000 francs. If he wins he doubles his money. The smallest bet that can be made—on the Monte Carlo *trente et quarante* tables—is twenty francs. I will refrain from any further elucidation of *trente et quarante*, because if I explained it correctly large numbers of people would certainly write to the editor and tell him that I was a liar; and if I explained it incorrectly the same thing would be almost sure to occur.

All gamblers seem to have an idea that everyone in the world is or ought to be born with an instinctive knowledge of roulette and how it is played. It is impossible for them to believe that anybody can be serious when he asks for an explanation of various phases of the game. They are not lucid in their explanations either. A gambler may be telling of his vile luck.

"I had a *mille à cheval*," he will start to say.

"Hold on," you say. "What's a *mille?*"

"A thousand francs," he replies impatiently. "I had it *à cheval*."

"Just a moment," you interrupt. "What do you mean by *à cheval?*"

"Why, *à cheval*," he replies—"*à cheval* is *à cheval*."

"Yes, but *cheval* means horse. How do you mean you had a thousand francs on a horse? How did you get to the race track from Monte Carlo anyway?"

"No, no! When you have anything *à cheval* you have it on two numbers. Like on a horse—see? You straddle two numbers. Good heavens, man, where were you brung up? Not knowing what *à cheval* is! Good night!"

Now in spite of having been brung up in such centers of sophistication and culture as Kennebunk Beach, Maine, and Boston, Massachusetts, I was little more conversant with roulette than I was with the manufacture of rum omelets or other forms of depravity; and since it is possible that there may be others similarly situated, I am willing to incur the scorn of all gamblers by explaining roulette in a sketchy but none the less sincere manner.

Thirty-Five-to-One Bets

A roulette wheel, as used at Monte Carlo, contains thirty-seven slots numbered from one to thirty-six, and with a zero thrown in for bad luck. Half of the thirty-six slots are red and half are black. A large, double-headed, green-baize-covered table goes with the wheel; and on each of the two sections of the table the thirty-six numbers are arranged in twelve rows of three numbers each, and there are various other cleverly arranged spaces on which to heap money. One can make even-money bets in three different ways: He can bet that when the wheel is revolved by the gentlemanly croupier and a little white ball, or pill, is rolled around the rim of the wheel in the opposite direction, the ball will finally tumble down into a red or a black slot, or into a slot numbered with an even or an uneven number, or into the slots numbered one to eighteen, or nineteen to thirty-six. On these even chances he can bet not less than five francs and not more than 6000 francs. Six thousand francs is the largest amount of money that he can win on any one bet. But on most of his plays, if he wishes, he can bet the limit in so many different ways that if he wins the croupier will get a glass arm pushing out money to him. If the 6000-franc limit seems to him too small he can move from the Casino to the International Sporting Club, where the roof is the limit and where the obliging management would even remove the roof and throw it away if anyone seemed to crave such action. The true blown-in-the-bottle gambler wastes little or no time on the even-money chances. He prefers to dally lovingly with the numbers. He can bet full on the number, in which case he is paid thirty-five for one if it turns up. He can put his money half on one number and half on another and get seventeen to one if the little pill comes to rest on either number. He can place a pile on the corner between four numbers, and if the ball connects with any of them he receives eight to one. He can bet on a row of three numbers and get eleven to one, or on a double row of six numbers and get five to one, or on a column of numbers and get two to one, or on the first, second or third dozen and also get two to one. And if he wishes he can bet the limit on each of these chances in one turn of the wheel; and if the right number drops for him he will harpoon the bank for more than 50,000 francs at one fell thrust. But if it doesn't drop for him, and he tries it many times, he will either swim home by the Mediterranean route or telegraph a wealthy relative to send car fare as soon as possible, if not sooner.

The public rooms of the Casino open at ten o'clock in the morning and keep right on doing business until midnight. The private rooms open at two. The International Sporting Club opens at four P. M. and runs until even the owls and the bats are getting ready to call it a night and quit.

Once the rooms are opened, they stay open until closing time. The croupiers take out no time for lunch or tea or dinner or drinks, or to rest their hands and faces. The Casino is open on Sundays and holidays and feast days and fast days. It is closed to the general public on one day out of the year—the day when the gambling rooms are thrown open to the residents of the Principality of Monaco. Compared to the Casino, with its fourteen-hour day and its 364 working days per year, the little busy bee of song and fable seems like a victim of sleeping sickness.

To make a day of it at the Casino one should get there at half past nine in the morning, when the wildest and nuttiest of the system players assemble in the big hall out of which the gambling rooms open. Morning after morning these players mass themselves in front of the two entrances to the gambling rooms at half past nine. There are both men and women. Some of them are prosperous looking and normal, and some of them look as though they might be incompetent dishwashers who had just undergone a season of unemployment. They jam up against the doors like the mob of runners at the start of a cross-country race. They yield no space to anyone. Each one's mind is set on getting to a certain seat at a certain table. Some want certain seats because they are considered lucky; others want them because they can sell them a little later when the gambling rooms are overcrowded. Still others are employed by system players to make records of the different numbers which turn up at different roulette tables. The last two classes are almost invariably people who once had money, who have lost it all at roulette, and who are so fascinated by the Casino that they can't get away from it.

One of the most notorious demimondaines of Monte Carlo first came to Monte Carlo with her husband on her honeymoon twenty years ago. Like most newcomers she went to the Casino and took a little riffle on the wheel. It fascinated her, and she came back for more. She lost heavily—more than her husband could afford. He implored her to leave. She refused. Finally he went home alone. The woman plays daily in the Casino. In twenty years, say the habitués of the Casino, she hasn't set foot outside of the Principality of Monaco.

There is another strikingly attractive young woman who plays daily in the Casino. She is the wife of a South American. They came to Monte Carlo together three years ago, and at that time they had an independent fortune. They began to play roulette, and in less than a year their fortune had vanished into the coffers of the Casino and was being used for roads, lights, schools, taxes and dividends.

The System Fans

Promptly at ten o'clock the inner doors fly open, and the double stream of nuts and boobs and grafters goes pouring into the great, gorgeously decorated, high-ceilinged rooms. They run and push and stumble and generally make spectacles of themselves; and if one, as he approaches the desired table, sees that he is going to be beaten to the seat that he wants he throws his system book ahead of him so that it will land on the table just in front of the chair. If he is a good shot the seat is his.

Arrived at the tables, the players arrange their system books, in which they religiously inscribe every number turned up by the wheel while they are playing, exchange their money for chips, make the mysterious computation which the true roulette boobs always have to make before betting their money, and then wait patiently for the croupier to start the ball rolling. Prior to the war the gamblers at Monte Carlo made their bets in gold coin. To-day everything is done with chips—beautifully made composition chips with the value and the Casino's monogram inlaid in nickel. Five-franc chips are white, twenty-franc chips are orange and 100-franc chips are big and round and robin's-egg blue in color. Large oval gray-green plaques represent 500 francs; and rectangular robin's-egg-blue plaques represent 1000 francs. There is a dull red 5000-franc chip, but it seldom appears on the tables.

In the public rooms of the Casino there are thirteen roulette tables and three *trente-et-quarante* tables. In the private rooms there are six roulette tables and three *trente-et-quarante* tables. At the International Sporting Club there are two roulette tables, two *trente-et-quarante* tables and several baccarat tables, depending on the number of people playing. The crush of gamblers has been so great during the current year that in spite of the membership fees the management has been forced to install several more tables in the Casino's concert hall so that nobody who wishes to have his money taken from him will have to be disappointed. The croupiers and the inspectors, who have come in contact for years with the very cream of the world's fatheads, spenders, wasters and so-called sports, declare that never in the Casino's history has there been a time when money meant so little to so many people.

"Five francs," they say, "used to be five francs; but now it's nothing but a chip."

Though there are twice as many gambling tables in operation at Monte Carlo to-day as there were a few years ago, each table, during the season, is constantly surrounded by a triple, quadruple and even quintuple circle of gamblers—from sixty to a hundred of them—and most of them are contributing to the upkeep of the Casino and its subsidiary companies with a rapidity and fluency that would nauseate them if they were spending the same amount of money on golf stockings or child feeding or books or other pursuits which they consider useless.

Watchers and Inspectors

The gambling is regulated by the largest staff of employees ever hired by any gambling resort, and even a millionaire's wife who is accustomed to using fourteen footmen in plush knee pants to take the guests' wraps at receptions would have to admit enviously that by comparison with the Casino her home is hideously understaffed. At the bottom of the Casino staff are the liveried servants, who stand around to pick up dropped chips for the gamblers, haul out anyone who faints with excitement or lend pencils to gamblers who want to make a computation in a hurry. It is very bad form for a habitué of the Casino to pick up anything from the floor or appear to be about to pick anything from the floor. At least five of the blue-coated boys clustered around me ready to spring one afternoon when I was examining the manner in which the standards of a roulette wheel were set into the floor.

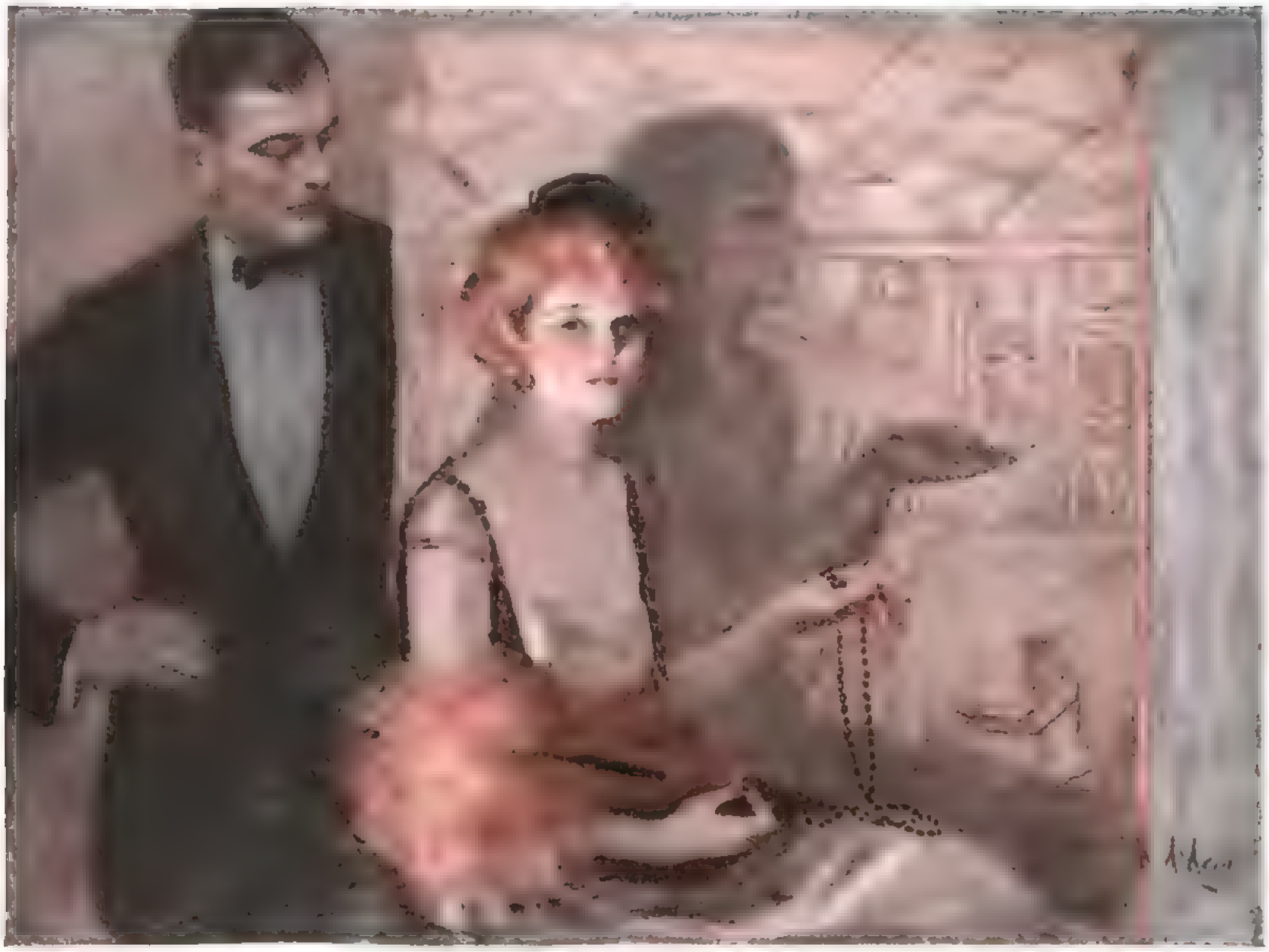
Next above the liveried servants are the croupiers. There are six croupiers at each table, two on each side of the wheel and one at each end of the table. They are clad in neatly pressed Prince Albert coats and string ties of the vintage of about the same year that the Casino was founded. It is their duty to spin the roulette wheel, place the money for the betters, rake it off the table when anyone loses and pay the ones that win. They handle the chips by means of a small wooden hoe with a long handle, technically known as a rake, and they become so tricky at using it that they can knock down a stack of chips and pile them back on top of each other again with a few deft flips.

Behind each pair of croupiers who work with the chips and the money sits a watcher known either as a chef or as an assistant chef. The chefs, who are also garbed neatly but severely in the frock coats, or Prince Albert, once so popular in circles designated as swell, are there to see that none of the croupiers knock down any of the fares, so to speak. The chef always sits with his back to the wall, and all bills of 1000 francs or larger are always passed to his side of the table and slipped into a trough in front of the two croupiers. Bills of 100 francs or less go into a trough on the assistant chef's side of the table. The supports of the roulette wheel are of steel and are cemented into the floor. On the under side of the wheel standard is attached a steel strong box. In case of any sort of raid or hold-up, or if the electric lights in the Casino go out, the croupier pushes his knee against a lever and spills the money from the trough into the strong box, which locks automatically.

Above the chefs and the assistant chefs are the inspectors, who roam foot-loose through the throng of gamblers. They, too, wear Prince Alberts and string ties, and sometimes lead the observer to think that when society condemned the Prince Albert to be worn by gents rather than by gentlemen the Casino contracted with the world's secondhand dealers to ship all obtainable Prince Alberts to Monte Carlo.

The inspectors are the general overseers of everything. Disputes between players or between a player and a croupier are always referred to an inspector. The inspectors have usually been attached to the Casino for years. They know the players that make their living by stealing other people's bets; they know the names and

(Continued on Page 41)



The girl you stop to look at

SHE may be dark or fair (a tall girl, or short), but she has the fresh and faultless skin which ever has been the foundation of all charm—3,000 years ago and today.

Wash your face daily

If you tell your doctor that you fear to wash your face with soap and water, that you depend on cold cream alone for cleansing, he will reply that you are taking a great risk.

He will explain that most skin troubles result from dust infections. That blackheads come from pores filling up with dirt, that pimples follow when this dirt carries infection and inflammation.

If you wash your face every day with a mild, pure, soothing soap, such as Palmolive, you help protect yourself against skin troubles. You keep the pores clean and active. This aids clearness and fine texture.

Gentle cleansing

Use a little cold cream to remove rouge and powder, wiping it off with a soft cloth. This is also beneficial if your skin is very dry. Then gently bathe your face with Palmolive, massaging the mild, creamy lather well into your skin. Don't be afraid to be thorough, it is too mild to irritate.

Then after rinsing and drying, apply more cold cream. Your complexion will delight you with its soft smoothness and becoming glow.

Made from cosmetic oils

The ingredients of Palmolive are those historic oils discovered 3,000 years ago in ancient Egypt. Oil of Palm and oil of Olive figure in ancient hieroglyphics. They were the cosmetics of royalty, used by Cleopatra.

If science could discover milder, more beautifying ingredients, we would use them in Palmolive. But Nature produces nothing finer. Palm and Olive oils, after 3,000 years, still hold their place as the most perfect of all natural cleansers.

How we can afford to make it for 10 cents a cake

By reason of gigantic volume and modern manufacturing efficiency. The millions who use Palmolive keep the factories working day and night. This requires the purchase of ingredients in vast volume, which reduces costs.

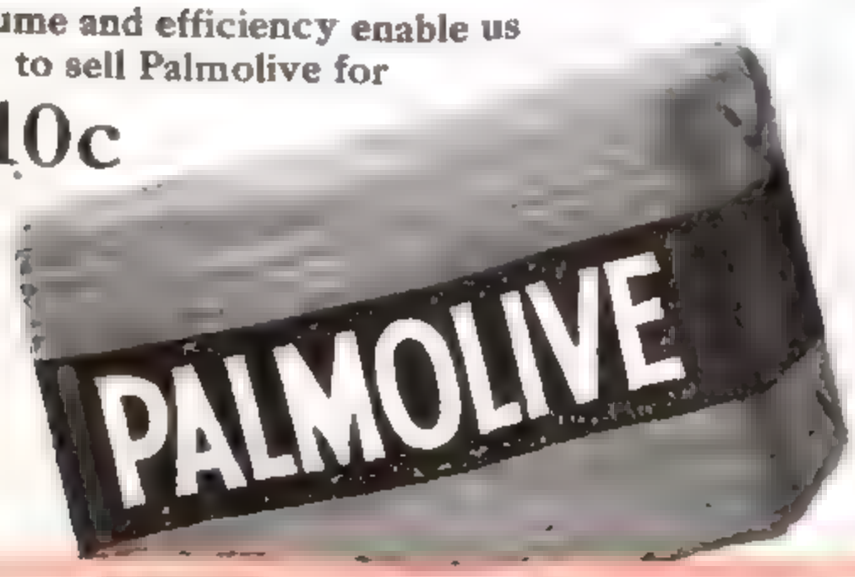
So, while if we made Palmolive in the small quantities it would cost at least 25 cents a cake, we have been able, except in war times, to maintain the price at 10 cents.

Money can't buy better soap, as every user knows. Palmolive is the greatest luxury as well as an economy.

The Palmolive Company, Milwaukee, U. S. A.
The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Volume and efficiency enable us to sell Palmolive for

10c



"No part of the body bears vigorous washing better"

From "*The Care of the Skin and Hair.*"

D. Appleton & Co., Publishers

By William Allen Pusey, A. M., M. D. (Professor of Dermatology in the University of Illinois)

"No part of the body, except the hands, is so much exposed to extraneous dirt as the face, and because of abundant fat secretion no part of the body bears vigorous washing better. One sometimes encounters the superstition that washing the face is bad for the complexion, and because of that belief tries to get along with oils and creams as a substitute for soap and water. The layer of dirt and fat that such persons accumulate on the face is a poor makeshift for a clean, clear skin, and a constant invitation to various disorders of the skin."

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THE familiar W-shaped label on Wilson's Certified foods assures you of two important things: First, that the products are of the highest possible quality. Second, that if for any reason they do not satisfy you, your money will be refunded. The Wilson label is a real protection to your purchase.

While making a refund on a purchase would be a small thing in itself, having a dissatisfied user of our products would be a serious reflection upon them. Consequently we make sure that the foods are just what we want our label to mean them to be.

Our Certified meat food products are so varied as to meet every requirement of the household. Certified hams, bacon and lard enjoy an enviable reputation, which they have earned by their quality.

YOU are assured of the same excellence in Certified canned corned beef, luncheon tongue, Vienna sausage and other choice canned meat foods. The Certified guarantee also covers oleomargarine, shortening, salad oil, pure pork sausage and other pure, tempting foods.

All over the country we maintain and operate modern plants and branches. Their facilities are supplemented by lines of refrigerator cars and fleets of motor trucks, so that your dealer may secure our products for you when they are at their best. This comprehensive system of production and distribution is one more way of making the Wilson label mean the same everywhere. It is part of our service to you.

Ask your dealer for Wilson's Certified products. Should he not have them at present, we can stock him immediately, as our distribution is complete.

"This mark WILSON & CO. your guarantee"

The Wilson label protects your table

(Continued from Page 38)

usually the histories of all the gamblers who have phenomenal good or bad luck. If a newcomer to the rooms starts to win heavily inspectors appear behind him and get a complete eyeful of him, and if they don't know him they are supposed to go away and get more inspectors until they finally get somebody who knows who he is.

Everybody brags heavily about the remarkable intelligence service of the Casino. Several habitués of the gambling rooms were greatly incensed when I ventured to doubt some of the remarkable stories that are told about the ability of the inspector to name any person in the room within a few moments. To try it out we called an inspector. Talk followed.

"Ah, my friend, here then is one of those Americans there, yes. Is it not that one who plays can be told by name and profession in the shake of a lamb's tail, no?"

"But truly, yes. Is it that this American here would have his name told, by example? Let him then walk slowly from the rooms and reënter again after the lapse of a small moment."

"Zut, then!" cried my friends. "Is it not wonderful, that system?"

The Clairvoyant Inspector

I registered some objections, since it was obvious that door tenders only needed to ask for my card of admission in order to get my name for the inspector. My objections were overruled, and I was forced from the rooms amid a babel of talk which tended to glorify the marvelous Sherlock-Holmesishness of the inspectors. At the end of a few moments I returned. The doorkeepers held me up and asked to see my membership card. A few moments later the inspector approached me triumphantly and handed me a slip of paper bearing the words "Noel Laurence, London."

"What's all this?" I asked.

"*Ah, oui,*" said the inspector, "it is that it is your name."

"Is that so?" said I.

"*Oui, ah, oui!*" replied the inspector, smiling proudly.

"You're wrong," I said. "It isn't."

"Thanks, sir," said the inspector with a gratified look.

"I say," I said, "it is not my name. Not, not, not! I have a name, but it is not that name there. Somebody has been kidding you."

The inspector grew pop-eyed with consternation.

"Name of a name of a name of a name!" he muttered. "Species of camel! Rest here a moment, dear sir, I pray you."

And he fled again toward the entrance of the rooms. In four minutes he returned with another slip of paper bearing the words "Kennets Robert, London."

"I gather from this," said I, "that my home is in London."

"*Ah, oui,*" replied the inspector with a contented air.

There seemed to be little or no sense in unsettling the inspector's mind by bringing up the subject of my modest Kennebunk Beach residence and the taxes paid thereon last year, or of taking up with him the matter of how his penetration of my identity would have helped the Casino in case I had been a heavy loser or winner. So I complimented him on his astuteness and perspicacity and left him to go on his secret quests in his accustomed lynx-eyed manner.

Each roulette table starts business every morning with a bank of 80,000 francs—52,000 in bank notes and 28,000 in chips. Each *trente-et-quarante* table starts the day with 150,000 francs. Whenever a player is having such a lucky streak that he is making great inroads on the table's capital the croupier calls an inspector and sends him to the cashier for more money. The inspector brings the money, the croupier signs a receipt for it and keeps on turning the wheel. Play doesn't stop at all. But when a gambler, by a streak of luck, forces a croupier to send for money he is said to have broken the bank. There seems to be an idea in some sections that when a Monte Carlo bank is broken the Casino shuts down for the day. This has never happened, and no table has ever suspended payment because of the losses it has sustained. "To break the bank at Monte Carlo" is a misleading phrase, like the statement that "all men are created free and equal."

Ninety per cent of the people who gamble at Monte Carlo with any regularity play a system. In other words, they fill blank book after blank book with the numbers turned up by the roulette wheel day after day for weeks and months; and by endless computations and geometric designs they kid themselves into thinking that if they place their money on the table in a certain way they are sure to win. These people wander around the rooms or sit at the tables with their chests pressed up against blank books ranging all the way in size from a reporter's notebook to a grocery-store ledger. You see them sitting out on the Camembert with their notebooks in their hands, either trying to figure why they lost or striving to dope out a new system. There are hundreds of people playing at the Casino tables every winter who originate new systems every year and get syndicates in London or Paris or other large cities to back them. Year after year they lose their money—and year after year they come back for more.

Hundreds of books have been written on different Monte Carlo systems. Famous scientists have dabbled with the subject. Sir Hiram Maxim has written a book to show that all Monte Carlo systems are as useless as an electric fan at the North Pole. Napoleon declared that calculation would eventually be victorious over all gaming houses. Meanwhile practically everyone at Monte Carlo sticks to a system—and loses his money.

Briefly, all systems which are held in any esteem are based on playing the even chances, and usually depend on increasing the bet with every loss. Many men claim to have made small winnings regularly with systems. Camille Blanc, president of the Casino, says that no system can beat roulette.

There are literally thousands of recognized systems, starting with the D'Alembert system and the Labouchere system and modifications of them, and continuing on down through Garcia's *Tiers-et-Tout* system, Well's system, the Barometer system and scores of others, to the plain squirrel food which is sold in sealed envelopes on all the news stands along the Riviera. These sealed envelopes bear such fetching inscriptions as "A Croupier's Advice. Secure Winning on Dozens. Price, Five Francs." Lacking anything better to do, one spends five francs on the envelope, tears it open nervously and finds that the system therein described is known to its proud author as the Egg of Columbus—probably because it's old and rotten.

Systems and System Players

"Is there any chance of winning at the roulette by means of a system?" asks this Egg. "I am convinced of it," he continues proudly. Then, like most system players, he at once becomes incoherent. "But I tell yow," says he, "unfortunately those who base their play on serious calculations non succeed in any way better than the meanest fetichiste, for as soon as they are winning they forget their system, gambling on gayly and audaciously and by consequence disastrously, and then they lose, cursing the system, following which they certainly would have won."

The basis of this gentleman's system, which is as good as any of them—and none of them is any good—consists of betting, on, say, the first dozen numbers. If a bet is lost the next bet is increased. He instructs his followers as to the increases which should be made in case of eleven successive losses. There he stops. But my records for a few days' play at the Casino show that at one table the ball failed to drop into the first dozen during forty-two successive spins. If, therefore, one had been following the Egg-of-Columbus system he would have been a very scrambled egg indeed.

Any system is all right so long as the person playing it is lucky; but no system has ever been devised which wouldn't crack wide open under a run of bad luck.

An acquaintance of mine went to Monte Carlo with enough capital to play a system in a small way if he could find a good one. He was an American, and he had a cool head and a fondness for mathematics. He had the glad word passed around among the system players in the Casino that he would pay 5000 francs for a system which he couldn't prove fallacious. In two months time he found 620 system players with systems which seemed worth listening to. He selected two of them.

Neither of the two, he said, was by any means infallible; but both of them would be profitable until a certain series of plays began to occur.

He played the first system for sixty-one successive days, and won on an average 1000 francs a day. On the sixty-second day the expected run of bad luck occurred, and he lost 20,000 francs in an hour and a half. He thereupon discarded that system.

He started the second system with a capital of 4000 francs, increased it to 55,000 francs after several weeks' play, and then when the bad break came he lost 17,500 francs in forty-five minutes. He then threw away the second system and stopped playing entirely.

This man was an unusual case. He stopped when the break of luck came. Slightly more than 99 per cent of the system players keep on with their systems after the luck has soured, and in a day they wipe out the winnings of months—if their systems have ever won anything for them. Every day there are at least 350 persons who lose from fifty to 150 francs a day on their good-for-nothing systems. They do it day after day. A great many of them seem to be very poor people. The croupiers and the big gamblers view them with unending amazement, because they can't understand where they get the money which they invariably lose.

Changing the Winner's Luck

There is a regular player at the Casino who is known to all the other regulars as Baby. Baby is a very tall, very fat man, about forty-five years old. In the lapel of his coat he wears a giant ruby, about the size of a bantam's egg, surrounded by pearls. Six years ago Baby inherited 6,000,000 francs from his father, and moved from the parental home to Monte Carlo for a little brisk action. He hired an apartment and kept twenty men figuring constantly on systems. When they uncovered what looked like a good one Baby would take it down to the Casino and take a crack at it. He lost his 6,000,000 francs in two years.

His mother had also inherited 6,000,000 francs from her husband, and on the strength of that Baby got credit with the money lenders. Then his mother announced that she would leave Baby none of her money unless he came home to see her every Saturday. So on Fridays the money lenders waited for Baby outside the Casino, and when he came out they would lead him down to the railroad station, put him aboard the train and send him home. His mother died and left him her 6,000,000 francs, and he lost it in less than two years. Now he is gambling on a smaller legacy which he received from an aunt who died conveniently. It is believed that he is now all out of wealthy relatives, and that his gambling days are nearly over.

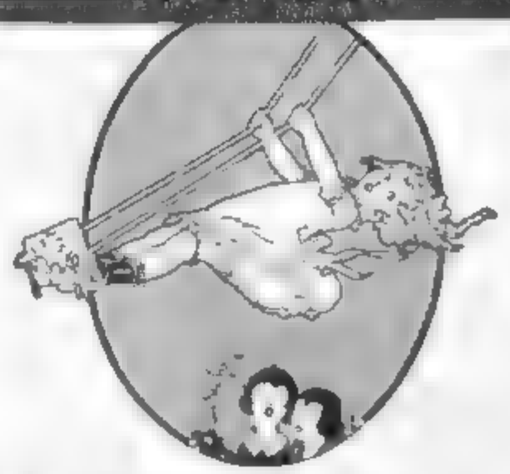
Every day a stocky, white-haired man named Rossignol crosses the Camembert on his way to or from the Casino. Three years ago Rossignol worked out a complicated system which enabled him to play on two numbers—*à cheval*—and win steadily. His success aroused tremendous excitement in Monte Carlo. Rossignol was an early gambler, and was always waiting at the doors when the gambling rooms opened. Since there were only two other people who could understand how Rossignol doped out his methods of play, all the other players also came down early and nearly broke their necks to get in with Rossignol, sit at his table and follow his plays. The mob assembled in the lobby of the Casino as early as nine o'clock, and milled around like wild men. The Casino management was greatly disturbed by Rossignol's success. He was betting the limit at every bet, and had tucked about 500,000 francs into the old sock, and his followers were also putting a severe crimp in the Casino funds.

One morning Rossignol and his followers started to lose. His system never worked again after that morning, and he and his adherents claimed that the reason for the change was as follows:

The Monte Carlo roulette wheels have between the space in which the ball is rolled and the little slots into which the ball ultimately drops, a number of diamond-shaped silver nubbins. These nubbins are peculiar to the Monte Carlo wheels, and are put there to make sure that the game shall be pure chance. The Casino, striving to defeat Rossignol's system, increased the number of nubbins on each wheel by four, and on the morning after this was done, say the gamblers, Rossignol's calculations were wrecked forever.

There is a well-known woman system player in the Casino who is known as

Pollyanna Washer



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Plenty of room
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Plenty of agitation

Instantly changes — at touch of the toe—from easy-rolling casters to rigid iron feet.

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Can be equipped with motor for any electric current

Sophie. Sophie, a few months ago, was broke, and borrowed five francs from another Casino regular. She walked up to a table and dropped the five francs on the first dozen and won. This gave her fifteen francs. She put the fifteen on a transversal—which is the favorite bet for a woman—won, and pulled off ninety francs. She sprayed the ninety francs recklessly and desperately on the green baize, had a streak of luck and went home that night with 13,000 francs. The next day she became cautious once more, went back to system playing and dropped her 13,000 francs in a week.

Another woman known to the frequenters of the gambling rooms is a bookmaker on the English race tracks. Her yearly earnings in England are supposed to average between $300,000 and $350,000. She comes to Monte Carlo every winter with her entire roll, plugs a system and loses the whole business with unfailing regularity.

I came to know an elderly Greek lady who was addicted to roulette in the Casino. She was a person of some standing, and had had the distinction, on the day I met her, of losing all her money and receiving a call from Venizelos, the exiled Greek Prime Minister. She was waiting blithely for an answer to a hurry-up cable which she had sent to her family demanding more money. She always played transversals, she said, and she had often been $15,000 ahead of the game; but in all the years she had been coming to Monte Carlo she had invariably gone home as flat as a Bokhara rug. I saw her a few days later, and she was plastering 1000-franc chips all over the table.

Mysteries Reduced to Numbers

There is a little cult of system players at the Casino that believes implicitly in a system based on astrological calculations. Everything, they claim, can be reduced to numbers and all numbers can be reduced to a single digit. They have a rather purple line of patter when they tell about their system, and they mention lightly that one should allow for errors of the sun and moon when making calculations. They get one's number in a literal manner by taking the number of letters in one's name and reducing it to a single digit. Having got it, they show one how to play the number on the roulette wheel; and if one bursts into hoarse merriment at their words they refuse to be placated unless one takes them into the bar and buys them several shots of Martel's three-star. They spend all their spare hours reducing their names and their waist measures and their grocery bills to single digits, and playing the numbers.

I held a long conference with the leader of this cult, and he kindly offered to show me how to play my hat check. My hat check for the day chanced to be 803. First, this master of gambling declared, helping himself to a clove, we would play the number straight and then we would call in astrology. The hat check, being 803, required that we play *chevals* on the numbers 0 3, 10 13, 20 23 and 30 33 in order to take care of the zero and the three, and that we also play the numbers eight, eighteen and twenty-eight on the nose to take care of the eight in the hat check. I therefore provided the chips and we proceeded to play. The number thirty-two turned up, and the kale, or jack, was deftly removed by the croupier. I then said that I thought I would go back to my hotel and do a little work; but my friend forcibly detained me, and pointed out excitedly that the number thirty-two on the wheel was right next to zero, on which I had bet, and that I had been within a fraction of an inch of winning heavily. When the wheel was next revolved the number ten turned up. My instructor spoke loudly of ancient and modern divinities, and assured me that if I had only continued playing on the same numbers I would have won heavily. When I left him he was multiplying large sums together with great rapidity and demonstrating to his own satisfaction that if I had only trusted in him I would have been a millionaire in three hours

The system players are as superstitious as an African voodoo doctor. Some of them won't play if they find thirteen noodles in their soup, or if a cross-eyed waiter walks in front of them before they have had their dinner, or if they see a white automobile with a red-headed driver over their left shoulder.

There is an English woman at Monte Carlo who has played in the Casino constantly for three years, and has had very good luck. During the entire three years she has never been seen in any costume except a white silk gown trimmed with white fur, and a yellow veil. She thinks that any other costume would place the skids under her luck. An American who plays regularly started to take dancing lessons. He quit before he had learned because he claimed that whenever he took a lesson he lost heavily. Some players won't play if certain croupiers start turning the wheel, because they say that these croupiers always bring them bad luck. Other players won't put a cent on the table if certain other players are sitting there. There are at least 200 gamblers at Monte Carlo who absolutely refuse to play at a table where the Englishwoman with the yellow veil and white gown is sitting.

The heavy plungers and the true gamblers—a true gambler, as I conceive it, being a person who plays for the thrill of playing and without much thought of the money involved—have the utmost contempt for all systems. They keep no records of the numbers which have turned up, and their only scheme of playing lies in getting a hunch and hitting it in the solar plexus, or—to use sporting parlance—the bread basket, with unbounded confidence and enthusiasm.

On my way across the Camembert one morning I ran into an American major from the Army of Occupation in Germany. He loved gambling for gambling's sake, and he had taken a flurry at roulette wheels from Shanghai around to Ostend, Nice and Monte Carlo. Whenever he got leave he made for the nearest gambling resort and warned all croupiers within hearing to look out for him, because he was going to make their bosses cry like children if he ever got aboard right. It wouldn't be overwise for me to name this young man, but any officer in the Army of Occupation can tell you who he is.

We repaired to the Café de Paris for a couple of shots of sarsaparilla, and he spoke rather coldly of the system players.

"Any time," said he, "you see one of those old women with a book you'll know that she hasn't got anything but the book. It's enough to make you cry to see those poor old boobs hanging around here month after month and year after year, hoping that Old Man Luck will come and sit down in their laps; and when the old boy comes along they don't know what to do with him. No, sir! They don't know how to play 'em when they get lucky. No, you have one with me this time. Hey, garsong, see if you've got enough strength to stagger back here with two more of the same. And wouldn't those systems kill you? I could get better results than those birds by playing the cost of the items on a dinner check. Listen! I never played a system in my life, and I can get more action in five minutes than those birds could get if they had nine lives. Well, here's how!"

After Quick Action

I suggested that we go over to the Casino and that he show me some of the action of which he spoke so negligently. He accordingly changed his uniform for civilian clothes, and we went over to the private rooms. He finally got himself securely settled at a table where some dull betting was going on, mostly in five-franc and twenty-franc pieces. He dragged out a bundle of 1000-franc notes, and by making signs at the croupier he succeeded in getting a pocketful of robin's-egg-blue chips, representing 100 francs each. Then after contemplating the board dreamily he selected the number thirty-five as his victim and began to pile chips on it. He put 180 francs, which is the limit, on the middle of it; and he put blues neatly on the corners and on the sides. He put several hundred on the transversal, which included the number thirty-five, and several hundred on the last dozen; and when the wheel had begun to spin he almost crawled up on the table to get a few more blues on the edges of his chosen number.

The ball finally landed with a plunk in number twenty-eight, and practically all of the major's money was raked away by the imperturbable croupier.

Shaking his head sadly, he repeated his wholesale outpouring of blue chips, getting them all down on thirty-five once more. This time number seventeen turned up, and people were beginning to gather around for a look at the crazy man who was cutting his family fortune to shreds.

Once more the major plastered number thirty-five with blues. The croupier drawled his warning, "*Faites vos jeux, messieurs!*" The ball whirred around the wheel.

"Nothing more goes!" called the croupier.

The ball rattled on the obstacles and fell with a plunk into number thirty-five. The crowd moved and sighed.

"Right on the nose!" said the major. "Say, if I ever get right at this game somebody'll have to send home for money."

The croupier, paying each one of his bets separately, pushed money across the board for more than five minutes. Three inspectors came and stood behind him and looked absent-mindedly at the ceiling.

"Watch these babies," said he, nodding his head back toward them. "I'll make them earn their money learning my name."

He covered number eight with blues in the same way that he had formerly covered number thirty-five. The ball whirred, rattled and fell into number eight.

The croupier paid him and paid him and paid him. He left the limit on eight again and lost it. Then he moved back to thirty-five, lost twice on it, and on the third time it turned up again. A fourth inspector came around and joined the first three. The croupier pushed wad after wad of chips and 1000-franc notes across the table, and the crowd stared and whispered.

"I don't feel lucky any more," complained the major. "Let's go get a drink." We went. My friend had been playing for less than twenty-five minutes, and was 45,000 francs richer than when he started.

"Why don't you quit?" I asked him. "Drift out of here with the money while the drifting is good. Buy yourself nine shares of Casino stock. Buy yourself a villa at Nice. Do anything you want with it, but don't give it back to the Casino."

The major shook his head.

Easy Come, Easy Go

"I came here to gamble," he said. "I love to gamble. I love to win because it gives a thrill to these system players and the dopes who don't know luck when it comes up and shakes hands with them. I love to hear them gasp when I get a number on the nose. I don't care whether I lose it or not. I want the pleasure of gambling. I want to get on a few numbers right. I want to make a big killing. I love the waiting for it."

He won 185,000 francs in four days. He wanted to win half a million. He said that he'd quit if he won it. He didn't do it. He lost every cent of the 185,000 francs and more besides.

A great many people say that the croupiers can spin the wheel in such a way that the ball will not fall into certain sections of it. I saw an excellent example of the absurdity of this claim. A certain croupier was spinning at the so-called Suicides' Table, and at one of the far ends of the table sat his mistress playing with his money on her favorite combination—the first eighteen numbers and the last dozen. By so doing she always won a small amount unless the numbers nineteen, twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three or twenty-four turned up—six numbers out of the total thirty-six. Yet that croupier suddenly fell into a streak of turning which apparently wouldn't permit him to turn up anything but one of those six numbers. After three turns the croupier turned to a friend of mine, who was standing behind him, and asked him to go down and ask his mistress to stop playing.

"It's my money she's losing," he moaned, "and I can't see anything but those six numbers!"

My friend did as the croupier asked, but the girl laughed at him. She kept playing her system, and the six numbers kept turning up until she was cleaned out. I have the records of scores of cases where croupiers have been unable to make the ball do certain things that would have been tremendously to their advantage.

Amazing runs occur frequently, however—runs which the croupier is painfully aware of, but is powerless to stop. When true gamblers become aware of one of these runs they get aboard with their entire roll, and in about three minutes the croupier is sending out distress calls for more money. I stopped behind the spinner at the Suicides' Table one morning to see what happened to a poorly dressed woman with a cracked and faded straw hat and a soiled dress who had just fished twenty-five francs out of a dilapidated hand bag and converted the bills into five white chips. I watched the croupier make fifteen spins. Out of those spins the last dozen turned up twelve times. On the last five turns the ball stuck to the last dozen on every turn and fell into the number thirty-six three times. If any regular gamblers had been sitting at that table they would have made the croupier send for money in ten spins or less. The woman in the soiled dress lost the last of her five white chips on the third spin.

Some remarkable million-to-one shots occur regularly at Monte Carlo—runs of luck that show why persons who are betting that they won't happen are frequently seized with a desire to take the prussic-acid route. To quote a couple of which I am sure: At table Number Five at the Casino recently the middle column of figures on the board came out seventeen successive times. Anyone with enough time, nervous energy and white paper to figure out the odds against such a run occurring will find that it is at least ten million to one.

Le tiers du cylindre is a gambling expression at Monte Carlo. It means "the third of the wheel," and when a gambler tells a croupier that he wishes to put his money on *le tiers du cylindre* the croupier puts chips on the *chevals* 5 8, 10/11, 13/16, 23/24, 27 30 and 33,36. These numbers all adjoin each other on the roulette wheel. It is a well-known and well-liked bet among gamblers when a croupier seems to be dropping the ball into a certain section of the wheel all the time. Some time ago, at one of the Monte Carlo tables where this combination was being played, no number in that combination of twelve numbers turned up in eighty-one successive spins. Since, after I complete this article, I must make a trip to Warsaw and then keep an engagement in Constantinople, it is inconvenient for me to take a four-month lay-off in order to figure the odds against this run; but any lightning calculator who is willing to give a week or more to it will probably find that they are in the neighborhood of one hundred million to one.

No matter what ruinous streaks of bad luck a croupier may be bringing to the Casino, he is never interrupted or removed by the management. The bank at his table might be broken forty times, but he would still turn away at the wheel until his shift had been completed. A croupier spins for either forty-five minutes or one hour, depending on whether he is on a four-hour or a five-hour day.

Some people have a fondness for saying that the Casino is supported almost entirely by Americans and English. The most reliable estimates show that for every hundred Frenchmen who play at the Casino tables there are about sixty Italians, thirty-five English, and ten each of Americans, Dutch, Belgians, Swedes, Danes and Norwegians.

The Keenyot Strike

One might think that the Principality of Monaco, where there are no taxes and where the climate is more or less heavenly, and where there is work for everybody, would be free from strikes. In this, however, as in most other things, one could keep right on thinking. Not so long ago there was a very serious strike among all the employees of the principality—which is to say, of the Casino—and this was the way of it:

The assistant overseer, or chef, at each of the Monte Carlo gaming tables carries in his breast pocket a nickeled box about the size and shape of a one-pint whisky flask. This box, in gambling parlance, is known as a keenyot—which is the phonetic spelling of the word. Whenever a gambler makes a lucky haul he throws a chip from his winnings to a croupier and remarks, "Keenyot." Thereupon the assistant overseer gets out the keenyot and the nearest player is requested to pick up the chip and slip it into the box, for it is the height of bad form, bad luck and poor taste for the croupiers or the chefs to touch the donation.

Up to a year ago 60 per cent of the contents of the keenyot was always divided among the employees of the gambling rooms—the croupiers, the detectives, the chefs, the inspectors and the attendants. The other 40 per cent, according to the administration of the Casino, was used by the Casino to take care of the widows and orphans of former croupiers and pay pensions to them. Last year the contents of the keenyot began to run into big figures. The 60 per cent divided by the toilers in the gambling rooms ran more than 5,000,000 francs. Thereupon the toilers began to get

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In Keeping the Nation on Wheels

Pierce-Arrow, Packard, LaFayette, Marmon, Lincoln, Cadillac, Stutz, Cole, Peerless, Franklin, Hudson, Studebaker, Oldsmobile, Buick, Reo, Paige, Nash, Hupp, Oakland, Dodge, Overland and many others use

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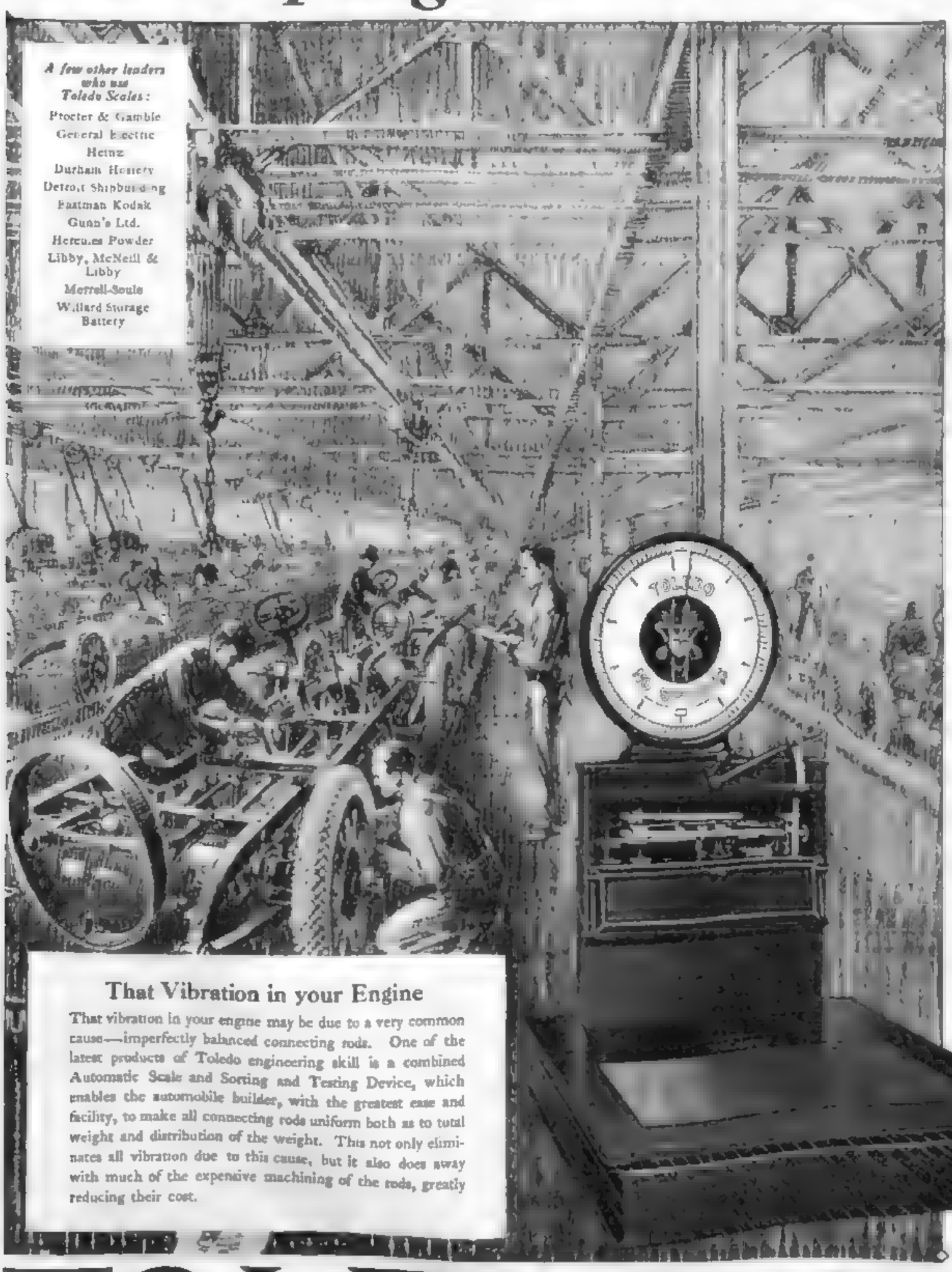

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THE next time you step into your automobile think of the wonderful things Toledo Automatic Scales are doing for the motor car.

Think of the Dynamometer Scale—Toledo-invented during the war to meet the necessity for a quick and dependable test of Liberty Motors. Very likely the horse power of your car was measured by this automatic scale.

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Finally, remember that in addition to all the invaluable services performed by special Toledo Scales, enormous savings are accomplished by the use of the regular general utility Toledo Automatic Scales, which have replaced the slow, hand-operated beam scales in the vast routine weighing of this modern industry.

The few names in the panel on this page are a bare suggestion of the *unlimited variety* of industries wherein Toledos are doing as valuable work as in the automobile industry. Surely they can do as much in *your plant*. Investigate.

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TOLEDO SCALES

NO SPRINGS—HONEST WEIGHT

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curious about the other 40 per cent. They asked the Casino administration to let them see the books, so that they could see whether or not the money really went to the widows and orphans. Following its immemorial custom, the Casino refused to show its books. As I have pointed out, the true reason lies in the fact that the Casino has no books worthy of the name. Just as a roulette table carries on its business without books and turns in a certain amount of money at the end of a day, so does the entire Casino take in and pay out as the occasion rises and turn over what is left to the stockholders at the end of the year.

At this juncture all the other employees of the principality—the street cleaners and the standing army and the fire department and the gardeners, or *jardiniers*, as the gamblers call them—began to pine to get a slice of the keenyot as well.

"Certainly," said the Casino. "You can share in it—but you'll have to take it out of the 60 per cent. The 40 per cent belongs to us."

At that point the croupiers struck. Their method of striking consisted in telling the gamblers not to put money in the keenyot. This irked the management considerably, for the money from the keenyot enabled the Casino to save a great deal on salaries. The Casino broke the strike by firing two croupiers. The other croupiers promptly became so terrified of losing their nice jobs, which paid them good salaries for the heavy labor of wearing Prince Alberts, pushing money around on a table and allowing beautiful women to smile at them in the hope of getting advice on what number to play, that they hid their heavy sorrows and their bitter dissatisfactions beneath a placid exterior. So now when a gambler slips a chip into the keenyot it is divided among the fire department and the croupiers and the white wings and the detectives and the cops and the inspectors and everyone else that draws money from the Casino.

There was even a rebellion in Monaco not so long ago. The Casino, according to its occasional custom, announced a school for new croupiers and called for applications. Every male Monegasque, as the residents of Monaco are called, promptly applied if he was within the age requirements. Only a few were chosen, since they couldn't pass the physical examinations. The Monegasques promptly broke into rebellion. They waged war by marching to the Casino every afternoon and sitting on the front steps so that the players were inconvenienced when they started home. This rebellion lasted several days, and at one time the situation seemed so serious that it was feared the Casino would either have to start using its back door or import some professional football players to kick the rebel Monegasques off the front steps. Fortunately, however, a three-day rain set in and the rebellion died a natural death.

One of the best commentaries on one's chance to win from the Casino lies in the Casino's rigid rule that no permanent resident of the Principality of Monaco shall be allowed to gamble in the Casino. The Casino is the first to recognize that its patrons haven't got what is known in sporting parlance as a Chinaman's chance.

Probably the persons who lose money at Monte Carlo are the type of people who don't deserve to have money anyway. Probably the gambling resorts of Europe, which are raking in more millions this year than they ever before contemplated in their wildest flights of imagination, are necessary in order to provide relaxation for a so-called war-weary population. But somehow or other, after drifting through a few thousand half-starved Russian refugees and the wax-faced millions of Central Europe, my real opinion of people who will deliberately hand money to an organization like the Monte Carlo Casino, and of a government that will encourage it, could only be written on asbestos paper and sent through the mails packed in fire brick.

THE GAFF

(Continued from Page 15)

"Then what are we going to do?" I asked. "You know we've got to pay the big bill for those silk shirts—that ten-dollar line."

"I don't know," he confessed. "We certainly can't put in any more until we sell those. And, as you said, it looks like we're going to have trouble getting rid of them, even at seven dollars."

We stood there and stared at the row of figures for a moment, silent.

"Say, old-timer," Sam finally suggested, "wonder if we couldn't cancel that last order for velours hats—those eighteen-dollar boys?"

"If we do we'll be in Dutch with those hat people—they've given us better credit than anybody."

Line after line, we discussed our stock and the bills against it. The more we talked the gloomier it grew. It was the change of the tide. So gently had it slipped away on the ebb that we hadn't noticed it.

"How are you fixed at home—outside your business?" I asked my partner as we moved up to the front of the store.

"About like you, I reckon," he said. "Like the rest of the folks, you know, I've lived pretty high, dressed well, and all that."

"Haven't you saved anything at all?"

"Not a cent except what we've put in the business. Maybe you'd be surprised to know how much you've spent. Have you studied out your income-tax questionnaire yet?"

"I haven't thought of it."

"Well, I have," he said. "On paper we've each made about eight thousand dollars, and lived right up to it."

We each went home that night to think it over. My wife had planned a little party, but when she looked at me she wanted to know who had died.

There was no pick-up in business the next day, and at the end of the week sales showed a little more shrinkage. The ebb was well out.

Getting Good Advice

Now it's funny how those things get noised about; it must be in the air. We didn't say a word, even to the bookkeeper, but two big wholesale houses sent for us before the end of ten days. They knew all about the falling off in our business and assured us that it was going to get worse.

We went to the bank again. There was nothing doing.

The thought of having to sacrifice our stock sickened me. To face my wife and my friends as a bankrupt was unthinkable. A deep sense of humility came over me. With it came a suggestion.

We had been so prosperous that I am afraid it went to our heads without our knowing it. Up the street there was an old-time merchant who dealt in hats, canes, umbrellas and fashionable-fad stuff like mufflers, odd waistcoats and expensive jewelry for evening clothes. He had been very cordial to us, but we had stiffly refrained from discussing our business with him. He had weathered many storms like the one now gathering about us. I tucked under my arm what I had thought was pride and went up to see him. He was very kind and sympathetic, so much so that I laid the whole case before him and asked him what we should do.

"My boy," he said, "I suppose you've played a little poker in your day?" I nodded. "And I imagine that you have at times sat in at a game and won a big stack of chips on the first few rounds?" Again I nodded. "Then of course you've noticed how that stack gradually slips away from you and you have to buy another. In trying to get back you keep holding on—sending good money after bad—until at the end of the evening you are broke?"

"I've done exactly that," I said. "But I don't understand what you are getting at."

Poker Applied to Business

"Just a minute," he admonished. "In nearly every poker game you ever sat in there was some old-timer, a wise old poker player. Did you ever see one of those old players lose a twenty-dollar stack in the first hour or two and then quit with the remark, 'Well, gentlemen, that'll be about all for this evening'?"

I had seen that often.

"Well, my boy, that old-timer was a wise poker player. When on a losing night he knew enough to take his loss and quit. On a good night he let his winnings ride."

I had to smile as I began to see light.

"Son," went on the old gentleman, "you boys made sixteen thousand dollars, you tell me, in a little over a year on a ten-thousand-dollar cash investment. That was too much. It couldn't last. Now you are in a jam because you've wasted what you made. As a matter of fact you have not lost anything. Think that over. You are simply not making anything, and your expenditures won't stand the gaff. You are on a losing night."

"And you would suggest?"

"That you cash in, take your loss—the quicker the better—like the old poker player, and sit in a new game with a smaller limit. Taking the gaff isn't pleasant, but you'll find that you can get used to it."

Though the old gentleman spoke in a sort of parable I was not so thick as to ask for more minute details. I had the idea. An hour later I laid it before Sam. He listened very soberly.

"How much do we owe?" I asked him.

He figured out that the urgent bills outstanding against our stock of twenty-five thousand dollars amounted to about ten thousand.

"Then the only thing to do," I suggested, "is to sell off enough at any price we can get to raise at least eight thousand. That ought to get us by. With what's left we'll start over on a smaller scale."

"Even if we did that," said Sam, a quaver in his voice, "we couldn't run this store on that much money, considering the rent and the help."

"What help?"

"Why, the bookkeeper and the stenographer, for instance."

The shirt people pressed us again the next day. We were still undecided what to do. I hadn't slept well for two or three nights. I went back to see the old merchant again.

I told him the amount of our overhead, and he asked for details.

"You could cut off your bookkeeper and stenographer in a pinch," he said, "but that still leaves about ten thousand a year. What's that for?"

"Oh, I forgot to tell you," I replied. "We each draw one hundred dollars a week as members of the firm."

He looked at me in a way to make me feel that his keen gray eye was examining my backbone right through my body.

"If you've drawn one hundred dollars a week in addition to your profits," he asked, "why haven't you got some of that to use in paying off these bills?"

"Why," I stammered, "we used that to live on—that and the clear profits."

I felt like a fool as he continued to gaze at me.

"U-huh-m," he grunted. "Suppose you look into that. I think now you know what is the matter. You've got the diagnosis, all right. Now suppose you and your partner effect the cure."

When I got back to the store I had a distinct feeling that we were about to feel the first prod of the gaff. Could we stand it?

Before making a definite decision I made up my mind to have a talk with Mary.

In five minutes after I came clean and laid the case before her a weight was lifted off my shoulders that had robbed me of sleep. When it comes to real gameness women have got it all over men.

"Certainly, we can cut down expenses and live cheap if we have to," she said. "Sister and I can do the work here if it will help you."

"Could we cut it in half?"

"I don't see how we could, and pay a hundred and twenty-five dollars a month rent as we are doing."

That gave me another jolt. There were no other apartments to be had, and if there were the rent would be as high if not higher.

When I got to the store next morning I found Sam rather cheerful.

"There's nothing to it, Ed," he announced. "We are going to have our salaries cut."

I saw what was coming and tried to beat him to it.

"I'm game," I declared. "And what's more, there's no use in beating around the bush. You are going to do a little bookkeeping and I am going to be the best little stenographer and check girl you ever saw."

"Then who's going to wait on the customers?"

Drawing Accounts Reduced

"I don't think there'll be enough of them to clutter up the store. And if there are not so many customers there won't be so much bookkeeping and typewriting."

There were many unpleasant objections to what we were about to do, but there was no other way out.

It was decided that each of us was to draw fifty dollars a week to live on, and take none of the profits whatever. We would let the bookkeeper go, as well as the stenographer. On top of that we would start a big sale of all our high-priced stuff and get what we could. We would save our self-respect, even if we went penniless.

Having made up our minds to this Sam went to call on the shirt people. He laid his cards right on the table, told them exactly how we stood and what we were going to do.

"That's a wise decision," the manager said to him. "On the strength of it we are going to give you another thirty days."

Sam was downright happy when he returned. I wasn't. He had put up to me the unpleasant job of firing the bookkeeper and the stenographer. At that, they took it better than I had expected. The bookkeeper understood the situation.

The old store seemed pretty lonesome on the first of the month when our help had gone. But we were so relieved that we went at our work whistling. We had thrown the whole lot of ten-dollar shirts on the market at five dollars. The display in the window immediately attracted attention because we offered our shirts at a lower price than anybody else along the street.

There were only four letters to write the first day, and the typewriting job seemed like a cinch. I pecked out the letters one at a time, using one finger. This Sam called the "Hunt System" find one letter and then hunt for the next.

I decided to practice on a few figures. For the fun of it I summed up in tabulated form what we had done.

"Look at this, Sam," I said, handing the slip to him.

We had cut off one hundred and sixty-five dollars a week at the very first slash.

"That's what I'd call some cut," he announced jubilantly. "Do you realize that it is a little more than $8000 a year?"

"It's all right for you," I said. "A bachelor can live on anything, but it's cutting right into my home. I don't know how we are going to stand it."

"Why, keep on cutting at home."

A Deal in Real Estate

That was easy for a bachelor to say. He doesn't know what it means to a man to make a wife suffer with him. The mere act of admitting partial failure to her is quite a deed in itself.

"Ed," Mary announced, one day, "I had a chance to-day to sell the lease on our place. You know it still has another year to run. The landlord says he could get two hundred dollars a month for this place, but I don't believe it. It isn't worth one hundred. I told him I would rent it to him for less than that, but he backed off. To-day he came around and said he would give us five hundred dollars to give up our lease."

"That's a lot of money," I said. "But where are we going to live?"

"You leave that to me. I've been all over town. To-morrow night I may have something to tell you."

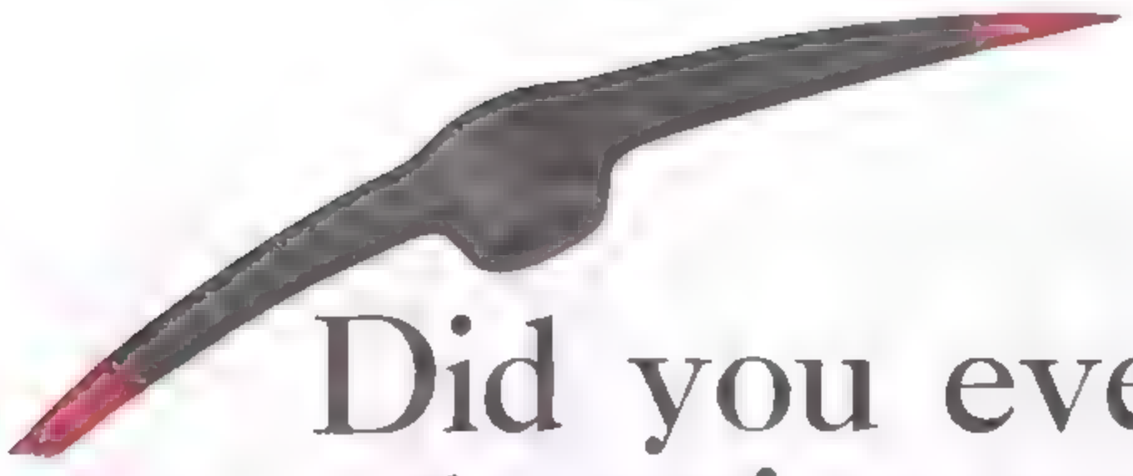
I let her have her secret, and to keep from thinking about business we all three went to the movies.

The next day the store did quite a business in selling out stuff at below-cost—often way below-cost—prices. We learned, though, that if we got rid of enough stuff quickly we could buy a spring line at a reasonable price and would be able to make a profit on that without apparently raising our prices. Our losing sale would blend right into our regular sale without the public noticing it.

Word of our sacrifice bargains got out among fellows around town and the turnover came, slow but sure—and costly to us.

I was a little curious all this time to know just what Mary had in her mind. Poor girl, I felt sorry for her. Talk about gameness—there was one who knew how to stand the gaff.

(Concluded on Page 47)



Did you ever before see an advertisement of a pick?

No tool—not even the lowly shovel—has been so neglected. Nowhere in industry is there so glaring and needless a waste of the employer's money and the workman's time and muscle as there is in this simple matter of picks.

There are six counts in the indictment.

1—The ordinary pick costs say $1.00. When used steadily it gets dull and has to be "dressed" once every day. Dressing takes half an hour of a blacksmith's time at forge and anvil. At the end of 60 days the upkeep of that dollar pick has cost at least $14.00. Ridiculous—isn't it?

2—Often the workman has to loaf while waiting for his pick to be "dressed."

3—Or he uses it after it has become dull—wasting energy and slowing up work.

4—Every gang keeps a boy busy taking dull picks to the forge and back.

5—Every "dressing" takes half an inch off, reducing weight and piercing power.

6—This also destroys the pick's balance, making it sting the workman's hands and causing him to take it easy.

Isn't it about time for a decent pick? At last there is one—a Wyoming Red Edge.

A pick that never has to be "dressed," that will last 60 days before it gets dull, that saves that $14.00 blacksmith's time—that can be sharpened on a wet grindstone.

A pick made of the same Chrome-Nickel steel that made Red Edge shovels famous, and heat-treated over its entire length.

A pick of scientific design with oval shanks which go in deep and pry the material loose at one blow.

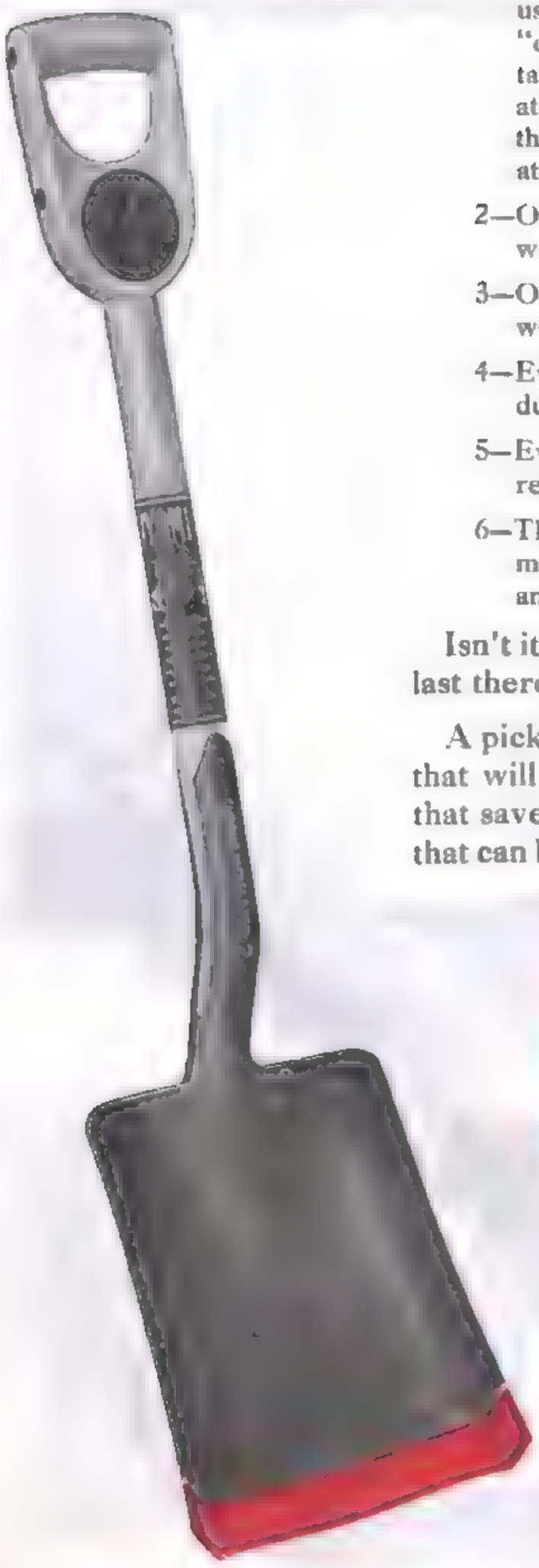
A pick that will keep its weight and balance and get a lot more work out of a man without tiring him as much.

This pick is the latest achievement of the Wyoming Shovel Works, who for years have been making the finest shovels that can be made, used by great railroads, mines and contractors everywhere. Now we have trebled our factory capacity and find ourselves able to take on one new line.

It is easy to see why we chose picks—the most abused tool ever known and the one most in need of the kind of production-skill that "Red Edge" stands for.

How Red Edge shovels became the leaders is an absorbing—yes, romantic—story of modern industry. It is told in pamphlet form. Ask our distributor—probably the leading supply house or hardware store in your town—for it, or write us.

THE WYOMING SHOVEL WORKS
Wyoming, Pennsylvania



WYOMING
RED EDGE
SHOVELS - SCOOPS - SPADES - PICKS

WYOMING SHOVELS

PATTON'S

Velumina

The OIL Flat Wall Paint

Pore-Proof

"I'll Help"—and, while Miss Mischief's good intentions would disfigure the ordinary wall decoration, walls finished with Patton's Velumina are readily washed spotless.

Small defacements are removed as they appear. Re-decorating is replaced by economical washing. Walls can be kept attractive and sanitary.

Patton's Velumina gives walls a soft toned, beautiful coating with no pores through which dirt can penetrate and discolor the finish. It is the artistic wall decoration of great economy for homes, apartments and public buildings. Patton's Velumina is ready for use in white and sixteen beautiful colors.

Sold everywhere by quality paint dealers; used by exacting painters and decorators.

Write for "Proof" booklet.

PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS CO.
Patton-Pitcairn Division
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

Save the surface and you save all

Proof PRODUCTS
PATTON-PITCAIRN DIVISION
INTER-INDUSTRIES

PITCAIRN AGED VARNISHES

PATTON'S Sun Proof PAINTS

PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS CO.

PLATE, ART AND WINDOW GLASS · PAINTS · VARNISHES · BRUSHES · INSECTICIDES

(Concluded from Page 44)

"Well, dear," she called to me as I came in the door, "it's all fixed. Hurry up, I want to tell you. Can you get me fifteen hundred dollars?"

"Fifteen hundred dollars!" I exclaimed, recoiling.

"Oh, you can do it, all right. We are going to buy a little place up in Westchester—only thirty-five minutes from town—right close to the station—lots of trains!"

At the dinner table she went into details.

"I've found that there is no chance of getting a place in town," she began. "Rents are simply impossible. We can get a little place of our own for eight thousand dollars and pay for it so that it will only cost us fifty-five dollars a month, including principal and interest on the mortgage, taxes and insurance—if we can only raise fifteen hundred dollars ——"

"If," I interrupted. "You mean to say that you have to pay only fifteen hundred dollars down?" I had to laugh at that "only."

"No, we've got to pay two thousand down. But, but"—and she laughed wisely—"I've got the five hundred. I've sold the lease."

"But how can I get fifteen hundred? I have just about five hundred dollars of my own in the world."

"Oh, have you got five hundred?" she exclaimed. "Then la-de-da-de-da—it's all fixed. I've been asking questions, and Mr. Elwid, the insurance man, tells me that you can borrow one thousand dollars on that ten-thousand-dollar policy. Now, don't you think I'm pretty smart?"

I did. So much so that inside of me I began to wonder if Sam and I hadn't better have turned the business over to her.

"Another thing," she went on. "The little place has a garage—a cute one—and we can keep the little old flivver there all year round and it won't cost us a cent except for gasoline. Isn't that fine?"

"But who's going to run this place—the cooking, the furnace and all that?"

"Why, sister and I are going to run the cooking, and you are going to run the furnace. Won't it be lots of fun? We can have a little house party all by ourselves every night. Isn't that dandy?"

"But you'll get lonesome away out there," I protested, getting weaker all the time.

"What do you mean, lonesome?" she said. "There's a movie two blocks away and we can come into town just as well as you can. Oh, I think it's great!"

"But," I suggested in my last, wavering objection, "how do you figure you can get all that for fifty-five dollars a month?"

The New Home

"Oh, wait'll I show you. I've got it all right on paper. Listen: The place costs eight thousand dollars—two thousand cash. There will be two mortgages to cover the six thousand, both at six per cent. That makes three hundred and sixty dollars a year interest. On the second mortgage, though, we have to pay twenty dollars a month on the principal. Add that up and you'll see it comes to fifty dollars a month. The other five dollars is for the taxes and insurance. Isn't that wonderful?"

I began to think it was. I had never lived outside a city in my life and was selfishly wondering. But she apparently read my thought.

"The only thing now," she said, "is if you will like it? Oh, but it is a cute little bungalow—and the nicest sun parlor—and a big fireplace right in the sitting room."

She looked at me questioningly.

Then I began to realize what a dub I was—what a slacker. The little girl had done all this and kept up her good humor and enthusiasm. Standing the gaff to her seemed a privilege. Would I like it?

"Dear," I half gulped, right in the presence of the sister, "if you are game enough to do all that I'd like it if it was a barn. You make me feel ashamed of myself."

"You've forgot one thing, Brother Ed, or rather, Mary has," spoke up the sister. "You know I've got some home work to do—designing—that makes me fifty dollars a month, and I am going to pay board."

"You are not going to do anything of the kind," we both snapped at her.

"Your board will be paid in the help and company you give Mary," I added.

"Anyhow, then," she insisted, "I'll pay my room rent, and I'm going to pay fifteen dollars a month. That will make the whole thing cost you forty. Isn't that better than paying one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month rent?"

I surrendered.

Sam kidded me a lot about being a commuter—about having to get up before daylight.

On Sunday we drove out to see the place. It was a beauty. I made some inquiries among the business men of the village and found that Mary had discovered a real good bargain. I was told that the place would be easily worth ten thousand in another year. Whether that was true or not, it made me feel good.

In two weeks we had completed all details of the transaction and moved in.

Despite the close shaves we had on money I will have to admit right now that those first few weeks as a commuter were the happiest of my life. So many things had to be done and we were so interested in making little changes that I could hardly wait for my time to be up at the store so I could get home.

Right off the reel we ran into a trouble that we had not counted on—coal. No coal had been left in the place and it seemed almost impossible to get it. Then the price went up and I saw that if we were able to get five or six tons I would not be able to pay for it at eighteen dollars a ton. There was a real thrill when a local dealer called up and told us that he could let us have but one ton. That meant more to us than he will ever know. It meant we would have to put out only eighteen dollars cash at a time. I could not have paid for six at one time to save my life.

The job of keeping that furnace going gave us many unhappy moments.

Happy Suburbanites

In my spare time I also had to build a gravel walk. I was getting so healthy that men around the store began to call attention to it.

Our first week-end guest was Sam. He was so crazy about the place that he has been a regular week-ender ever since. He helped me with everything and showed Mary how to cook several camp dishes. As we had no servants all visitors could ramble over the house as they pleased. They seemed to like that idea.

Along in the spring when we were passing the crisis Sam no longer kidded me about being a commuter. One Sunday morning we got together out in the sun parlor and, being a bookkeeper now, he showed me some figures.

"Did you know," he said, "that the sacrifice sales last week made up the rest of eight thousand dollars? We are through."

"You mean that we have got rid of enough stock at last to cover everything?"

"Of course," he explained, "we'll owe a nice little bill on that spring stuff, but we have shaken down enough of that expensive stock to satisfy all the old debts. We have stood a loss of around seven thousand dollars in cold cash."

Now that the hard skimping is about over I've got to tell you something funny. Sam went to Mary the other day and asked if she would let him have our extra room for the spring for forty dollars a month. She promptly agreed.

"He certainly is crazy about the place, isn't he?" I observed in utter innocence.

"Listen, Ed," said Mary. "Are you going to be a simp always?"

"What do you mean—simp?"

"Why, I asked sister if she objected to Sam living with us and she said she'd rather not discuss it—uppity like. Now what do you know about that?"

We were back in the little office next morning, me at the typewriter and Sam at the books.

"Say, Eddie," he announced, looking funny when he saw that I had noticed that "Eddie," "you've saved over four hundred dollars already by taking that place up in Westchester. That's taught me something. Now, why ——"

Just then I spied a customer coming in the front door and went to wait on him.

"I want a shirt," he announced.

"We've still got some fine silk ones that we are selling cheap," I suggested, unable to get out of the habit of selling off those expensive ones.

He cut me off abruptly with "What have you got in the way of madras?"

He was the mechanic who had come to our show window nearly a year before looking for a job.

He asked me to send the shirt down to Number 164.

After months of wear

IT is genuine economy to buy Ivory Garters. They wear evenly because they are *all elastic*. There is no metal to rust thru the fabric—no dead cloth or pads. The durable weave and live, springy elastic make them last almost indefinitely. Even after months and months of excellent service you'll find they are a bit frayed, maybe, but still lively and comfortable.

And add to this economy the fact that you get comfort and convenience you never thought possible before. Ivories are light and airy. They can be worn loose so as not to bind your muscles or leave a mark on your leg. Ivories can't slip or skid and they always hold your socks up perfectly.

They fit any shape leg because there's no fixed angle. There are no rights or lefts to be confusing. Wash Ivories in cold water. There is no metal to rust.

You don't know how good a garter can be until you wear Ivories. And you don't even know you've got Ivories on when you're wearing them—except your socks stay up so beautifully. Try the comfort garter. Ask for Ivory Garters. Don't ever say "A pair of garters". Say "Ivory Garters". You'll find it pays!

IVORY GARTER COMPANY
NEW ORLEANS, U. S. A.

Ivory Garter
REGISTERED U.S. & FOREIGN

Priscilla Dean

Universal Star, enhances the charm of her delightful costumes with Tams of

"SUEDE-LIKE"

Fashion too has sponsored Tams of this fabric. Its pliable softness, staunch endurance and fetching drape have made Tams of "Suede-Like" the vogue, and the well-groomed woman has a harmonizing Tam for each costume.

The moderate price of "Suede-Like" permits an ample variety of these Tams without an extravagant expenditure.

The genuine is stamped

WATERSIDE "SUEDE LIKE" MILLS

HOWLETT & HOCKMEYER CO.
Makers of
WATERSIDE CORDUROYS AND VELVETEENS
19 Madison Ave. New York — Waterside Mills, Lowell, Mass.

OLD-TIMER

(Continued from Page 19)

was new to him. It accounted for all that shooting down the valley, and for Page's assertion that he would be cleaned out if he left his stacks for an hour. All down the length of the Hole a hundred settlers were sleeping in their stacks, unable to leave them for a minute in the night, lest a thousand head of starving brutes should fall on their hay and devour it, dooming them to watch their own cows starve before spring.

"There's been a dozen men through here in the last couple of years that have lost every hoof they owned by going to sleep on the job and leaving their stacks unguarded for one night," Page explained.

"They won't stand for this sort of thing," Woodson prophesied. "They'll lose patience and kill every elk in the Jackson Hole if this keeps up. I expect the most of the shots we heard to-night was fired into elk instead of in the air."

"Some," Page admitted. "But not as many as you'd think. A few of them gut-shoot the critters and let 'em crawl off somewheres to die. One rancher boasts that he's gut-shot three hundred elk this year. There's a few like him scattered round. But mostly folks make the best of it. They're sorry for the poor devils and would feed 'em if they could. We'd most of us hate to see 'em go the way everything else has gone. But this business of sleeping out and standing guard, night after night, and year after year, in forty-below weather and in heavy storms, that's enough to make any man show his teeth."

Three times during the night bands of starving elk stormed the crib, and three times Page drove them back. With the first morning light most of the animals withdrew to adjacent hills, but some fifty head, too far gone to heed the presence of men, remained and bedded in the flat.

"Come up to the house," Page said. "We'll stir up a bite to eat."

Woodson followed him to the cabin set back among the trees at the mouth of a gulch that broke back into the hills. The bawling of cows issued from the timber back of the house. Page had fenced the entrance to the gulch to hold them there. When the meal was finished he hitched a team to a hayrack built on a sled and the two men drove to the meadow for a load of feed.

Woodson noted that the elk rose to their feet and watched their approach. At first he attributed this to a revival of their fear of man; but he observed that a number of cows and calves advanced toward the sleigh. Their course lay over a road packed on successive snows by repeated trips of the sled. The four-foot layer of snow was trampled flat on either side of this single trail.

"You've been feeding them," he said.

"Now and then," Page confessed. "I don't want 'em dying all over the place, and have to put in the whole spring snaking carcasses out of the field. I throw out a little to the weak bunch in the morning. It gives 'em strength to make it back to the hills and rustle round among the quakin' asp. They'll all be gone in a few more years of this. Damn it all, a man that's lived his life ahead of the railroad, like you and me, hates to think what the old hills will be like when the last hoof of game is cleaned and the last tree cut."

It came to Woodson that men were much alike. He himself had started as a killer, had shot down more buffalo than there were left alive in the world to-day. Every man he knew who stood for conservation to-day had stood for destruction yesterday. It was not such inconsistency as it seemed on the surface; merely that realization came soonest to the ones who had participated in the waste themselves and saw the end looming just ahead.

The two men loaded the sleigh from a stack butt, and as they started out across the meadow the elk crowded round them, the stronger ones shoving the weaker animals aside. Page tossed forkfuls of hay high in the air and the wind fanned it out for twenty yards so that all could have a chance at it. This was a strange sight to Woodson, elk feeding at the end of a pitchfork the same as domestic cows. They returned for a second load and hauled it to Page's stock in the gulch.

An hour later, as he looked from the window of the cabin, Woodson saw five cow elk pass through the dooryard. They jumped the five-foot fence and fed with Page's cows. Woodson stepped outside and walked to the fence. The elk threw up their heads for a brief look at the intruder, crowded to the far side of the cows and resumed their feeding. Mart went back inside.

"How much surplus feed have you got—over what will run you through till spring?" he inquired "I'd like to experiment."

"Maybe thirty ton," Page estimated.

"What's the going price?"

"It's bringing round ten dollars down below," said Page.

"I'll buy you out," Woodson offered. "I'm going to try something out."

"We'll cut it in half," Page said. "It's likely that before spring I'd have fed it all into 'em anyway. I was sort of experimenting myself. We'll split the deal. You stay here and we'll see how feeding elk by hand works out."

The two men carefully doled out their feed and hoped for a chinook but the cold held without a break. After two weeks Woodson set forth for a rapid survey of conditions farther down, where the big herds wintered on the Grovant, the best grass country in the hills. His way was lined with the remains of the starved carcasses scattered in hundreds through the aspens, and he found the Grovant grubbed off to the very roots. Instead of exposed shoulders carpeted with the pale brown of cured feed, as he had anticipated, they loomed between the white snowbanks in many colors—according to the composition of the soil; greenish on the clay slopes, yellow on the gravel hills, with here and there a darker splotch of black muck round the springs and sidehill bogs, naked and devoid of vegetation.

But the situation was not without its ray of hope. Woodson found many ranchers wintering little bunches of elk through with their cows. Others would have done the same except that they were short of feed. The state had made an appropriation to feed the elk, and all surplus hay in the valley had been purchased.

The chinook came at last and broke the grip of winter. No more heavy storms came to finish the destruction, and spring broke across the hills. Woodson left Page's for another survey of the lower bottoms. He stood on a shoulder overlooking the valley of the Grovant and estimated that he could move for two miles either way from where he stood by leaping from one to the next of the bodies of the winter-killed. He had seen at least five thousand carcasses during the day and could see that many more from where he stood. They lay in the open and in the heavy timber. Every way he turned he found them, gruesome evidence of the winter's toll.

He stayed with Page till the early part of June. The elk had lingered in the low country to calf and he made one last trip to the Grovant before returning to the valley where he had left Teton and his other horses in the fall. The big herds were moving back to the summer range and for all the appalling loss of the last few months he could see that there were still elk in plenty. The river was at flood tide from melting drifts and he stood with a dozen ranchers and watched a spectacle such as is given to but few men to witness. Thousands of cows had plunged in and crossed the swollen stream. On the far side the calves were huddled in swarms, loath to risk the boiling current. On one side the cows yelped and entreated; five thousand calves squealed in unison from the other shore. The water between was dotted by the heads of scores of swimming cows, some of fresh arrivals just up from the south, others those of cows crossing back to nurse their calves and to try to wheedle their offspring into the stream. An average of two hundred calves an hour took to the water. Many were swept away, turning over and over in the suck of the current, but the majority effected safe crossings and joined the cows. The younger men who viewed this scene were inclined to scoff at the death toll of the preceding months. What mattered such a loss in the face of this abundance? But those of long experience shook their heads. A decade before they had been able to see ten thousand antelope from this same point. Now an antelope was a curiosity in Jackson Hole.

A middle-aged man stood among the group. There was a haunting familiarity about him that Woodson could not quite place. The man nodded.

"I reckon you've forgot about me," he said. "Do you recollect where we met up last?"

Woodson's memory flashed back across the years. It was Rice, the boy who had planned a hunt with Hanson to supply meat for the mining camps; Rice, but a boy no longer.

"I thought you was hunting deer for the mines down in the Colorado hills," Woodson said.

Rice grinned and shook his head.

"Where have you been living at?" he inquired. "The deer have been gone from the Gore Range and the Rabbit Ear for fifteen years. Ten-day open seasons, sometimes only four—can't hunt when there's snow on—one buck deer with horns." He waved a hand at the elk droves along the river. "One fall I saw mule deer coming down to the Oak Hills to winter, thicker than what them elk are by far. I've seen twenty thousand in a day and shot a hundred for their saddles from one stand. Two years later there wasn't enough deer to pay you to outfit for a hunt."

The young men present smiled at this apparent exaggeration; but the old settlers did not smile. There were those among them who had hunted for the Colorado mining camps themselves and had seen long strings of freight wagons piled high with saddles of venison.

"What happened to the deer in two years if they was ever as thick as these elk?" a young man demanded. "Where did they all go to?"

"When I left down there the settlers was saying that they'd changed their range," Rice said. "They was sitting round waiting for 'em to come back to their old stomping ground. They're a-waiting yet."

XI

WOODSON pulled up his horse to view the stump of a tree that stood even with his eyes as he sat in the saddle. That tree, a six-inch lodgepole, had been felled with an ax and its height told him it had been cut in the winter or early spring while the drifts lay deep in the timber. It stood in a dense jungle of down timber, not even an elk trail near it, close under the western base of the Absarokas, where men seldom traveled. It had not been cut for firewood, for the work had been done when the tree was green.

This single stump challenged his curiosity and he circled the spot to determine what use had been made of the trunk. Even as he rode he assured himself that the matter was of small interest to him, that he had no further object in ferreting out the meaning of any such stray evidence in the park. The fact that he had been inside the reservation for more than a month without his presence having been suspected was ample evidence of the ease with which malefactors could operate.

It was growing dark, so he made only a superficial survey of the neighborhood before heading Teton back the way he had come. When night shut down about him he gave the horse his head and Teton took him straight to the pass leading into the pocket that sheltered the little cabin. He stripped the saddle from the horse and prepared a bite to eat, then sat upon the sill and smoked.

He had lingered here for a full month since gathering his horses, attempting to reach a decision as to what he should do next; for now that he had quit the force he found himself without a purpose, one of the army of oldish men that are scattered through the hills with no definite object but to live from day to day, prospecting or following the trap line.

He had no immediate need of funds and for the present was content to linger here. The purr of the little waterfall sliding down the face of the cliff was soothing. This was home. A fox squalled from the high ridges above timber line and a coyote lifted his voice in an eerie howl from the timber just outside the pass. The invasion of the hills by these little yellow prairie wolves was but one of the many transitions he had witnessed in the last two decades. He had seen the country when moose were practically unknown, and now they ranged in hundreds in the swampy bottoms, increasing as the other game died out.

(Continued on Page 50)

PACKARD

THE traffic superintendent who recommends a Packard truck to his chief can always justify his choice. In its first day of service, or at the end of ten years, the operating records of the Packard will prove the soundness of his judgment.

Measured by tons carried, miles traveled, or years of working life, the Packard's ability to do better hauling at lower cost is the final standard of truck performance.

Only in another Packard will you find equal power and economy; for Packard efficiency is the product of tested design, selected materials, expert manufacture, and the Packard method of rating the truck to its work.

A typical example of the Packard's capacity is furnished by The Stearns Lime and Cement Company, of Chicago, whose heavy-duty Packard in a single year covered more than 36 miles a day for 301 working days, carrying an average load of 7.7 tons, a total of 10,836 miles and 14,800 tons.

In delivering such performance through year after year, every Packard truck has the benefit of countrywide service facilities established to keep it fit and in working trim.

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY · DETROIT

Ask the man who owns one

The Largest Plant Devoted Exclusively to Making Steel Pulleys

THIS position, held by the American Pulley Company, could not have been reached had it not determined the correct principles of pulley construction.

For 25 years the features of various types of pulleys have been studied, compared and tested. No detail has been too small to investigate, and it is significant that, though there has been refinement, the basic principles remain the same.

But even such painstaking attention to construction would not have brought the "American" Pulley to its present position had not equal effort been placed on conscientious business management and fair dealing.

"Getting Maximum Pulley Efficiency" describes "American" Pulley features in detail. Write for your copy.

The American Pulley Company
Philadelphia, Pa.

The AMERICAN PULLEY

(Continued from Page 48)

These big migrants from the north and the yellow invaders from the plains were the only two that held their own; the moose for the reason that they could winter in the heavy drifts where all others starved; the coyotes because their cunning was superior to all the wiles that man might employ against them, adapting themselves to new conditions more rapidly than men could invent new means to harass their kind. With the elk it was now more of a question of winter range than of shooting. On the west and north the cowmen of Idaho and the sheepmen of Montana grazed their stock to the very park line, and fed off every spear of grass.

Woodson had been at the game too long, had wandered the hills and shifted from point to point for too many years to be able now to remain wholly inactive, and to relieve this restlessness he followed long self-imposed patrols along the base of the Absarokas either way from the mouth of his retreat. In the intervals between these jaunts he whiled away the time with the wild things that made up his colony.

All these interests filled his day, but there was, too, a certain sense of emptiness, as if his lifelong ambition had trickled swiftly to an end of faltering futility, all past effort of no avail. And always there came a day when old habit was reasserted and drove him forth to ride the hills for some sign of an unfriendly presence in his domain. His book was the book of the open, and the telltale sign of the forest floor unfolded beneath his practiced eyes, as easily interpreted as the open page of print is intelligible to the eyes of other men. Little escaped him and there was no displacement of natural deposit too minute to have its meaning; faint streaks of slanting grass among the upright growth of the meadows; the slightest disturbance of the pine straw that denoted the passing of scuffing feet; depressions in gravel bars or the mud of the stream beds, almost obliterated by the wash and swirl of water; the smallest rock dislodged from its former bed—all these told their story. But of late the only bit of sign worthy of interest had been that single stump in the timber some ten miles from his retreat. That challenged his curiosity. A few days later he returned to the spot.

He circled the vicinity and found a second stump cut some eight feet from the ground. Within a limited area he discovered a score of others scattered through the timber. Particles still adhering to the stumps told him that the tops had been draped with moss when fresh cut, undoubtedly with a view to breaking the glaring white of the ax work, which might loom up and attract the eye of any man traveling through the neighborhood.

"Somewheres he's built a hut," Woodson said. "We'll have to locate that hangout, Teton. These trees were cut a year ago last winter while the snow was on."

After an hour's search he found it, a hut six feet by eight, located in a clump of feathery young jackpines.

"This here was built when the ground was firm," Woodson decided. "Likely he cut his logs and dragged 'em here on the snow, then came back and built the place in the summer when the drifts were gone. I wonder now, Teton, just what his game was. There's no beaver near enough round to pay him to operate from here. Maybe he had out some marten lines last winter. There's plenty of marten running these high ridges. We'll lay over here a day or two and find out what he was doing here."

He led Teton some two hundred yards up the slope to picket him for the night in a sidehill park that opened out in the timber. He was not left long in doubt as to the man's occupation in the locality. Just outside the open park, behind a windfall jam, he found the bones of a six-point bull. The animal had not lain there many months, for the bones were not bleached dead white but showed faintly pink. The shoulder blades were shattered by the passage of a heavy ball. This was no winter-killed animal—the old bull had been shot down for his teeth. There were six more carcasses in the timber on that side of the open space.

Woodson prospected the vicinity for three days, and his search revealed a total of sixty carcasses of bull elk. These mute witnesses told him exactly the months that the other man had hunted here. Some carried fully matured antlers, the points polished for the running moon, showing that they had been killed the preceding fall. The skulls of others were adorned with antlers well matured but still revealing shreds of velvet, killed in late summer the year before. Still others had been slain while the velvet growth had attained but small proportions. These last had been killed in the spring just past.

"He came in and put up that hut late in the summer and hunted up till the herds drifted out in the fall," Woodson said. "Then he caught the first upward drift this spring and hunted for a month. We'll pull out, Teton, and not leave too much sign round the place. It's likely he'll come back in again this fall."

The thing he had found weighed on the old man's mind. A definite value had now been placed on the elk. A pair of teeth were worth ten to fifty dollars on the market. The sixty animals he had discovered constituted but a portion of one man's tusk-hunting operations for two months in the fall and one month in the spring. There would be easily twice that many scattered round the hills which he had failed to locate—shot down for their teeth and left to rot. The coyotes and cats had picked the carcasses, the bears had cleaned up every morsel that was left when they came from their dens in the spring, and now the porcupine gnawed the bones and scored deep grooves in the horns. All these magnificent creatures shot down, that men in distant spots might adorn their vests with trinkets of another's killing.

Twice during the next month Woodson revisited the vicinity of the hut, but found no evidence of the man's return. The first snow of the autumn fell and melted except in the more sheltered places, and he rode to the spot again, then held on past it. He sat his horse on the shoulder of a spur and gazed absently off across the hills. A raven swooped in spirals and pitched into the timber a mile away. Three others of the big black scavengers winged their way to the spot, one uttering guttural croaks, the remaining pair emitting throaty whistles with a rising inflection as if to inquire if all were well. Woodson knew well what this presaged: the meat-eating birds of the hills were assembling for a banquet. He headed Teton for the spot, guided by the conversation of the ravens. A score of black shapes flapped away at his approach, raucously protesting this interruption of their feast.

A bull elk lay in the timber, shot through the lungs, his tushes gone.

"He's working again, Teton," Woodson said. "It's likely when he came back to the hut he found we'd been there and discovered his hangout. Chances are that he saw where you'd been picketed in the little park. Now he's operating from some other base."

He dismounted and scouted round the scene of the kill, but found not even a heel print. The work had been done while the snow was on, but even so there should have been a few telltale depressions where the killer's boots had pressed the melting snow down into the soft earth underneath. But there was not a scratch.

"We'll pick him up, Teton," Woodson predicted. "It's only a question of days."

But after the expiration of two weeks he was not so sure. The bird flights led him to a dozen fresh-killed bulls, but he had yet to find a single trace of the killer. For the first time in his life he found all his knowledge of hillcraft set at naught. The poacher seemed a phantom slayer who plied his bloody trade and left no sign. Never once had Woodson found so much as a boot print. Solid balls had slain the elk, but the report of a single shot had failed to reach his ears; yet he held doggedly to his purpose.

He knew that the poacher's rifle was equipped with a silencer, which accounted for his soundlessness, and he waited and watched for some sign that would constitute the equally simple key to the reason he could travel the hills and leave no track. The fall storms fell and melted, and the killing went on unchecked. Woodson knew that he himself left tracks for the other man to read, that the tusk hunter must be aware of his presence and did not fear him.

And while he scoured the hills for the phantom killer a new commandant had instituted a search for Old Mart Woodson. The first park scout was wanted at the headquarters to help rebuild the old organization to its former state of efficiency. But no man could give information as to his whereabouts since leaving Jackson Hole four months before.

Instead of being depressed by the continued futility of his search Woodson was

(Continued on Page 53)

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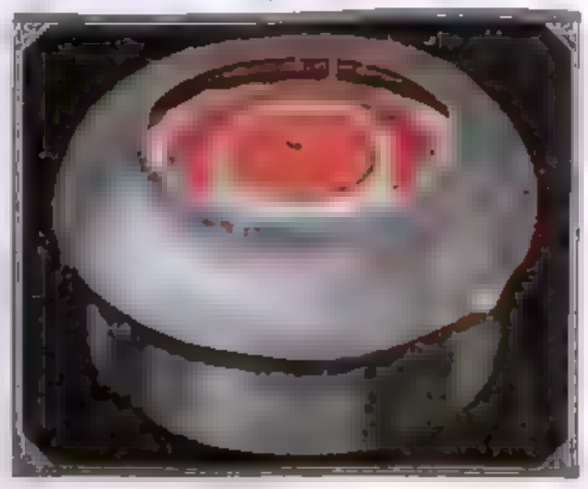

(Continued from Page 50)

more nearly content than he had been for months, his whole time absorbed in unraveling a hard trail. The hunt had been on for three weeks when, on the morning after a two-inch snowfall during the night, the ravens led him to the carcass of a bull elk in the heavy timber. The body of the animal had not yet stiffened. It had been killed less than two hours past.

Almost unconsciously Old Mart turned his eyes aloft as if to search for some sign of the slayer, as if indeed he had traveled overhead from tree to tree after the fashion of some great ape; for the snow lay undisturbed. The bull had apparently stumbled about in this spot for a few seconds before he fell, and then struggled slightly in his death throes. There had been two bulls together, or at least traveling the same general route, for the trail of the second animal ran parallel to that of the one that lay here dead, occasionally crossing it. This second trail left the spot and Woodson wondered why the poacher had not shot both bulls. Perhaps the one had been ahead, out of sight of the man when he fired. Perhaps, too, the killer had followed and shot down the other animal farther on. Woodson mounted Teton and took up the tracks of the second bull. As he did so a wild theory, the first he had formed while on the case, flashed across his mind. Teton pricked his ears alertly and dropped his muzzle to the trail. He snorted explosively and sent a shower of snow from the spot.

"You know there's something queer going on, Teton," Woodson asserted. "I wish you could tell me what made you blow off like that. Do you suppose that a man could break a bull elk in to ride?"

He examined the tracks at length as he leaned from the saddle, then dismounted and knelt in the snow. There were hoof prints of the hind feet where the animal stepped each time in the track of the fore-foot and blotted it out, the little, lifting, forward cuff on the surface of the snow, the stride spaced just right for a bull traveling at a leisurely walk. Woodson swung to the saddle and followed the trail.

"No, Teton, he's not straddling a saddle-broke bull elk," he said, "but we've got him now."

After a half mile he pulled up the horse and stared.

"Look at that, now, Teton," he urged. "If that don't beat a bull elk at his own game then I miss my guess. An elk can travel down timber at top speed but I never see one do it just like that."

The elk had made a clean side step of at least six feet to the right, clearing the top of a down log that lay four feet high, landing apparently on one hind foot. After this performance he had proceeded at a leisurely pace as before.

The sun had flared forth and the soft snow was already disappearing from the open spots. Woodson tied Teton in the timber and proceeded on foot. Droves of elk had crossed the trail of the one he followed and at times their course was the same. Very carefully he worked out one print at a time in the snow or mud.

Just at dusk a man knelt over a tiny fire before a rude wikiup of poles and boughs in a jungle of down timber. A voice called softly from behind him.

"Hello!" it said. "Steady!"

The man whirled, and gazed into the muzzle of a rifle that was balanced across the top of a windfall.

"So it's you, Rice!" Woodson said.

"You stumbled on me by accident," Rice stated sourly. "Without the devil's own luck you wouldn't have found me in a dozen years."

"Bull elk don't step sideways across four-foot blowdowns and light on one foot two yards away," Woodson observed. "Now if he'd squared round to face it before he jumped, and landed with all four feet bunched close—why, maybe you'd still be running loose."

"Well, and now what business is it of yours?" Rice demanded. "You're not in the scouts nowadays. You quit. You've got no more business up here than me. You're trespassing on the reservation too. Where's your authority to take me in?"

That truth had not crossed Woodson's mind but he saw it now.

"Fact," he confessed. "I hadn't thought of that. But I guess it will be all right. Anyway, you're going along."

"Maybe," replied Rice. "But there couldn't be any charge placed against me as if I was resisting arrest. It would merely be one trespasser leaving the society of another. You're getting to be an old man and I don't want to take advantage of you; but if you think you can travel these hills alone with me for three or four days without my protesting some—why, you're just miles wrong."

In all his life Woodson had never threatened a prisoner and what he said now was not so much a threat as it was a mere statement of simple fact.

"Likely you're correct about the legality of the thing," he admitted. "And I'm correct in surmising that you're the lowest-down critter I've run across to date. God only knows how many elk you've shot down for nothing but their teeth. Any time you feel like making that little break you was remarking about won't be a bit too soon for me. Because then I'll shoot you in the back and chuck you under a windfall somewheres out of sight. That would be the simplest way out of the whole mess for me. So you just perform any way that suits you best."

"What have you got on me, anyway?" Rice inquired. "I'm merely up here where I haven't any particular business, without a permit. So are you."

"I'll have a look around as soon as I've snubbed you to a tree," said Woodson. "Elk tushes are small and easy cached, but likely you wasn't looking for this visit."

Some four days thereafter the new superintendent, fretfully wondering if the snow of the past two days would continue throughout the third, heard a laughing voice of a trooper just outside.

"Who said that Old Mart had winter-killed last year?" he demanded. "If he did, then here comes his ghost as natural as life and up to the old tricks. It's an odd bird he's dragged in this trip."

The officer looked from the window and saw a strange procession filing across the parade ground toward headquarters. The leading figure was a man mounted on a pair of lofty stilts and carrying a ten-pound lard bucket in his hand. An old fellow followed close behind him, leading a horse packed with a scanty camp equipment. The outfit passed from his field of view and a moment later he heard the thud of feet outside as Woodson stamped to shake the snow from his clothing and swung his hat against the door jamb.

"Old Mart, sir," a sergeant reported.

"Send him in, sergeant," the officer ordered. "And detail two men to guard that fellow he brought in."

When Woodson stood before the superintendent his intended explanation was forestalled.

"So this is Old Mart," the officer greeted. "Glad to see you back. Need you round here bad. So you've been working, even while you were on your vacation. By the way—before I forget it; full pay all the time you were gone; new rule in the park about vacations on full pay."

It gradually dawned upon Woodson that a new superintendent had been installed since he left; that the new officer took it for granted that he had merely been away on leave, but was still enrolled in the personnel of the civilian scouts. This assumption rendered unnecessary the awkward explanation of his arresting a man without authority. He was still a unit in the force he had served for thirty years.

His shoulders straightened and he reverted to old habit.

"Prisoner to report, sir," he said. The officer nodded and motioned to a chair.

"Sit down and tell me all about it," he instructed. "What's he been up to—that fellow you brought in?"

The annals of park history are full of such reports as Woodson now recited—all brief and clipped. It had never been his habit to turn in voluminous reports, merely the bare facts unadorned.

"Killing elk for the teeth," he stated. "He's been at it for two years. There's the tushes of fifty-odd bulls he's killed the past month cached in the bottom of that grease pail he packed in, stored underneath his lard. He traveled on a pair of stilts built up on elk hoofs."

Then followed one of the few unessential details that Old Mart had ever thrown in with a report.

"They was awkward things to pack on a horse and I didn't want to leave that evidence behind. He seemed to fancy that style of locomotion previous, and besides I can't muster up much sympathy for him after what he's done, so I marched him in on his own tools for fifty miles."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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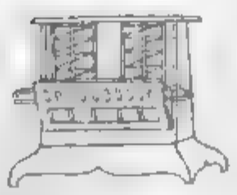

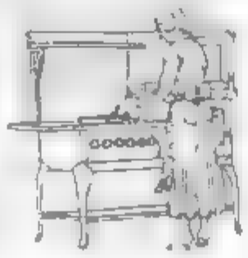

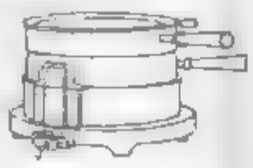

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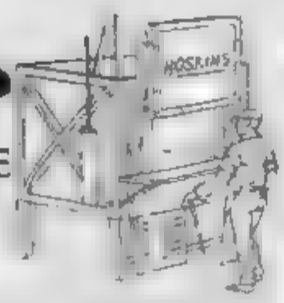

THE OUTGO ON INCOME

(Continued from Page 21)

From January 1, 1920, to November 30, 1920, individuals to the number of 3,516,199 filed taxable returns of income of less than $5000. The amount of tax paid by such taxpayers is $116,220,393.03. Individuals to the number of 671,227 filed returns showing net income in excess of $5000, and 1335 individuals filed such returns showing no tax due. These taxpayers were assessed $1,186,846,217.06. The total number of individuals filing returns was 4,187,426 showing tax due, and 10,406 showing no tax due.

The number of partnership returns filed was 150,269, but since partnerships, as such, are not taxable, such partnerships were not assessed as entities.

Corporations to the number of 152,842 filed returns showing taxes due, and 169,912 corporations filed returns showing no tax due.

There are approximately 20,000 corporate fiscal-year returns covering fiscal years ended September 30, October 31, and November 30, 1920, which have not been received in Washington.

In addition to this number of returns there were received 36,526 miscellaneous returns of withholding agents and fiduciaries. Of this number 25,301 represent fiduciary returns. Upon the basis of these returns $17,052,502.12 was assessed.

The total amount of tax assessed for the eleven months ended November 30, 1920, was $3,411,223,883.08. In addition there was assessed on the basis of office and field audit $363,694,654.61, making a grand total of $3,774,918,537.69.

The average tax paid by individuals whose net income was in excess of $5000 was $1768.17. The average amount of tax paid for each individual filing a taxable return was $311.18.

There are approximately 11,000 people engaged in the administration of the income-tax laws and the collection of the income tax. This force is divided almost equally between the field force, including collectors' offices outside of Washington, and the Washington office force. It costs the Government about fifty cents for each $100 of internal-revenue taxes collected.

Checking Up the Parting Guest

For the year 1916 net income amounting to $992,972,986 was included in the returns of taxpayers having a net income over $300,000 a year. This aggregate fell to $731,372,153 for 1917 and to $401,107,868 for 1918. Ex-Secretary Houston, of the Treasury, says: "There is little reason to believe that the actual income of the richest taxpayers of the country had fallen in that interval. It is the taxable income that has been reduced and almost certainly through investment by the richest taxpayers in tax-exempt securities. . . . The effective way to tax the rich is to adopt rates that do not force investment in tax-exempt securities."

Everybody resident in the United States, whether citizen or alien, is liable to the income tax if his earnings are large enough to fall within its provisions. Many aliens either through ignorance or craft, attempt to escape payment. During the last year large numbers of aliens who had a temporary residence in the United States left this country. Revenue agents and inspectors were assigned to the ports of embarkation to see that all departing aliens paid their income tax before leaving.

Record of this work was not made prior to September, 1919, but for the ten months' period ended June 30, 1920, the number of aliens examined was 366,122 and the additional tax collected as the result of these examinations was $13,117,788.38. Nearly all this work was carried on at the port of New York. Similar examinations are now necessary at all ports, and the procedure worked out at New York is being put into operation as rapidly as possible at all points of embarkation.

It is clear that aliens departing from the United States after enjoying the opportunities afforded in this country for making and saving money should not be permitted to escape the burdens of taxation which are borne by the citizens of this country. The Internal Revenue Bureau has not seriously regarded, therefore, the protests of aliens and their representatives against these examinations, which are merely a substitute for the review of income-tax returns at Washington and which are clearly required by the law and justified by the results obtained.

I promised that I would tell something about paying income tax that would be actually helpful to you in making out your return this year. Let me keep that promise without further preface or delay. Making out an income tax is not a simple feat. The forms are complicated and a trying puzzle to most taxpayers. The fault lies in the law, which is far from being a model of clarity. Even the experts are not sure about some of its provisions, and its interpretation has been modified and changed from time to time as taxpayers have appealed to the courts. But there now exists a body of practice, and the administrators of the law work in a clearly charted field of departmental and court decisions.

It has been discovered through the years the law has been in operation that though great numbers of the taxpayers make incorrect returns, these errors fall into a comparatively few simple groups and are repeated year after year. It is possible to enumerate them and indicate how they may be avoided.

Commoner Errors

The simpler and commoner errors are those of computation, simple mistakes in arithmetic, or due to lack of understanding of the forms on which the returns are made; deductions for bad debts and loss; what is a bad debt, what is a loss; depreciation, personal exemption, and inability to distinguish personal expenses and business expenses.

So many and so curious are the mistakes that are made under these simple headings that I was at a loss how to help you without confounding confusion until I recalled the most famous of all books on how to bring up a baby. This admirable volume is cast in the form of questions and answers. It tells what every parent should know in the simplest possible form. Socrates also favored this method for imparting instruction. I can do no better than follow these two eminent men.

Therefore I have been at pains to seek out a number of examples and to give the answer. It is almost inevitable that among them you will find the problem that is bothering you. I hope so, at any rate.

First, personal exemption—what are allowable and what are not? The Revenue Act provides that for the purpose of the normal tax there shall be allowed the following credits:

"In the case of a single person, a personal exemption of $1000, or in the case of the head of a family or a married person living with husband or wife, a personal exemption of $2000. A husband and wife living together shall receive but one personal exemption of $2000 against their aggregate income; and in case they make separate returns, the personal exemption of $2000 may be taken by either or divided between them.

"$200 for each person (other than husband or wife) dependent upon and receiving his chief support from the taxpayer, if such dependent person is under eighteen years of age or is incapable of self-support because mentally or physically defective."

A head of a family is a person who actually supports and maintains in one household one or more individuals who are closely connected with him by blood relationship, relationship by marriage, or by adoption, and whose right to exercise family control and provide for these dependent individuals is based upon some moral or legal obligation. In the absence of continuous actual residence together, whether or not a person with dependent relatives is head of a family within the meaning of the statute must depend on the character of the separation. If the father is absent on business or at war, or a child or other dependent is away at school or on a visit, the common home being still maintained, the additional exemption applies. If, moreover, through force of circumstances a parent is obliged to maintain his dependent children with relatives or in a boarding house while he lives elsewhere, the additional exemption may still apply. If, however, without necessity the dependent continuously makes his home elsewhere, his benefactor is not the head of a family, irrespective of the question of support.

(Continued on Page 56)

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(Continued from Page 54)

A married person, living with husband or wife, cannot claim an additional $2000 exemption as head of a family. His or her exemption is based on the marital status irrespective of the question of support of others living in the same household.

If the dependent, on account of whom a taxpayer claims to be the head of a family, has some small income from sources other than from his benefactor such income is not considered part of the income of the benefactor and need not be included in the benefactor's return.

The factors constituting the status of head of a family which entitle the taxpayer to an exemption of $2000 should not be confused with the factors which constitute the status of dependents, which entitle the taxpayer to an exemption of $200 each. In the case of the head of a family the person living with taxpayer who by reason of that fact establishes the taxpayer's status as head of a family must be closely related to the taxpayer by blood relationship, relationship by marriage, or by adoption. In the case of a dependent who entitled the taxpayer to an additional exemption of $200 the only factors necessary to establish such status are: The age of the dependent must be less than eighteen years, or the dependent must be incapable of self-support because defective, and he must be dependent upon the taxpayer for his chief support.

The Deciding Day

There is a great difference in the case of a widower who is living at home with his own child under eighteen years of age. It is a common opinion that he cannot be allowed two exemptions for the same dependent. But as he comes clearly under two provisions—that of maintaining a home for a near relative and that of providing for the support and education of a child under eighteen years of age—his exemption is $2200.

The status of the taxpayer on the last day of his taxable year determines his right to an additional exemption and to a credit for dependents. If then he is the head of a family the personal exemption of $2000 may be taken. But an unmarried individual or a married individual not living with husband or wife, who during the taxable year has ceased to be the head of a family or to have dependents, is entitled to only the personal exemption of $1000 allowed a single person. A husband and wife living together at the end of the taxable year may receive but one personal exemption of $2000, divisible as they please, against their aggregate income. Here are examples:

1. A family, living in one household, consists of a mother who is fifty years of age, a son twenty-three years of age, one daughter nineteen, and another daughter twenty-one, all in good health. The son is the sole support of his mother and two sisters. What is his exemption?

ANSWER: $2000. If a man living with and actually supporting his mother who is fifty years of age and two sisters nineteen and twenty-one years of age, all of whom are in good health, is entitled to an exemption of $2000 as head of a family. Since his mother and sisters are neither under eighteen years of age nor physically or mentally incapacitated he cannot claim an additional exemption.

2. An unmarried son is the chief support of his father, who lives in another city. The father, because of a crippled hand, is unable to earn more than a trifle. What is the son's exemption?

ANSWER: $1200. An unmarried son, the chief support of his crippled father, who lives in another city, is entitled to an exemption of $1200 He is entitled to a personal exemption of $1000 for himself and an additional exemption of $200 for his dependent father, who is physically incapacitated.

3 B is married on December 30, and on New Year's Eve he is visiting relatives on his honeymoon. B files his return on a calendar-year basis. His wife has no income. What is his exemption?

ANSWER: $2000. A man who files his return on a calendar-year basis and is married on December 30 and who is on December 31 visiting relatives on his honeymoon, is, within the provisions of the act, "married and living with his wife" and is entitled to an exemption of $2000. His status on the last day of the taxable year is the date which determines his exemption.

4. A man is married but not living with his wife. Because of ill health she is forced to live in another state. They have been separated several years; but he supports her, not only because she is physically unable to support herself but because there is no disagreement between them. They exchange letters frequently, and he visits her as often as business and finances permit. What is his exemption?

ANSWER: $2000. When a man is separated from his wife only because her health demands that she live in one state while his business demands his presence in another; this unavoidable circumstance will not bar him from his full exemption of $2000.

5. A man disagrees with his wife. They separate March 12, 1920, with the understanding that he is to furnish his wife her entire support. On January 10, 1921, they reach a solution of their difficulties and resume living together. What is his exemption for 1920?

ANSWER: $1000. If on the last day of the taxable year a man is separated from his wife on account of disagreement, his exemption will be only that of a single man, regardless of whether they have resumed living together by the time his return is filed.

6. A married man living with his wife supports his child eighteen years of age. The child is at school and entirely dependent. What is the man's exemption?

ANSWER: $2000. The fact that a child is at school and entirely dependent does not entitle the father to the additional exemption of $200 if the child is eighteen years old. The child must be under eighteen years of age or, being older, must be physically or mentally incapacitated.

7. A widower supports his daughter under eighteen years of age, whom he has left with relatives to raise. He visits the child rarely. He does not write to his child, but writes to the relatives when it is time to send his check. What is his exemption?

ANSWER: $1200. A widower who is the entire support of his child under eighteen years of age, but who otherwise entirely neglects it, is not entitled to the exemption as head of a family, but is entitled to an additional $200 as the chief support of a child under eighteen.

Marital Tax Problems

8. A married man dies May 15, 1920, and his executor takes $2000 exemption against his income from January 1, 1920, to May 15, 1920. The widow takes an exemption of $1000 on her return, filed December 31, 1920. The estate of the deceased has not been settled by the end of the year. What exemption can be claimed for the income accruing to the estate?

ANSWER: $1000. A decedent's estate, still in the process of administration on the last day of the taxable year, is entitled to an exemption of $1000.

9. A married man living with his wife has one child ten years of age, and is supporting his crippled mother. What is his exemption?

ANSWER: $2400. A married man, living with his wife and child ten years of age, and who is supporting his crippled mother, is entitled to an exemption of $2400: $2000 for himself and wife, $200 on account of the child, and $200 on account of crippled mother.

10. A man married and living with his wife has a son nineteen years of age, who is a minor child in the state in which he lives. The son earns $700, which the father appropriates and includes in his return. What is the father's exemption?

ANSWER: $2000. The Revenue Act of 1918 states specifically that a dependent person for whom the additional $200 exemption is allowed must be under eighteen years of age or incapable of self-support because mentally or physically defective. The fact that under the state laws a son nineteen years of age is a minor is not controlling under the Revenue Act of 1918. If he is eighteen years of age or over and not physically or mentally defective, the $200 exemption cannot be claimed by the taxpayer or allowed, notwithstanding the fact that the father appropriates the $700 earnings of the son and includes them in his tax return.

Next to the item of personal exemption the question of depreciation is the one that most frequently confronts the taxpayer for proper decision. This discussion is not intended to cover the complicated cases such as may arise under the corporation income-tax law or in large manufacturing undertakings. The law provides:

"That in computing net income there shall be allowed as deductions"—from gross income—

"A reasonable allowance for the exhaustion, wear and tear of property used in the trade or business, including a reasonable allowance for obsolescence.

"That in computing net income no deduction shall in any case be allowed in respect of—

"(b) Any amount paid out for new buildings or for permanent improvements or betterments made to increase the value of any property or estate;

"(c) Any amount expended in restoring property or in making good the exhaustion thereof for which an allowance is or has been made."

Repairs and Improvements

Under repairs are included exterior painting, carpenter patchwork, replacing of broken windowpanes, plumbing patchwork, tinner's or slater's patchwork. The word "repair" might be defined as the renewal of a part only. The item of exterior painting is included among repairs because of the practical difficulty which would arise if it were treated as a replacement. If treated as a betterment its cost would be added to the cost of the building and be subject to a depreciation charge. But the life of the building might be forty to fifty years. Betterments and improvements are such items as a new roof—which is often met with—new cement walks or steps, new porch floors, new steam boilers, or any renewal of a complete unit which was previously in existence.

The addition of hardwood floors; laying a cement cellar floor where formerly existed a ground or brick floor; installation of electric wiring; modernizing plumbing system—whether a poorer system of plumbing existed before or not; modernizing heating system; remodeling of all kinds, such as changing a two-story house into two flats, necessitating change of stairways, plumbing, and so on; addition of a substantial number of braces under a floor; any other addition which increases the capacity or quality of the service offered by the original structure—are to be considered improvements.

Examples:

1. A taxpayer owns a house in which he lives. He claims as a deduction, on account of depreciation, 2% of the cost of the house. Would this deduction be allowed?

ANSWER: No. An allowance for depreciation is limited to property used in the taxpayer's trade or business, and is not to be taken by a taxpayer for a building used solely as a dwelling. This is an item of personal expense.

2. A taxpayer bought in 1915 a lot of land upon which he erected a building which he used as a store. The building cost him $7000 and the estimated life thereof is 50 years. During the latter part of 1919 the market value of all property, including that of the taxpayer, increased in value. Buildings constructed similarly to that of the taxpayer's, cost to build on an average of $10,000. The taxpayer therefore claims depreciation of 2% of $10,000. How much should he be allowed to deduct on account of depreciation in his 1920 income-tax return? The building has no salvage value.

ANSWER: $140. The percentage of 2% is taken on the actual cost of the building, and not on any fluctuation in value due to change in character of neighborhood or of market value.

3. In 1918 Smith erected a brick building to be used for business purposes. The building cost $4500, and was erected on a lot which Smith purchased for $2000. The estimated life of the building is 50 years. In 1920 he received as rent for the building $900 and he paid out the following expenses:

For taxes	$ 70
For water rent	15
For fire insurance	35
For incidental repairs	50
For heating plant installed December 31, 1920	500

What net income should be report from the above transaction for the year 1920? The salvage value of the building is $500.

ANSWER: $650. The items of $70 taxes, $15 water rent, $35 insurance, and $50 repairs, plus depreciation of $80 (2% on $4000) making a total of $250, are allowable deductions from the gross income of $900 for rent. The cost of installing the heating system, a permanent improvement, is not an allowable deduction.

4. A retail merchant claims a deduction for depreciation on inventory of his stock in trade. Is his claim allowable?

ANSWER: No. Depreciation does not apply to inventories of stock in trade.

5 and 6. A merchant used a delivery truck costing $1200 and charged off depreciation at the rate of 25% annually for four years.

(a) Is any deduction allowable for depreciation in subsequent years?

(b) Are incidental repairs made in subsequent years allowable deductions?

ANSWER: (a) No. When in the course of years the owner of property has claimed its full cost as depreciation in his income-tax returns, no further claims will be allowed.

(b) Yes. Cost of incidental repairs which neither add to the value of property nor appreciably prolong its life but keep it in ordinary efficient condition may be deducted as expense.

The Doctor's Motor

7. A physician with an office practice claims a deduction for depreciation on his automobile. He uses the automobile only to go from his home in the suburbs to his office downtown and return. Is this claim for depreciation allowable?

ANSWER: No. As the automobile was not used in the physician's professional practice there is no allowance for depreciation.

8. A purchased a lot of land in 1914 for $1000. He built a house thereon at a cost of $5000. The life of the building was estimated at 33 1-3 years. The house was completed December 31, 1914, and A has rented it to tenants to the date of sale. He sold the property on December 31, 1919, for $6000. What is the amount of taxable profit derived by A from the transaction? The building has no salvage value.

ANSWER: $750. Under the provisions of Section 213 (a) of the Revenue Act of 1918, and Article 1561 of Regulations 45, A derived a taxable gain from the transaction to the extent that the selling price of the property exceeded its cost to him less depreciation sustained. The amount of depreciation upon the building for five years at 3% is $750. The original cost of the property was $6000. The amount of depreciation is deducted from the original cost of $6000, and the remainder of $5250, subtracted from the selling price, gives $750, the amount of gain derived from the transaction.

Bad debts must be charged off within the taxable year. The necessity of this strict provision of law is obvious when it is considered that if a bad debt were allowed as a deduction without the requirement that it also be charged off on the books, first, the certainty of the worthlessness of the debt would apparently be left open to question, and second, neither the taxpayer nor the Government could be sure that a debt would not be claimed more than once, nor that a debt previously allowed as a deduction which was later paid would be entered in the gross income of that year instead of only liquidating an account receivable.

A frequent claim for deduction is for loans made to relatives. Before a debt can be deducted as worthless its character as a true debt must be proved. However, a valid debt which is proved to be worthless is not always a proper deduction.

Some examples:

1. A merchant has an old account upon his books. In his line of business an account is usually considered bad if it is over a year old. This account—for no reason except size—has remained on the books for 3 years. He charges it off in 1920. Would it be allowed as a deduction?

ANSWER: No.

2. A merchant discovers that one of his customers has left the country. There is no property against which legal action could be taken in satisfaction of unpaid accounts. Without resorting to any legal proceedings the merchant attempts to charge off the accounts as bad. Would it be allowed as a deduction?

ANSWER: Yes.

3. A landlord rents out a house for $50 a month. The tenant puts off the payment

(Continued on Page 61)

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The DUO-ART PIANO

A mother's letter about the wonderful instrument that brings the Piano-the Means to Play it-and the Inspired Playing of the Great Pianists into the Intimacy of the Home

"I found every Cramer sitting raptly around their Duo-Art as it played a record of Josef Hofmann's"

Dear Beth:

Please forgive my long silence. It is due to a wonderful thing that has come to us—but let me tell you the whole story!

During your visit to us and underlying your nice letter acknowledging your "good time" while with us, I detected a note that struck a responsive chord in my own heart. You missed something, as I had for a long time. You felt a lack of the "home" feeling—too many outside interests—too much of the city rush and need for constant excitement.

It had worried me for months, and after you went I determined to solve the problem.

My way of going about it was to make a Sunday call at the Cramers', to see if I could find the key to their obvious pleasure in their home life. I left there with an inspiration.

I had found every Cramer sitting raptly around their Duo-Art Piano as it played a record of Josef Hofmann's, in spite of the fact that moving pictures and "tea dances" were holding sway within a few blocks.

As I Listened

—thoughts of what one of those instruments would do for us came to me one after the other; so the next day I went down to Aeolian Hall, and in another day a Duo-Art Piano took the place of the old upright which had stood there—silent, for the most part—since the children were small. Nearby was a mahogany cabinet filled with music-rolls.

That's all the change in appearance—but what a change in other ways! We've got something almost unique—a home in the heart of New York! That end of our library is a veritable Pandora's Box—balm for the end of a turbulent day—splendid instruction and inspiration, too, for the plastic young minds—no end of fun for lively young feet—and entertainment galore for all of us!

At First Father Was Skeptical

—but I made him turn his back and then put on "Sweet Genevieve." So naturally, so spontaneously is it played, Elizabeth, that we could imagine you were here and playing it, as you did 25 years ago. He played it over six times and then spent the rest of the evening with the Duo-Art music catalogue, picking out other old favorites to which, knowing my tastes, he added Paderewski's "Minuet" played by Paderewski himself; the "Moonlight Sonata" played by Hofmann; Chopin, by Gabrilowitsch and others; light classics and popular favorites, each interpreted by a master in his line.

The next evening a nice young man came up from The Aeolian Company and suggested that father play the Duo-Art himself. It is a Pianola also, you know, and the pleasure he has had from it ever since just does my heart good. To be able, with those levers, to put in all the expression himself seems to relax and entertain him as nothing else can.

—but Raymond

—and this seems almost too good to be true, Beth, but it is. I was beginning to worry about Ray. A dear boy, of course, but so unresourceful, so dependent on outsiders and outside interests.

One rainy afternoon, about three weeks after the Duo-Art came, I was up in my room and heard someone singing in the library. I stole softly down to the door. Ray was playing Tosti's "Goodbye"—a wonderful accompaniment record with the words on the roll.

Then came one of the happiest moments of my life, for Ray lifted his head and sang,

"Falling leaf and fading tree
Shadows falling on you and me"

in a voice timid, throaty, of course, but sweet and true and clear! My boy had discovered that he had a voice!

I let him alone for a week or so, bought more song rolls, and every day after school he went in there and sang. Then I asked him if he would go with me to Mr. Woodruff and have his voice tried out. We went and Mr. W. says Ray will have a fine baritone and he is going to train him for a church position.

—and as for Gertrude

—the child has taken piano lessons, as you know, but never seemed particularly apt, nor interested.

Now repeated hearings of the playing of the master-pianists are having their inevitable effect. She is learning my favorite C Sharp Minor Waltz of Chopin and is playing with more taste and feeling than ever before.

The dance music, too, means so much to both the children. They practice the steps themselves with the Duo-Art and both are losing all awkward self-consciousness.

Gertrude confessed to me that up to the time of the Cramers' dance she had always felt a bit of a wall flower, but that night she was so much surer of her dancing that she had a "perfectly wonderful time"—danced every dance and every encore. Well, her slippers looked it!

As a family we needed music. Every member is enjoying the home more, is going out less, and each life is being broadened by this wonderful instrument, which actually has the power to change and cultivate the whole atmosphere of a home. I don't see how any family can afford to be without the Duo-Art.

Come, visit us again and see for yourself.

Fondly,

Your Sister.

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(Continued from Page 56)

of the first month's rent and at the end of the second month he moves. The landlord is unable by any means to force payment of the $100 owed him. Would this $100 be allowed as a deduction for a bad debt if he reports only the rent received from the ten other months of the year?

ANSWER: No.

4. A taxpayer owns an industrial bond for $1000 which has failed to pay interest for 2 years. In 1920 the company dissolves and no payment of interest is made. Should the amount of this interest be deducted as a bad debt?

ANSWER: No.

5. If, in the above case, the insolvent company was unable to liquidate its bonds should the $1000—granted the taxpayer had bought the bond at par—be deducted as a bad debt?

ANSWER: Yes.

6. In 1912 a taxpayer purchased a certain hundred-dollar bond at 99. On March 1, 1913, the market price was 105. In 1920 the company became insolvent and was unable to pay anything to its bondholders. How much would be allowed as a deduction?

ANSWER: $105.

7. On July 15, 1919, a man lends his fellow workman $50. On January 5, 1920, he lends him $10 more. If no repayments were made, and if later the fellow workman was discharged and the account rendered bad, is the $50 item a proper deduction for the year 1919?

ANSWER: No.

8. A man lends his married son $100 to tide him over a period of unusual stress. He took no note, and has never pressed for the repayment of the money. Can he now claim the amount as a bad debt?

ANSWER: No.

9. A man lends his married son $100 to help him make up the expense of a certain business trip and takes a note from the son for the amount. Contrary to expectation, the trip proves unsuccessful and the son's business therefore continues to fail. There is little prospect of the note being paid for several years if ever. Should the father deduct the item of $100?

ANSWER: Yes.

10. A merchant reporting his income from business on the basis of cash receipts and disbursements claims a deduction of $300 for accounts ascertained to be worthless and charged off within the taxable year. Would his claim be allowed?

ANSWER: No.

Deductions Allowed by Law

The Revenue Act of 1918 provides "That in computing net income there shall be allowed as deductions—from gross income—

"Losses sustained during the taxable year and not compensated for by insurance or otherwise, if incurred in trade or business;

"Losses sustained during the taxable year and not compensated for by insurance or otherwise, if incurred in any transaction entered into for profit, though not connected with the trade or business; but in the case of a nonresident alien individual only as to such transactions within the United States;

"Losses sustained during the taxable year of property not connected with the trade or business (but in the case of a nonresident alien individual only property within the United States) if arising from fires, storms, shipwreck or other casualty, from theft, and if not compensated for by insurance or otherwise."

A very common loss to a person engaged in business is the destruction or theft of goods or merchandise in which the taxpayer deals. If care is not taken in the manner of handling the bookkeeping entries a double deduction for such losses would result. A merchant who uses inventories to ascertain his profit should not make any entries on his books for any of his stock in trade that is destroyed or stolen, for the reason that such loss will be reflected in his closing inventory. If his books are kept on a cash basis, which properly shows his correct profits, then he may deduct specifically an amount equal to his loss. In either case if the merchant received insurance for such losses he must include in his gross income the amount of such insurance received.

Losses incurred in the operation of farms as business enterprises are deductible from gross income. If farm products are held for favorable markets no deduction on account of shrinkage in weight or physical value or by reason of deterioration in storage is allowed. The total loss by frost, storm, flood or fire of a prospective crop, or of a crop which has not been sold, is not a deductible loss in computing net income. A farmer engaged in raising and selling stock, cattle, sheep, horses, and so on, is not entitled to claim as a loss the value of animals that perish from among those animals that were raised on the farm.

Other Losses

If livestock has been purchased for any purpose, and afterwards dies from disease, exposure or injury, or is killed by order of the authorities of a state or the United States, the actual purchase price of such stock, less any depreciation which may have been previously claimed with respect to such perished livestock, and less also any insurance or indemnity recovered, may be deducted as a loss.

A person possessing securities such as stocks and bonds cannot deduct from gross income any amount claimed as a loss on account of the shrinkage in value of such securities through fluctuation of the market or otherwise. The loss allowable in such cases is that actually suffered when the securities mature or are disposed of.

These examples should help you:

1. A merchant presents the following statement:

Merchandise inventory January 1, 1920	$20,000
Merchandise inventory January 1, 1921	10,000
Merchandise sales during year	40,000
Merchandise purchases during year	40,000
Allowable expense deductions	5,000

How much is his loss?

ANSWER: The loss in the above case is determined as follows:

Merchandise sales during year		$40,000
Less:		
Merchandise inventory January 1, 1920	$20,000	
Merchandise purchases	40,000	
Expenses	5,000	
	$65,000	
Less inventory January 1, 1921	10,000	
		55,000
Loss		$15,000

2. B bought 10 shares of railroad stock in 1911 at $100 per share. On March 1, 1913, the market value of the shares was $150 per share. In 1920 he sold them for $50 per share. What is the amount of loss he can take as a deduction against his gross income?

ANSWER: The basis of loss or gain is the cost or fair market value as of March 1, 1913, if acquired prior thereto. The stock in this question was bought prior to March 1, 1913. Its value on that date was $1500. The sale price was $500. The loss, therefore, was $1000.

3. C builds a summer cottage for himself and family at a cost of $7000. When it is completed an objectionable factory locates in the neighborhood. C sells the cottage for $5000. Can he deduct the loss?

ANSWER: C's loss was not incurred in trade or business; nor was it a loss sustained through fire, storm, shipwreck or other casualty; or from theft. His loss may not be deducted under the provisions of Paragraph 5 of Section 214, for the reason that C did not enter into a transaction for profit. His intent at time of building was to use the property as a private dwelling.

4. D, a farmer, reports on a cash receipt and disbursement basis. During the year his hay wagon, with a load of hay which was raised on the farm, was destroyed by fire. He carried no fire insurance. The market value of the hay on the date of the fire was $20. The wagon was purchased the day before the fire for $150. How much may D deduct from his gross income on account of the destruction of the hay?

ANSWER: D cannot deduct his loss on account of the destruction of the hay, for the reason that the cost of producing same is included in other expenses. If he had purchased the hay the cost thereof would be included in merchandise purchased.

5. Assuming that D's hay wagon did not depreciate for one day's use, how much may he deduct on account of its destruction?

ANSWER: The loss which D sustained by the destruction of his hay wagon may be deducted from gross income as being a loss sustained in business. The cost of the wagon has never been charged to expense and therefore upon the destruction thereof the cost—less depreciation—may be taken as a loss. He may deduct $150.

6. A merchant bought a delivery truck on July 1, 1919, for $1000. The merchant charges depreciation of 20% a year on the truck. On July 1, 1920, the truck is destroyed in a wreck. The merchant recovers insurance of $600 and he sells the wreckage for $50. What is the amount of his loss?

ANSWER: In determining the loss of any property several matters must be taken into consideration: (a) cost or fair market value as of March 1, 1913, if the property was acquired prior thereto; (b) depreciation sustained; (c) insurance recovered; and (d) salvage value. In the present case loss is determined as follows:

Cost of truck		$1000
Less: Depreciation	$200	
Insurance	600	
Salvage	50	
		850
Loss		$ 150

7. E, a doctor, purchased on January 1, 1918, stock of the X Co. for $650. On December 31, 1920, the market value of the stock was $550. He does not sell the stock. How much may he deduct from his gross income for 1920?

ANSWER: A person possessing securities, such as stocks and bonds, cannot deduct from gross income any amount claimed as a loss on account of the shrinkage in value of such securities through fluctuation of the market or otherwise. The loss allowable in such cases is that actually suffered when the securities mature or are disposed of. Article 144.

8. A manufacturer buys a limousine for $10,000 for his family. A month later, being pressed for funds in his business, he sells the limousine for $5000. Admitting that one month's depreciation would account for very little of the difference, can he deduct the remainder of the difference as a loss?

ANSWER: The loss sustained does not come within any of the provisions of the law. When the manufacturer bought the limousine he did not enter into a transaction for profit, and hence his loss sustained upon the sale thereof is not deductible.

9. F, on January 1, 1920, purchased a lot of land for $600. At the time of the purchase he intended to hold the same until such time as he could realize a profit on the resale thereof. On July 1, 1920, he deeds his property to an automobile dealer who gives F a touring car, the market value of which on that date was $500. How much may F deduct as a loss from his gross income for the year 1920?

ANSWER: In this case F entered into a transaction for profit and his loss is the difference between the cost of the land and the fair market value of the touring car received in exchange.

Transactions for Profit

10. G in 1918 received $50,000 from his father's estate, with which he bought stocks and bonds as a permanent investment. In 1919 he sold all his stocks and bonds for $40,000. May he deduct his loss?

ANSWER: The Revenue Act does not contemplate that a distinction shall be made between an investment in property or securities with the object of deriving an income from the capital employed, and an investment which is made for the purpose of realizing a profit on the sale of the property or securities purchased. In this case G entered into a transaction for profit and the loss sustained upon the disposition thereof is deductible.

The law provides that "there shall be levied, collected, and paid for each taxable year upon the net income of every individual a normal tax" and in addition a surtax. It will be noted that the tax is imposed upon net income. Gross income includes in general compensation for personal and professional services, business income, profits from sales of and dealings in property, interest, rent, dividends, and gains, profits and income derived from any source whatever, unless exempt from tax by law.

The most common form of income is that of compensation paid for personal services rendered. In making up an income-tax return, among the first questions a deputy will ask the taxpayer are: "What is your occupation?" "Where do you work?" "How much do you earn?" The answers to the first and second questions will lead the deputy to conclude whether the income from such occupations is taxable. The third question brings a variety of answers, from the simple reply that "I earned $1000," to the replies which take the form of interrogatories.

For example:

1. A has a salary of $2000 as a city policeman. He also receives commissions of $3000 as administrator of the estate of his deceased wife. How much, if any, does he have to report in gross income for tax purposes?

ANSWER: $3000. A is an employee of a political subdivision of a state. The salary received as such is exempt from the income tax by virtue of the provisions of Article 85, Regulations 45. Nothing in the law exempts income received as a commission by a person acting as administrator of the estate of a deceased person.

2. B is a lawyer. He receives fees of $5000 from individual clients. He was engaged by the proper authorities of the State of New York to try a lawsuit in which the State of New York was defendant. For this work he contracted for and received a fee of $500. He is also a notary public commissioned by the governor of his state, and received fees from such office amounting to $345. What is his gross income for tax purposes?

ANSWER: $5500. The $345 is exempt from tax. See Article 85. The $500 is taxable because the relationship between the lawyer and the State of New York is contractual and not that of employer and employee.

Service Men's Pay

3. C was a chaplain in the A. E. F. from January 1, 1920, to July 1, 1920, and received a salary of $1500 from the Government for his services. From July 1, 1920, to December 31, 1920, he received a salary from his congregation of $1000. The congregation provided from July 1, 1920, to December 31, 1920, his home and board, a fair value of which was $50 a month. He received perquisites or offerings of $263 for religious ceremonies. How much must he report as gross income for tax purposes?

ANSWER: $1563. The $1500 which C received as chaplain is exempt from tax by virtue of the provisions of Section 213, Subdivision 8. The salary of $1000 received from the congregation together with the fair value—$300—of the home and board is taxable. The perquisites of $263 being in consideration for services rendered are also taxable.

4. D, a bookkeeper of the X Company, received a salary of $2400 a year. December 31 he was given a check for 10% of his salary. All employees of the company received this 10%. How much must he report as gross income for tax purposes?

ANSWER: $2640. The bonus of 10%, being additional compensation for services rendered, is income.

5. E was a professor in a state college. The Federal Government appropriated a sum of money which equaled 10% of the amount needed to carry on the collegiate work. The state wherein the college was located appropriated the balance of the funds. The college had no other funds and the students paid no tuition fees. E received during the calendar year $3000 salary. How much, if any, must he report as gross income for tax purposes?

ANSWER: None. Employees of universities who receive salaries paid in part or in whole from funds available under the Smith-Lever Act of May 8, 1914, the Act of August 30, 1890, or the Act of March 2, 1887, and who are officers or employees of a state, are not required to return as taxable incomes the salaries so received.

6. F is a citizen of Great Britain and resides in London, England. He is an agent for an American packing house, and receives a salary of $5000 a year. His work is done wholly in the British Isles. His check is sent monthly from the Chicago office of his employer. How much must he report as gross income under our Federal income-tax law?

ANSWER: None. F is a nonresident alien and received no income from sources within the United States. Salaries, wages or commissions paid by domestic business enterprises to nonresident alien employees for services rendered entirely in a foreign country are not subject to tax as income from sources within the United States.

7. G is a citizen of the United States and lives in Mexico. He is employed by an American oil company as an agent and receives a salary of $2000 a year. At the same time he is also employed as an agent

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for a Mexican textile corporation and receives a salary of $1000 from such corporation. How much must he report as gross income for tax purposes?

ANSWER: The law distinguishes between two kinds of individuals: (1) nonresident aliens, and (2) citizens and residents of the United States. G, being a citizen, is subject to the income-tax law and must report all taxable income.

8. H, in 1917, secured a divorce from her husband. She receives alimony of $1200 a year. How much, if any, must she report as gross income for tax purposes?

ANSWER: None. Alimony is a gift and not income.

9. Are the salaries of all school-teachers exempt?

ANSWER: No. Salaries paid to teachers are exempt from income tax only where the teacher is an employee of a state or political subdivision of a state. Salaries paid to teachers in educational institutions are exempt from the tax only where the educational institution is maintained wholly by the state or political subdivision and the relation of employer or employee exists between the state or political subdivision and the teacher. The teachers are not exempt merely because they are engaged in educational work or are pensioned by the state. The salaries of all other teachers, including the public-school teachers of the District of Columbia, are subject to the tax.

Capitalists' Problems

The foregoing set of questions on individual income tax related to compensation for personal services rendered. In the following examples particular attention is paid to income growing out of property, interest, rents, royalties, annuities and insurance.

1. A received during the year $1000 interest from mortgages on farm lands in the State of Maryland; $240 interest from deposits in the First National Bank of the District of Columbia; and $45 interest from a Federal Farm Loan Bond issued under the Act of July 17, 1916. How much must he report for income-tax purposes as gross income?

ANSWER: $1240. The item of $45 is exempted from tax by virtue of the Federal Farm Loan Act. There is no provision in the income-tax law or regulations exempting the other items of income mentioned.

2. B had a deposit of $100 on January 1, 1917, in a postal-savings bank, upon which he received interest during the year 1917. This same amount is on deposit during the whole of the calendar year 1920, and during the year 1920 there was credited to his account the sum of $2 as interest. In 1920 he received $1000 interest from bonds of the City of Boston and a salary of $2400 from the New York Central Railroad. How much must he report for income-tax purposes as gross income for 1920?

ANSWER: $2400. The salary of $2400 whether paid by the United States Government or by the railroad out of its own funds is taxable. The item of $1000 interest from bonds of the City of Boston is exempt from tax. The item of $2 is exempt from tax as it was paid or credited upon a postal-savings-bank deposit made prior to Sept. 1, 1917.

3. C received $1000 interest from bonds containing a 2% tax-free-covenant clause and the corporation paid the 2% tax. He also received $1000 interest from corporation bonds which did not contain a tax-free-covenant clause. How much must he report as gross income for taxation?

ANSWER: $2020. There should be no doubt in the minds of the taxpayers as to the taxable status of the two items of $1000 each. The income-tax regulations provide that "The amount of income tax paid for a bondholder by an obligor pursuant to a tax-free covenant in its bonds is in the nature of additional interest paid the bondholder and must be included in his gross income." In the case of residents and citizens of the United States no deduction is made from the face value of the coupons attached to corporation bonds containing a tax-free-covenant clause. The corporation pays the face value of them to the bondholder and in addition pays 2% of the face value of the coupons to the Government. In this case C would report $1000 in Block F on the Individual Income Tax Return; $1000 interest in Block G, and $20 as other income in Block G, a total of $2020.

4. D bought a $1000 6% railroad bond on March 31, 1920, at par and accrued interest. The interest on the bond was payable June 30 and December 31. During 1920 he also received $2500 interest from bonds of the Government of China. How much is his gross income for the year 1920?

ANSWER: $2545. The interest received by citizens or residents of the United States from obligations of foreign countries is not exempt from tax. Relative to the amount of income which D should report on his bond transaction it will be noted that D paid to the seller of the bond the accrued interest—that is, he paid the amount of interest which had accrued up to the time of purchase, which at 6% amounted to $15. He received $30 interest on June 30 and $30 on December 31, a total of $60. $15 of this amount was a return of capital; therefore the amount of income was $45.

Business Profits

The following questions will continue explanations of the methods used in determining the profits from the sales of property, and in ascertaining the gross income of persons engaged in business with the exception of those rendering professional services.

In the case of manufacturers, merchants and mine operators gross income means the total sales, less the cost of goods, plus income from any other sources incidental or outside of the particular operation or business.

Business enterprises may be divided conveniently into three classes—those engaged in making, those engaged in producing, and those engaged in trading. To these may be added another class—those which neither produce, make nor trade, and which may be designated as business services, such as transportation, storage, laundry, livery and garage service. In such case the gross income would be the total amount received or earned.

The merchant buys and sells; the manufacturer makes and sells; and the mine operator—which would include the oil driller—produces and sells. The merchant buys and sells a finished product, while the mine operator produces the raw material. Business enterprises, as a matter of fact, are not always limited to such classification.

These are examples:

1. A, a merchant, with an investment of cash only, began business January 1, 1920. During the year he bought merchandise to the amount of $11,655.40. At the end of the year his inventory amounted to $4600. His sales for the year amounted to $15,000. What was his gross profit?

ANSWER: $7944.60. The answer is obtained as follows:

Gross sales		$15,000.00
Deduct cost of goods sold:		
Purchases	$11,655.40	
Less inventory December 31	4,600.00	
		7,055.40
Gross profit		$ 7,944.60

2. B, a bituminous-coal dealer, bought during the year as follows: In March, 3,000 tons at $3 a ton; in September, 4000 tons at $4 a ton; in November, 5000 tons at $4.50 a ton. All the coal was of the same kind and quality and was piled in a heap in B's coal yard. At the end of the year he had on hand 1000 tons. B takes his inventories on a cost basis. What is the amount of his inventory at the end of the year?

ANSWER: $4500. Goods taken in an inventory, which have been so intermingled that they cannot be identified with specific invoices, will be deemed to be the goods most recently purchased. The last invoice was $4.50, and since the amount of goods on hand did not exceed the amount of goods last purchased the inventory would be $4500.

3. C bought 10 shares of railroad stock in 1911 at $100 a share. On March 1, 1913, the market value was $50 a share. In 1920 he sold them for $150 a share. What was his gain?

ANSWER: $1000. The answer to this problem is obtained by deducting from the sale price of $1500 the value of the stock on March 1, 1913, $500.

4. D, a farmer, exchanges a ton of hay for two barrels of flour worth $10 a barrel. How much, if any, must he report as gross income from the transaction?

ANSWER: $20. Under Article 38, "Where farm produce is exchanged for merchandise, groceries, etc., the market value of the articles received is to be returned as income."

(Concluded on Page 64)

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(Concluded from Page 62)

5. E, a contractor, reports his income on the basis of percentage of completion of his various uncompleted contracts. During the year he is working on a contract which he estimates will take five years to complete and from which he estimates he will derive a net profit of $50,000. The whole contract price is $150,000. During the taxable year the expenses incurred on the contract were $20,000. How much should he report as gross income?

ANSWER: $30,000. In the case of persons engaged in contracting operations who have uncompleted contracts running for periods of several years, and where the percentage of profit from the contract is estimated on the basis of percentage of completion, the income to be returned each year during the performance of the contract will be computed upon the basis of the expenses incurred on such contract during the year. The whole contract price is $150,000; the estimated net profit is $50,000, therefore the estimated expenses necessary to the full performance of the contract is $100,000. The expenses incurred during the taxable year amount to $20,000, or one-fifth of $100,000. One-fifth of $150,000 or $30,000 is the amount to be returned as gross income.

Returns of Partial Payments

6. G, a piano dealer, bought a piano for $200. He sells it for $600. The agreement of sale was that the purchaser should pay $10 a month. G received from the purchaser during the year $120. How much is his profit?

ANSWER: $80 or $400. In the sale or contract for sale of personal property on the installment plan the income to be returned by the vendor will be that proportion of each installment payment which the gross profit to be realized when the property is paid for bears to the gross contract price.

The above rule can be illustrated by the algebraic equation: $x : 120 :: 400 : 600$, which will be an answer of $80. The profit to be realized is $400, or two-thirds of the selling price, therefore two-thirds of each installment is profit. If the vendor chooses to treat the obligations of purchasers as cash the profit would be $400.

7. F purchased, in 1914, 100 shares of stock of the new X Corporation for $11,000. The par value of the stock was $100 a share. In 1915 he received a stock dividend of 10% and in 1917 he received another stock dividend of 10%. Not having had sufficient net income for 1915, 1916 or 1917 he did not file an income-tax return, and consequently did not pay any tax on the stock dividends. The stock dividends were paid in stock of the distributing corporation. In 1916 he sold 10 shares of his stock for $2000. In 1920 he sold the balance of his stock at $250 a share. What is his gain for 1920?

ANSWER: $17,500. The basis of determining the gain or loss upon sale of stock is stated in income-tax regulations, which provide that the cost of each share of stock is the quotient of the cost of the old stock divided by the number of old and new shares added together. After receiving his first stock dividend in 1915 F then had 110 shares of stock which cost him $11,000. In 1916 when he sold 10 shares of his stock the cost to him of each share was $11,000 divided by 110, which equaled $100. The 10 shares that he sold cost him ten times $100, or $1000, and the 100 shares which he had left cost him 100 times $100, or $10,000. After having received the stock dividend in 1917 F then had 110 shares which cost him $10,000, which figure must be used as the basis for determining the profit or loss on future sales. In 1920 he sold all of his stock—110 shares—at $250 a share. The sales price, $27,500, less the cost, $10,000, leaves a profit of $17,500.

In addition to making claim for deductions from gross income for taxes many, if not most, individual taxpayers make claim for deductions for interest paid or accrued and for contributions made during the taxable year. In order to determine the particular items of interest and contributions which are allowable deductions from gross income, a knowledge of the law and regulations is indispensable.

Here are cases:

1. B, a merchant, borrows $5000 to complete a store which he is building. During the year he paid 10 months' interest at 6%, on the above amount. The 10 months were from March 1 to December 31. How much, if any, may B deduct as interest paid during the year?

ANSWER: $250. Whether B kept his books on a cash or accrual basis he could deduct the amount of interest paid on the money borrowed, from March 1 to December 31.

2. C borrowed $1000 to purchase a touring car for himself and family. He paid $60 interest during the year. Is this amount deductible?

ANSWER: Yes. There is nothing in the pertinent section of the law which prohibits the taxpayer from deducting from his gross income the interest paid on indebtedness incurred to purchase a touring car. Provided he does not use the money borrowed to purchase obligations or securities—other than obligations of the United States issued after September 24, 1917—the interest upon which is wholly exempt from taxation, he may deduct the interest paid.

3. On January 1, D borrowed $900 to buy a $1000 bond of the Government of China. During the year he received $50 interest on the bond and paid $45 interest on the loan. How much, if any, may he deduct as interest paid?

ANSWER: $45. The interest received on the bond of the Government of China is not exempt from income tax, therefore the interest paid on indebtedness incurred to purchase such bond is a deductible item.

4. E borrowed $1000 with which he bought a $1000 3½% bond of the First Liberty Loan. During the taxable year he received $35 interest on the bond and paid $60 interest on the loan. How much may he deduct as interest paid?

ANSWER: None. The interest received on 3½% bonds of the First Liberty Loan is wholly exempt from income tax and the bonds were issued prior to September 24, 1917, therefore the interest paid on indebtedness incurred to purchase such bonds is not a deductible item from gross income.

Hints to Salaried Men

5. E borrowed $2000 with which he bought a $1000 3¾% Victory Note and one $1000 4% bond of the Second Liberty Loan. He received interest of $40 from the bond and $21.43 from the note. He paid $95.83 interest on the loan. How much may he deduct as interest paid?

ANSWER: $95.83. Although the interest on 3¾% notes of the Victory Liberty Loan is wholly exempt from income tax, still the bonds, being issued after September 24, 1917, come within the exception, and the interest paid on the indebtedness incurred to purchase such notes is deductible. The interest on bonds of the Second Liberty Loan is not wholly exempt from income tax, but the bonds were issued subsequent to September 24, 1917, and consequently interest paid on indebtedness incurred to purchase bonds of the Second Liberty Loan is deductible.

6. F has a salary but no other income. He borrowed $2000 from the bank to pay on a home which he bought. He gave the bank a mortgage as security. He paid during the year $120 interest. How much may he deduct as interest paid?

ANSWER: $120. Interest paid on indebtedness incurred to purchase a house is not excepted from the general rule that all interest is deductible.

7. G has a salary of $5000. He has a one-half interest in a partnership. The partnership has a net profit according to the income-tax law of $4000. The partnership made contributions to charitable organizations of $800. G, as an individual, gave $650 to charitable organizations. How much may G deduct as contributions?

ANSWER: $1050. Although a partnership cannot take a deduction from its gross income for contributions made to charitable organizations, yet each individual member may deduct his proportionate share of the partnership contribution. G's charitable contributions amounted to $650 plus one-half of $800, or an aggregate of $1050. His total deduction is limited to 15%, of his net income computed without the benefit of the deduction. His net income, without the benefit of the deduction, was one-half of $4000 plus the salary of $5000, or an aggregate of $7000; 15% of $7000 is $1050, the amount which G may deduct.

The word "dividend" considered as income is defined to be "a sum which a corporation sets apart from its profits to be divided among its shareholders." Although generally paid in cash, a dividend may be paid in securities or other property. A cooperative store, for example, may declare a dividend among its stockholders in cash or in an order for clothing, groceries, and so on. Such dividends are income and are to be reported as such to the extent of the fair market value of such property when receivable by the stockholders.

By the act of 1918 the term "dividend" is limited to those earnings or profits of a corporation that have been both accumulated and distributed since February 18, 1913. The reason for this is that a dividend must be distributed before it can be considered income. The date is that on which the Constitutional Amendment went into effect. Income before that time was not subject to tax.

All persons mentioned in the following examples are citizens and are unmarried unless otherwise noted. All the dividends received are from domestic corporations, taxed by the United States on their net income unless otherwise noted.

Computing Your Surtax

1. A received during 1920 a salary of $5000. He had no other income and claimed no deduction from gross income. What is the amount of his surtax?

ANSWER: None. A's income is $5000. Inasmuch as the amount of an individual's net income not in excess of $5000 is not subject to the surtax imposed by Section 211 of the statute, A is not liable to any surtax.

2. B received during 1920 a salary of $6000. He had no other income and claimed no deduction from gross income. What is the amount of his surtax?

ANSWER: $10. B's net income subject to surtax is $6000. His surtax is computed as follows: Amount of net income in excess of $5000 and not in excess of $6000 is $1000. Surtax on $1000 at 1% is $10.

3. E received during 1920 the following income:

Salary from B. R. R.	$6000
Cash dividends	3000

He claims no deductions from gross income. What is the amount of E's surtax?

ANSWER: $150. E's net income subject to surtax is $11,000. His surtax is computed as follows:

Amount of net income in excess of $5000 and not in excess of $6000	$1000	
Surtax on $1000 at 1% is		$ 10
Amount of net income in excess of $6000 and not in excess of $8000	2000	
Surtax on $2000 at 2% is		40
Amount of net income in excess of $8000 and not in excess of $10,000	2000	
Surtax on $2000 at 3% is		60
Amount of net income in excess of $10,000 and not in excess of $12,000	1000	
Surtax on $1000 at 4% is		40
Total surtax		$150

4. F received during 1920 the following:

Salary from B. R. R.	$8000
Stock dividends	3000

He claims no deduction from gross income. What is the amount of F's surtax?

ANSWER: $50. Stock dividends not being taxable, F's net income subject to surtax is $8000. His surtax is calculated as follows:

Amount of net income in excess of $5000 and not in excess of $6000	$1000	
Surtax on $1000 at 1% is		$10
Amount of net income in excess of $6000 and not in excess of $8000	2000	
Surtax on $2000 at 2% is		40
Total surtax		$50

5. Is a dividend necessarily paid in cash?

ANSWER: No; it may be paid in securities, such as corporate stock, rental privileges or in other property.

6. In 1920 a corporation that was chartered in 1915 distributed Liberty Bonds among its stockholders as a dividend. Is an individual stockholder who received a dividend in these bonds subject to a surtax thereon?

ANSWER: Yes; the amount of the dividend is the cash value of the bonds at the time of their receipt by the stockholder.

7. Y is a stockholder, owning 250 shares of stock in a corporation which owns and operates an apartment house. In 1919, in place of a cash dividend of $10 a share, he was allowed a credit of $2500 on the rent of the apartments which he occupied. Should this $2500 be accounted for by Y as a dividend in his income-tax return?

ANSWER: Yes. Where a corporation has leased its property in consideration that it shall pay in lieu of dividends an amount equivalent to a certain rate of dividend on the stock holdings of the lessee, such amounts are dividend payments and are to be accounted for as such by the stockholder in his return.

8. A Missouri corporation declared and paid a cash dividend December 30, 1920. The dividend was received by stockholders in Missouri in December, 1920. It was not received by stockholders in California till January, 1921, one of whom was O, who made his return on a calendar-year basis. In his return, for what year should O report this dividend?

ANSWER: 1920; the date of payment rather than date of receipt is the governing factor in determining when a dividend should be treated as taxable income to the recipient.

9. A corporation was liquidated during the year 1920. On November 1, 1920, H, a stockholder, was paid by the receiver $15,000 as his entire share of the amount distributed, in liquidation of 100 shares of stock he had held since 1910. The fair market value of the stock on March 1, 1913, was $100 a share. On May 1, 1920, H received a cash dividend of $1000. H had no other income. His personal exemption for 1920 was $1000. What was his total tax for the year 1920?

ANSWER: $170. H is subject to a normal tax of $160 on $5000, the amount of taxable profit he received over the fair market value of the stock as of March 1, 1913. His income subject to the surtax is $6000, the tax on which is $10.

Checking Delinquents

10. For the year 1920, S had an income of $20,500, which consisted of $500 interest on deposits and $20,000 cash dividends. He had no deductions; his personal exemption was $2000. What was his total tax?

ANSWER: $755. His income is not subject to the normal tax, as the $500 derived from interest, the only part of his income subject to this tax, is less than his exemption. His entire income of $20,500 is subject to the surtax of $755. [Note: Taxpayers with an income subject to the surtax, but the portion of whose income subject to the normal tax is less than their exemption, as is the case in the given example, sometimes claim a deduction from their surtax of an amount obtained by subtracting their income subject to the normal tax from their personal exemption and multiplying this remainder by the rate of normal tax. This is not allowable. The normal tax and the surtax are separate and distinct taxes. An excess of personal exemption over taxable income does not render the Government a debtor to the taxpayer.]

11. C received during 1920 a salary of $7500. He had no other income and claimed no deduction from gross income. What is the amount of his surtax?

ANSWER: $40.

Amount of net income in excess of $5000 and not in excess of $6000	$1000	
Surtax on $1000 at 1% is		$10
Amount of net income in excess of $6000 and not in excess of $8000	1500	
Surtax on $1500 at 2% is		30
Total surtax		$40

You ought to find somewhere among all these questions and answers the solution of your own particular problem. I have exhibited about all the questions that the average taxpayer finds too puzzling to answer correctly. They are based on the experience of all the experts in the income-tax unit at Washington, where your returns are finally examined and audited. The interesting thing about this law is that virtually every taxpayer, except a very few, tries to obey it.

The Bureau of Internal Revenue has at its command innumerable avenues of information for checking up delinquents. One of these is the information-at-source provision of the revenue act, requiring reports of payments to others of $1000 or more during the calendar year 1920. These reports are carefully checked with the individual return of the taxpayer to whom such payments were made.

And now, sirs, I leave you with it. I have put in nearly two months sifting and digesting all this material for you. Put your income-tax form on the table in front of you—you had better get an extra one to practice on—take your trusty stub pen in hand, and go to it.

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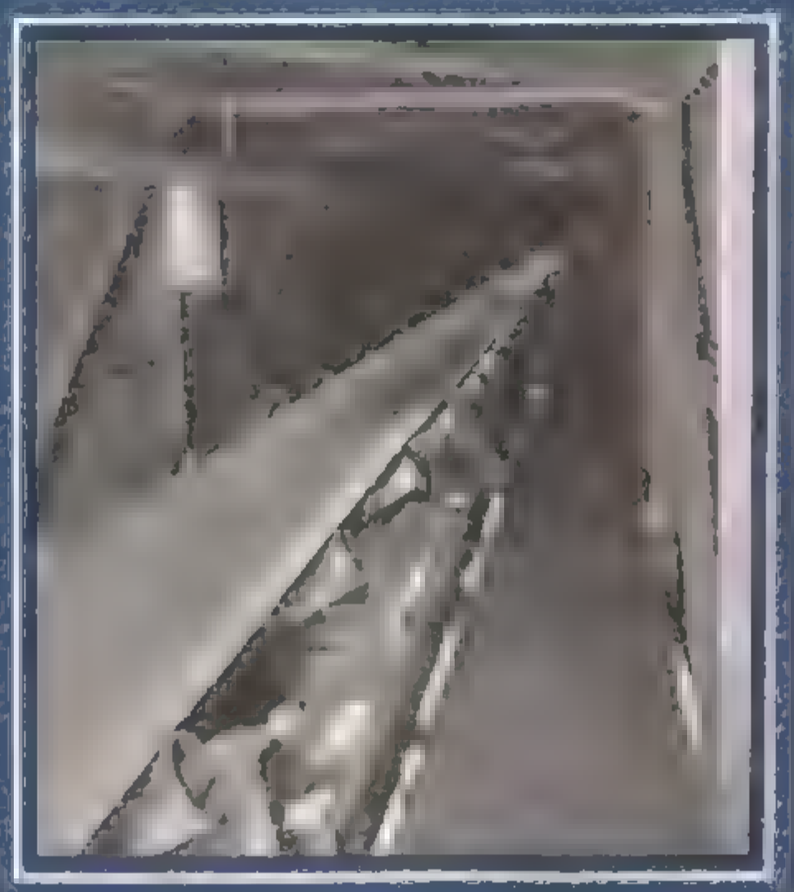

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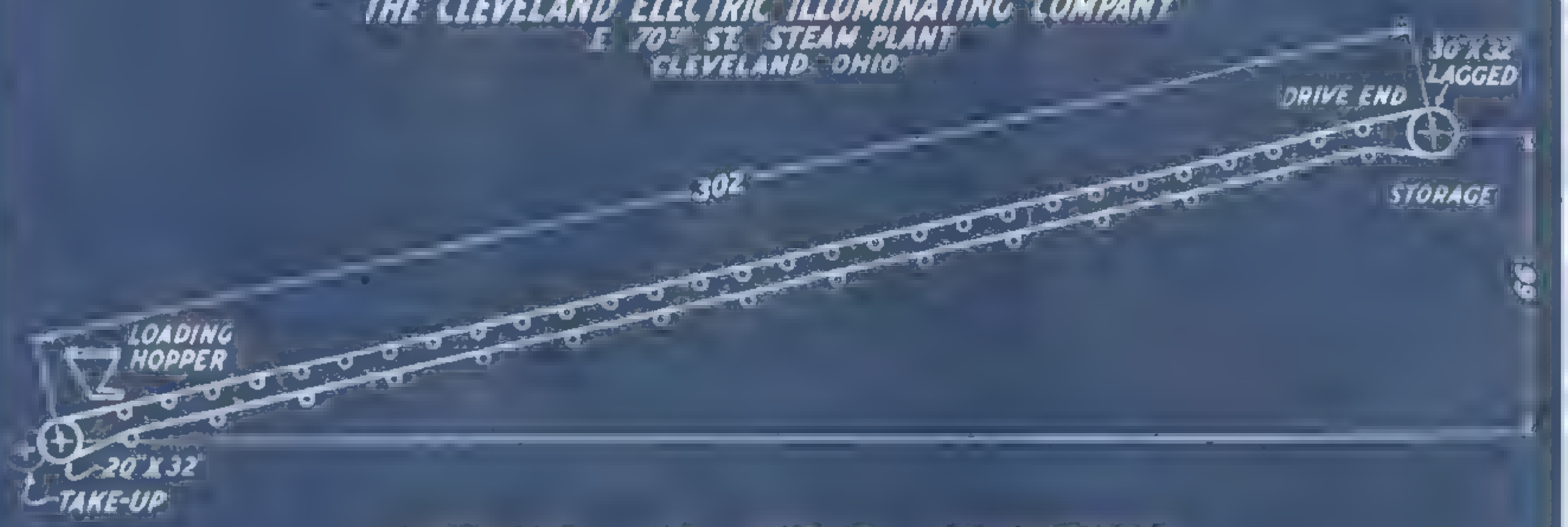

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SPEED — 400 FT. PER MIN.
30" - 6 PLY — WYOGA CONVEYOR
28 OZ. DUCK - 1/16" PULLEY 1/8 + 1/16 REINFORCED TOP COVER
MATERIAL - BITUMINOUS COAL
INSTALLED - FEB. 14, 1919
AMOUNT OF MATERIAL CARRIED TO DATE 1,000,000 TONS

SPECIFIED - GOODYEAR BELT

Blueprint sketch and photograph of Goodyear-equipped conveyor in the service of The Cleveland Electric Illuminating Company, Cleveland, Ohio

Copyright 1921, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

GOODYEAR

Longer Life, More Tons— and the G.T.M.

One conveyor after another, of good average stock, too, wore out before its time in the coal conveying service of the East 70th Street plant of The Cleveland Electric Illuminating Company, Cleveland, Ohio. Frequently less than a capacity load was carried, and in such cases the abrasive coal wore through the cover stock at the center of the belt and ate into the fabric, materially shortening the life of the belt.

Here was a problem for the G.T.M. —Goodyear Technical Man. In cooperation with the plant superintendent he carefully studied the actual conditions of service. He made a working analysis which included such facts as these: The drive is a lagged, single drive; the speed of the head pulley is 51 R.P.M.; the belt speed, 400 F.P.M.; capacity, 266 T.P.H. The belt is operated on a 300-ft. incline of 12 degrees, 37 minutes.

The G. T. M. recommended for this duty a 30-inch, 6-ply Goodyear Wyoga Conveyor, with a 1/16-inch pulley cover and a 1/8-inch top cover, reinforced to 3/16 inches in the center, to combat the heavier wear falling on this central section.

The results have proved the value of the G. T. M.'s analysis and the strength of Goodyear Belt construction. This Wyoga Conveyor was placed in service on February 14, 1919. In the last 24 months it has carried a million tons of coal. Today it looks good for another two years and another million tons.

Belts, like machines, should be specified to their jobs. Where a special condition results in unusual wear, either lowering the efficiency or shortening the life of the belt, the specification should consider that condition. This is the principle on which the G. T. M. works in the application of Goodyear Belts.

Your belting problem may be studied by a G. T. M. with profit to you. If he recommends a particular type of Goodyear Belt, you can rely on it to serve you more efficiently, more economically, over a longer period of time; because it will be not only so built as to protect our good name in your service, but be so specified to its work as to yield you full measure of its inbuilt worth.

For further information about the G. T. M. and the Goodyear Analysis Plan, write to The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.

CONVEYOR BELTS

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This felt is especially designed by Carey chemists and averages 10 per cent heavier than the standards set by the fire underwriters.

It absorbs a proportionally larger amount of asphalt and essential waterproofing oils, and carries an extra thick coating of waterproofing tempered asphalt compound.

Embedded into this better foundation is a surface coating of fire-proof crushed slate, which protects your building from roof communicated fire.

The attractive Indian Red or cool Sage Green natural slate color will never fade, and the shingles will never need painting.

It is because of the thicker base and larger amounts of expensive waterproofing materials, in proportion to cheaper surfacing, that Carey Asfaltslate Shingles wear very much longer than top-heavy shingles of similar appearance.

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Carey

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CAREY BOARD—a superior water proof [illegible] board that takes the place of lath and pl[illegible] tacking vermin proof, sound-deaden[illegible] requires no painting, insulates against heat [illegible] cold.

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The Philip Carey Company

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CORCORAN

(Continued from Page 7)

Corcoran transferred his gaze from the atmosphere to the speaker; from her to the large mirror on the wall opposite. Framed in gold, there thus appeared the reflection of a drawn face, with hollow, bloodshot eyes; a figure limp, huddled, disheveled. He straightened his shoulders, throwing back his head, shaking the hair from his forehead.

"I'm sorry, Martha. I didn't know." Seeming to remember the cup in his hands, he drained it and set it down. "I'm worried," he added after a pause.

"I know."

She had his attention now, sharply. "Have they been talking about me?"

"Oh, they're always talking! I don't pay any attention to them," Martha returned. "They were only saying that you were out late nights, and—drinking," she ended timidly.

Corcoran laughed.

"I knew it wasn't that," she continued quickly. "I knew it was something troubling you."

"How did you know?"

"I can't hardly tell; nothing that anyone else would notice."

"But you did, eh?"

"I always seem to know what you're feeling," Martha answered quietly.

"How am I feeling?"

"Awfully down, sir—terrible, as if something dreadful had happened."

"It has." There was a short silence. Then he added, "Dreadful to me, you understand, Martha; not to anyone else."

"I see." She filled his cup again, handed it to him and, standing at his shoulder, watched him drink it. "Maybe it ain't so bad as you think," she said practically. "Can't you fix it?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Couldn't someone help you?"

At her question he looked up, as if for the first time, through his bewilderment, he actually saw her.

"Couldn't I?"

The simple question appeared to have stunned him. He was silent.

"Mr. Corcoran," she continued hurriedly, "will you do as I tell you? Right away go up to your room and change and come down to breakfast with us, and try to look just as usual, as if nothing was wrong. Then if you should want to speak to me later—why, I'll be in Miss Marshall's room cleaning."

Corcoran rose. "All right, Martha. When you see the chance, knock twice at the door of my young man's suite at about half past ten."

She nodded. "I'll manage somehow. Be careful now that you don't meet anyone on the stairs as you go up. Wait a minute, I'll take a look first; then if everything's all right I'll go on, and you'll know by that ——"

She took the tray and hurried out. Corcoran followed in her wake lightly across the wide, glassy floors, waited a moment at the library entrance and, hearing her go on downstairs, whipped outside and mounted quickly. Whatever had roused him to a sense of his predicament, he was at last fully awake to it. He ran. He fairly dashed, and arrived, panting, in his own room.

He had scarcely thrown his clothes off and a bath robe upon his shoulders when a knock sounded on his door, and the voice of Potter asked apologetically, "Mr. Lovegrove wants to know, are you getting up?"

"I'm up," Corcoran answered, producing as if to order a loud, cheerful voice. "I'll be down in a few minutes."

He went into the bathroom between his room and Lovegrove's and proceeded to make himself presentable—a cold bath, a shave. Then, opening the medicine chest, he took out a small bottle labeled "Spirits of Ammonia," poured a little into a glass of water and drank it. He selected another bottle, larger and more ornate, wet a small sponge with some of the contents and dabbled it over his face. There was nothing Corcoran did not know about restoring a gentleman after a hard night. He was putting his knowledge into practice upon himself. For twenty minutes he worked methodically with various materials. Finally he surveyed himself in the glass. The change was surprising. It was as if unseen fingers had passed over his forehead and cheeks, erasing lines, tightening loosened flesh, wiping away fatigue, bringing back color. All that remained was the black look under the eyes, and this was not an unusual symptom for a young man living in a large city.

He sighed, stretching himself wearily, and went on getting into his house clothes; plastered his hair flat, black and glistening on his head; and, buttoning his coat, walked out into the hall and jauntily downstairs. Any eye might have looked him over through a magnifying glass and found him perfect.

No face at the breakfast table was so serene or so innocently amiable as Corcoran's. Jennie's, to be sure, was absent. She, Jenkenson announced with her habitual air of scorn, had a headache and was lying in bed, "like a lady." She darted a look at Corcoran as she spoke, but he was oblivious. If there was any tension beneath the smooth surface of his manner it passed unnoticed. Martha's chair, too, was empty; but she could be heard moving about in the kitchen, and once or twice her voice as Potter took the dishes through the slide. This was quite as usual. Everything was as usual except Jennie's absence, at which both Mrs. Blaine and Jenkenson muttered. Lovegrove characteristically ignored conversation. He had a letter which he read deliberately, eating his breakfast in silence. Not until he had risen and given his directions for the day did he remark that he had had word from Mrs. Marshall. She and Miss would be in town on the fourteenth.

Jenkenson made a grimace—"In three days!"

Corcoran was speaking to Lovegrove: "Yes, but our young man is going to stay in the woods a while longer, and I've that bag to send him on the twelve-fifty this afternoon. I'll take it over myself, as I've some errands to do for him first. Anything you want, sir?"

Lovegrove's expression indicated there was something, and Corcoran followed him out into the hall.

"Just a word to you," the butler explained as they went upstairs. "You're coming in late to dinner so often; and then again late to breakfast. It won't do, you know, being behindhand all the time—a bad habit."

Corcoran looked grave. "It shan't happen again, sir. Only to-night is my night off. Would you wish me not to ——"

"No, no," Lovegrove interrupted. "I'm far from wanting to take away your liberty. And you know I trust you, my boy." He fixed a kindly eye on the young man. "It's this irregularity. It has a bad effect on the other young people. That's the worst of a house out of season. Do what you will it does run down. Now this morning I found the library doors open. Carelessness! No one feels the responsibility." Lovegrove's air was vaguely worried. "I'll be glad to have the family back for more reasons than one," he added significantly. He lowered his voice. "There's that stuff in the safe. That has been on my mind a good deal lately."

"She didn't leave much, did she?" Corcoran inquired carelessly.

"Everything! Don't you remember? Jennie said there were the diamonds and Miss Marshall's pearls, not to speak of the smaller things. They ought to have been taken back to the safe deposit next morning. But she's a featherhead, that Miss of ours! Tellin' Jennie not to say anything about it, that she'd be back next week and take care of 'em, and it's goin' on three weeks now. Mr. Harry'd be wild if he knew!"

"But what could happen to 'em?" Corcoran asked. "The house is practically safe—burglar alarms and everything. No one can break in."

"Maybe not," Lovegrove grumbled. "All the same, it'll be a relief to me when it's in the bank again."

He prowled away into the drawing-room. Corcoran went on up another flight. He looked graver, now that there was no one to observe him. His face was still impassive, but it was as though a shade had fallen upon it. He entered his employer's apartment, passed through the sitting room, into the dressing room, found the bag and went about the packing of it with method. His movements were automatic. His hands seemed to find, fold the clothing and arrange it through force of habit rather than thought. He closed the satchel,

(Continued on Page 70)

Why We Are the Cleanest Clothed People in the World

Said a famous Frenchman, visiting America for the first time: "Ah—you Americans—you are the cleanest clothed people in the world. I envy you!" We have reason to believe he meant what he said.

Clothes sent "out" in Siam are usually washed in a village pond—one water for everybody's washing. Blow-can sprinkling is universal among the Chinese. In Mexico it is well known that laundresses rent out apparel of their patrons—many instances are related of men meeting their own shirts on unfamiliar backs. Europe, too, has its unusual customs.

Yet, clothes *look* clean in these countries—the difference is that here we have linked up sanitary service with our laundering. With us, clothes are sterilized as well as cleansed.

This will illustrate:

Everything in the family bundle is washed in five to ten baths of cleansing suds and rainsoft water in modern laundries.

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Clean clothes never come into contact with the soiled—wrapping in aseptic paper, in a special shipping room well removed from the receiving room, is the final step.

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To be sure of this service that is safe and saving; to be sure of protection for your own health and that of your family; to secure help that will take all of the inconvenience and work of washday out of your home, send your family washing to one of the modern laundries in your city.

THE AMERICAN LAUNDRY MACHINERY COMPANY
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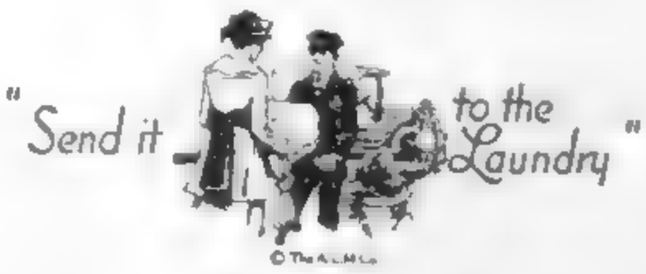

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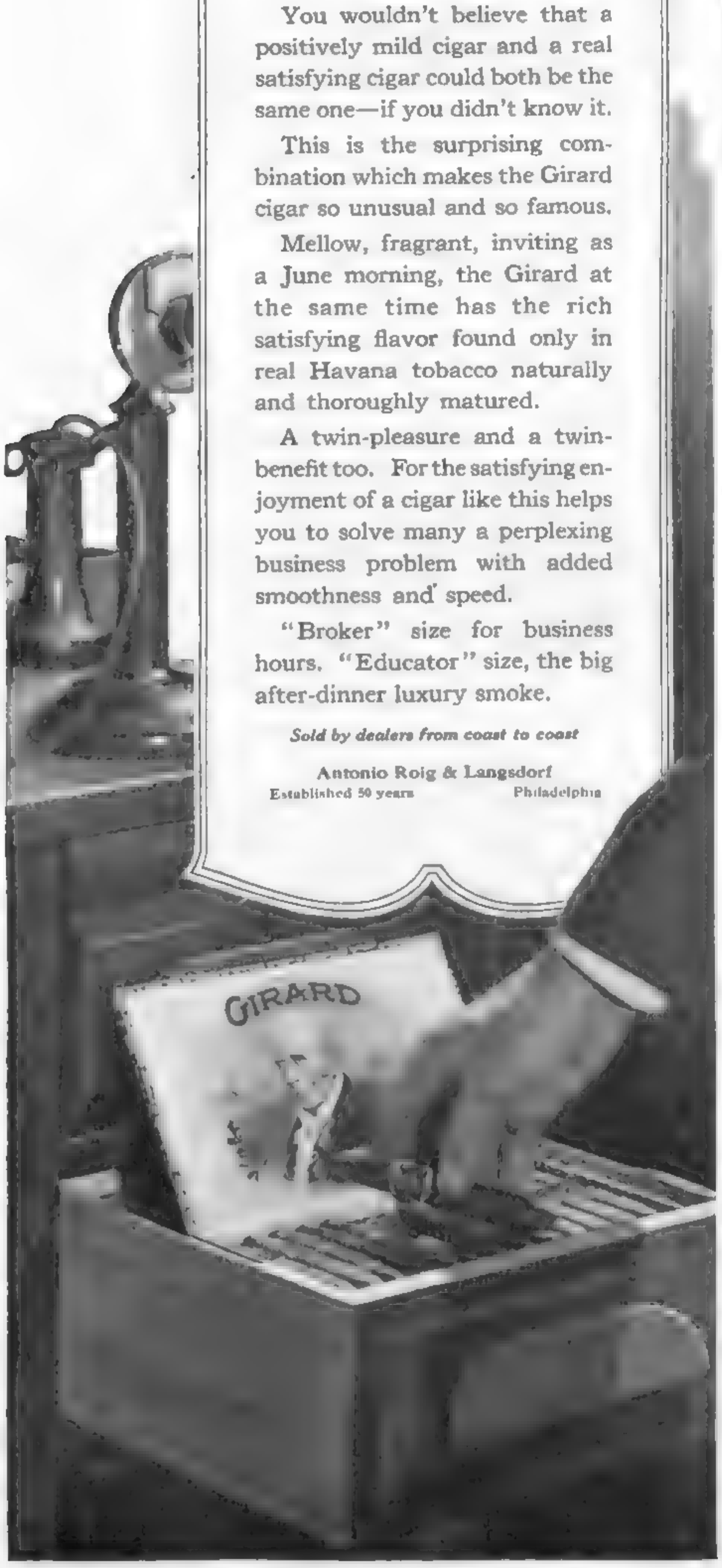

(Continued from Page 68)

locked it and, returning to the sitting room, reclined in a leather chair. In five minutes he was up again and standing at the window. He wandered restlessly back and forth across the floor. Now and then his attention fixed some small object, some ornament on a shelf, with the concentration of a crystal gazer. The clock ticked off half an hour. There was a light jar. The door of the room adjoining young Marshall's had opened and closed: That sound was followed by others—windows being flung up, a stir to and fro. These went on for some minutes. Then other steps were audible in the hall. The door of Mrs. Marshall's sitting room opened again. A voice spoke, high-pitched and birdlike—Jennie's.

His composure was disturbed. He stood still, listening. He heard Martha replying; then Jennie again. The words were indistinguishable. Now Jennie was coming out. Her tread, light and jerky, sounded distinct on the bare floors. Corcoran went on tiptoe to the door. His hand was outstretched to grasp the knob, but remained hovering above it, not touching it. He was breathing rapidly. The steps went on past. He leaned against the door frame as if suddenly overborne by the weight of his longing. He seemed to have dropped out of time, to have forgotten his surroundings. When a knock sounded on the other side of the panels he sprang back, and from a distance stared bewilderedly. The knock repeated itself softly, double, and the repetition seemed to convey a meaning to him. He approached circumspectly and opened the door. Martha slipped in quickly.

"I thought I'd never get away," she panted. Then, getting a glimpse of his face, she looked at him in amazement mingled with a touch of shyness. "Why, however do you look so different?" she stammered.

"Didn't you tell me to look as usual?" Corcoran's manner was not quite that of the breakfast table. He was simpler, less on his guard; and spoke to her as though they had been old friends, and this seemed to overwhelm her the more.

"You do look wonderful, sir," she murmured.

"And happy?"

"No, sir, not that."

Corcoran smiled.

"Martha, what makes you call me 'sir'?"

"I—I don't know. You seem that way, somehow—above most people."

He turned away, looking down at the floor. Presently he said with bitter deliberateness: "Well, I'm not. I'm as low as—as anybody. Don't laugh!" he added sharply, for Martha's lips had curled upward in a tiny smile as if at some exquisite joke. "Come over here farther from the door and sit down. I want to ask you a question."

She followed him obediently, perching herself on the edge of a chair, he leaning against the table in front of it, looking down at her.

"See here, Martha, you know something about women. Tell me"—a pause followed, while Corcoran, frowning, seemed to be trying to formulate his query from Martha's eyes—"suppose a man wanted very much to put something through, some business, say, that was dangerous. And he had to have help, and he asked the woman he was fond of to help him—and she wouldn't. What would you think of that woman? Would you think that she ——"

He came to a full stop.

"I wouldn't think she loved him, sir."

He received it like a blow in the face. He struggled for composure, trying to make his voice even.

"That's not what I mean—what she thinks of him. You couldn't know anything about that. I wouldn't ask you. I mean, would you think she was afraid?"

Martha's voice sounded faint.

"She might be."

"Or mightn't she think it was a bad thing that he wanted, and that she was too good for such things—too pure?" His voice touched the last word gently.

"Maybe she might think she was too good; and maybe she might be, really," Martha returned stubbornly. "But if she thought that way about herself she wouldn't love him. If she loved him she wouldn't think about herself at all. She'd think of him, and if it was bad for him she'd stop him."

"Suppose she couldn't. Suppose he was in too far to stop."

Martha struggled with the problem.

"I don't know," she said at last. "I guess there's two kinds of women—the kind that'll drop you flat, and then the other kind that stick through everything."

"There are three kinds of women," Corcoran said softly.

"Eh?" Martha stammered.

A look of strain had appeared about Corcoran's eyes and forehead. He went on as if to himself. "There's the kind that throws you down and picks you up again."

"Most women," Martha ventured, "if they like a man'll do anything for him."

"That's what they say."

"It's true!" she declared with sudden passion. A wave of color covered her face and faded, leaving her paler than ever. "I'd do anything in the world to help you," she said.

It was Corcoran who changed color now.

"Martha, you mustn't say that."

But the girl had lost all self-consciousness. She rose, standing in front of him.

"Try me!"

"Try you?" Corcoran murmured.

He looked her slowly over. There was no grossness in the glance that took in her whole appearance from head to foot. He seemed to be looking at a miracle, at something incredible that had appeared there before him, that he was a little afraid of

"You don't know what you're talking about," he declared. "Anything to help me? Why, you haven't any idea of the sort of things men want!"

"You haven't any idea of the things women want!" Martha retorted.

"Oh, haven't I?" Corcoran muttered.

Martha looked at him deeply. Before the clear gray probe of her eyes his own flickered and turned aside.

"Was Jennie talking to you a little while ago?" he asked suddenly in a hard voice.

She met it stoically.

"Yes."

"What did she want?"

"To find you. She seemed awful anxious about something."

Corcoran tried to keep up the immovable front, but in spite of him it was crumbling. Perhaps the walls of the room still contained for him the echo of Jennie's voice. Perhaps the sound of her name evoked a memory of the night before in the drawing-room, her nearness, her arms clasping him. His eyes were fixed upon Martha with a beseeching expression. "Tell me!" it seemed to ask.

Martha returned the look with a steadiness that ignored its meaning.

"Why won't you let me help you?"

He faltered. "What makes you think you can?"

"You thought so a few moments back."

"You're a queer girl, Martha. You do seem to know." He broke off, frowning. "It's this way," he went on. "Yesterday afternoon, if you had said that, I might have taken you up; but, you see, since then I've found out that you can't count on people. I mean you can never tell what they'll do."

"I'll do exactly what you say."

"Will you?" He hesitated. "Because if you do I think it will be perfectly safe. Mind—I say 'think.' There's always the chance that someone—we're not going to be the only ones in it, you see."

She nodded eagerly. "I ain't afraid."

Corcoran, sitting on the edge of the table, began to speak. The story flowed from his lips readily. If there were pauses, these might have been merely for the selection of the clearest, most effective words. It appeared that young Mr. Marshall—Mr. Harry—had received an anonymous letter, forwarded to him at his camp in Maine, informing him that on the twelfth, at one o'clock—that was to-morrow morning—the house was to be entered. That was all—the bare fact, no explanation of whom the writer of the mysterious warning had secured his information or why the thieves themselves should suppose there were valuables here; most unusual, of course, there should be in a house closed for the summer.

Mr. Marshall had written to Corcoran, saying that in his opinion the thing was a hoax. He did not want the police informed. Nevertheless, in order to be on the safe side, he had communicated with a private detective agency to send two men. Corcoran was to admit them, to conduct them to the dressing room in Miss Marshall's suite, where the safe was, and to remain, himself, outside the door to give warning if suspicious sounds were heard.

On one point Mr. Marshall had been very clear: He wanted none of the other servants to know. Lovegrove was old and nervous, Potter stupid, the women, of

(Continued on Page 73)

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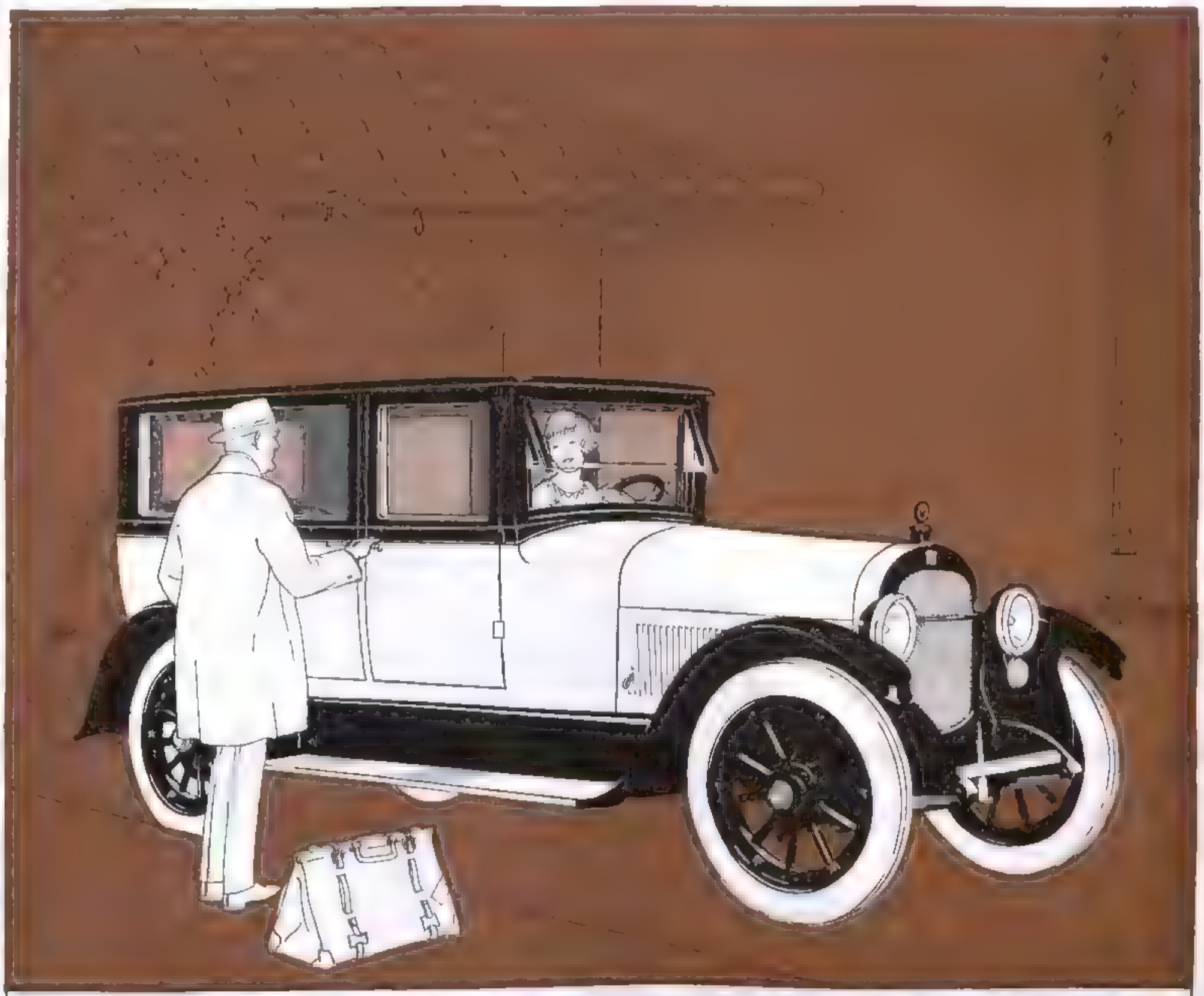

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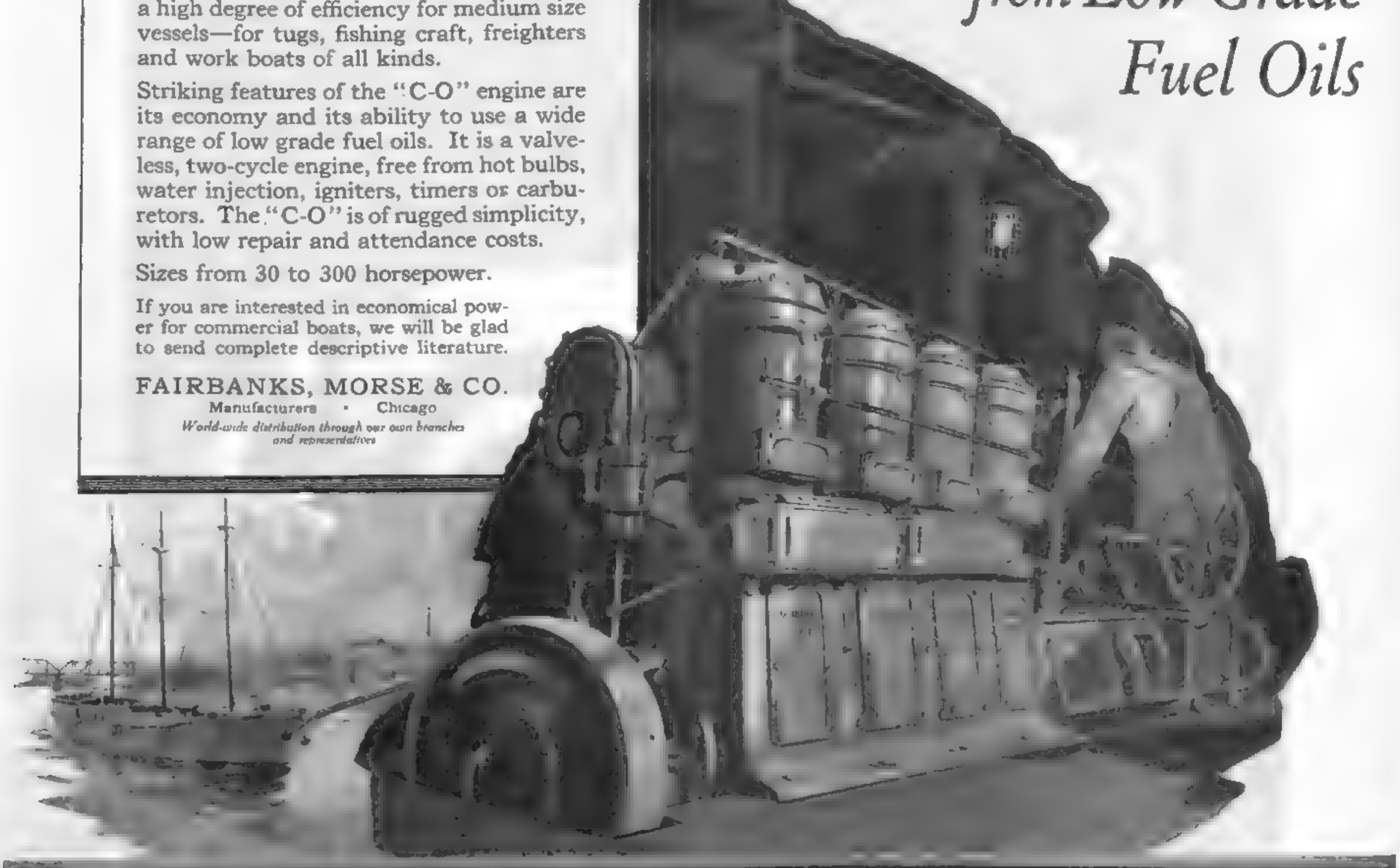

FAIRBANKS-MORSE

(Continued from Page 70)

course, worse than nothing, hysterical. However, when he had visited the detective agency the chief had insisted that Corcoran wait in the room with the detectives. This official had pointed out that if there was a gang three would be none too many. Or suppose anything went wrong, the valet knowing the house, the location of the light switches, telephones, side stairs and all that, it would be extremely useful to have him on the spot. In his opinion, the chief said, a woman was always the best lookout. Take a woman with any nerve at all, she's apt to have more than a man, and a lot more subterfuge. For suppose the butler or one of the maids should be aroused, what would they see but one of the other servants, a girl, who could easily invent a pretext for being there, if necessary pretend to faint in order to distract attention?

He waited, and looked inquiringly at Martha. She had been leaning forward, absorbing the story as if it flowed from the source of truth itself. Evidently there was no question in her mind as to the logic of the points made.

"Is that what you want me to do, sir?" she inquired.

"Yes. Be on the watch outside your door at quarter of one. As I go up with the men I'll flash on my electric torch. That'll be the signal for you to come. Stand outside the door after I go in, and under no circumstances try to open it. If you hear any sounds of people moving in the lower part of the house, turn the handle of the door once, and then go immediately upstairs and stay there. You understand?"

"Yes, sir. And if Lovegrove or Jenkenson rouses up and starts to come down, I'm to go straight to meet 'em and pretend I'm ill—out of my head, maybe, and faint."

"That's it. Probably no one will come. In that case, wait until the two men come out and go downstairs. I shall stay in the room. Don't try to speak to me or see me. Just go straight upstairs and to bed."

"Just only that?"

"It's quite enough, Martha," Corcoran said dryly. "Now there are two things you must not forget: First, as soon as the detectives leave the room you're to go straight upstairs, paying no attention to me; second, never let out a word of what I've told you to anyone in the house—never!"

Her smile was actually superior.

"Oh, no, Mr. Corcoran, I'll never do that! You can depend on me."

"And, Martha, you know there'll be a reward for you."

"Money?" Again she smiled. "There ought to be a reward in it for you, Mr. Corcoran, for you'll be in danger. But for me—I wouldn't. I'll do it just for the reason I told you in the first place." She had risen as she spoke, and now she turned away. "I'll be outside my room at quarter of one waiting when you come up with the two gentlemen. You can depend on me."

She walked from him quickly, and without looking back passed out of the room, closing the door softly behind her.

Corcoran remained for a moment very still. His crisis had passed quickly, easily—more easily, perhaps, than he had expected. He had what he wanted; but there was no sign of relief in his face. The shadow upon it seemed to have deepened. He went more slowly than usual into the dressing room, took up the bag he had packed and carried it with him to his own room, where he changed again into street clothes.

It was noon when he left the house, choosing the side door; and, walking to the Avenue, he hailed a taxi and was driven to the Pennsylvania Station. Here he dismissed the cab, checked the valise, and then, descending into the terminal, boarded a northbound Subway train. At Fiftieth Street he left it, and walked west past garages and the back doors of theaters and restaurants, then beneath the Elevated tracks into an even more desolate region of decayed brownstone fronts, their original ugliness overlaid with the added ugliness of dirt. On one of these blocks, capping the corner, stood a small building of brick with dormer windows under a steep roof—a bleared and dreary little building. Its age, for this city of young skyscrapers, was obviously great. Possibly in the old coaching days it had stood here in the fields beside what was then the Post Road and offered entertainment to wayfarers. That it still offered entertainment appeared from the dim gilt sign upon the front; but such entertainment a man who thought well of himself would hesitate to accept. One had only to look at what came and went through its swinging doors.

Passing these, Corcoran glanced neither to right nor left. He was whistling softly. He turned the corner. His whistle ceased. Still he did not look about—merely crossed, shadowlike, the threshold of the side entrance. Within he was confronted by another door. Between its upper panels was an aperture like a small window, in which a man's face appeared. The door opened before Corcoran touched it.

"Rice here, Charlie?" he asked.

"Both of 'em," the man replied without taking his eyes from the window.

Corcoran walked on past the bar along a narrow passage into a small, isolated room. It was without windows. Its atmosphere was stale with the odors of spilled whisky and smoked cigars—heavy, vitiated and exhausted by the breath of a long procession of departed occupants. A few electric lights burned, filling the place with a dreary brilliance.

Beneath one of these at a small table sat a man with a large, bleak jaw. His head was tilted back against the wall; the lower part of his face was practically all that could be seen of it. One felt there were strong teeth in that jaw, and the short fingers around the glass were covered with hair. Standing impatient, tilting on his heels, was another man, in type singularly like Corcoran; only where Corcoran's face was sensitive, his was callous; where Corcoran's eyes were fine, his were merely hard—hard, cold, unchanging, without hesitation and without regret. He flashed about, irritation in his manner, which quickly controlled itself.

"Hullo, Jim! Kept you at home, did them?"

"I'm only five minutes late," Corcoran said coolly.

"Got it fixed?"

"Yes."

"Is she all right?"

"Depends on what you mean by 'all right,'" Corcoran replied, sitting down.

"What I mean? What do you mean?" Rice bent forward sharply.

"Just what I say." Corcoran's manner here was very different from what it was in the house where he was employed. However unpracticed he may have been in the experiences which these men professed, he met the two now with a firmness and an unconcern equal to their own. "I have to tell you, Rice," he continued, "that she doesn't know the inside of the business."

"What do you mean, doesn't know? Why not?"

"She's a good girl."

"That'll squeal on us afterward," the man with the jaw said. His voice was hoarse and weak, subterranean in quality.

Corcoran glanced at him.

"That she won't! She mightn't have come in if she'd known the facts first; but, once in, she'll hold her tongue."

"Well, she's your girl," the man called Rice remarked. "You ought to know. What I can't understand is, if you didn't tell her everything, what did ——"

"Like this," Corcoran explained, and outlined rapidly the plan he had retailed to Martha.

At the end Rice smiled.

"You certainly are a wonder, Jim. Some little imagination! You don't think she suspects anything?"

"Not a word!"

"All the same, I don't like it," the man with the jaw insisted. "Everything or nothing, I say. These innocent skirts that don't know what they're into, they're likely to find somethin' out afterward and raise a howl."

"See here," Rice began, "what would she raise a howl for? Jim'll have the money, and he's going to take her away with him, abroad. Ain't you, Jim?"

Corcoran, a little rigid, answered "Yes."

"Well, you see," Rice appealed to his confederate, "if she's half as crazy about Jim as he thinks, she'll be a lamb. Good idea, rather, not having her in the know."

"In or out," the other grumbled, "I wisht we didn't have a woman. They're always mixin' it. Smart, only you can never tell!"

"Well," Corcoran replied, "you know from the first I didn't want a woman in it." He turned to Rice again. "I don't see the necessity of having one now."

"And I do," Rice retorted. "Who'll be the lookout while we're tying you up? Say, what's the matter with you? You're not afraid of her?" He fixed Corcoran with his bright, hard eyes.

"I'm not afraid she'll welsh, if that's what you mean; but, as I told you, she's innocent."

"They're all innocent in the beginning," Rice observed, "and look at 'em! Look at you! You were as innocent as a baby when I came across you, and yet I've never known a man with a better nerve—no, nor a better face for the job. Nothing comes through; nothing shakes you."

"I don't mean that. I'd just rather she stayed out of it."

"You want her to stay innocent, and you a crook?" Rice became very earnest. "Jim, you're wrong. Get her in with you—in deep. The deeper she is the safer you'll be. And anyhow," he broke off, "what's the use arguing? It's too late to drop her out now. For suppose you say to her, 'We won't need you after all, little girl. Run away and forget about it.' What's to prevent her blowing the gaff on us in the morning? Oh, I know what's the matter with you! Sentiment! You think she'll keep still for your sake? Well, I've never had any sentiment, and I've never been caught." He lit a cigarette and tossed away the burning match. "No, in she stays! If she talks afterward ——"

"She won't talk," Corcoran said quietly. "About that tying up, Rice," he continued, "will you have to make it so I can't really get free?"

"Depends on how much suspicion you want."

Rice seemed to regard the matter in a humorous light, and Corcoran smiled.

"Not any. Go easy on the gag, though, won't you?"

"That'll be all right. I'm not going to hand any rough stuff to as good a pal as you." He drew up a chair to Corcoran's. "Now, how about that stuff?"

With heads close together they discussed certain details of their affair, speaking carefully, with lowered voices. At half past one they separated, Corcoran leaving first.

A peculiar vacuity seemed to have descended upon him. His face resembled a fine, expressionless mask, and he moved like something operated by a force outside itself. An unseen hand pulled the strings, and he crossed the city, hailed a bus, reached the house.

It was two o'clock when he entered, but the disturbance of cleaning still possessed the lower stories. The purr of the vacuum cleaner was audible in the family's dining room. Otherwise the second floor seemed deserted. He had reached the middle of the hall when a sound caused him to look up. People were talking on the stair above. Unobserved, he came into full sight of them. Jennie was fronting him. Her pretty, childlike face was transformed. It wore the expression of a pinched Medusa, fixed and malevolent. Martha's he couldn't see. Her back was toward him. She was holding a pile of linen in her arms, grasping it as if with the force of her agitation. His foot slipped on the first step, and Jennie clapped her hand to her mouth.

"There he is!" she gasped.

Martha gave one glance over her shoulder and, clutching her burden, hastened on, running. Jennie held her ground, though she clung a little to the banister, for Corcoran had not smiled at sight of her, but merely continued to come steadily on. Her face set.

"Where were you this morning, Jim?"

He was opposite her now. He turned on her abruptly. Going up to her, scarcely moving his lips, he asked in a dry, level undertone, "Didn't you want to keep out of this?"

She formed a noiseless "Yes."

"Then keep out. Keep way outside."

She was frightened, but still somewhat angry.

"I was only asking her why she told me this morning you'd gone out of the house when you hadn't. I saw you, myself, leave an hour after."

"Why should Martha know where I am?"

She stammered, "Isn't she—is Martha going to ——"

Corcoran grew white.

"Did you ask her that?"

"N-no. I only ——"

"You were going to." His hand closed hard on her wrist. He put his face close to hers. "Do you want to go to Paris with me?"

She nodded, speechless, now thoroughly terrified.

"Then hold your tongue! Don't ask anyone any questions. Don't ask me!

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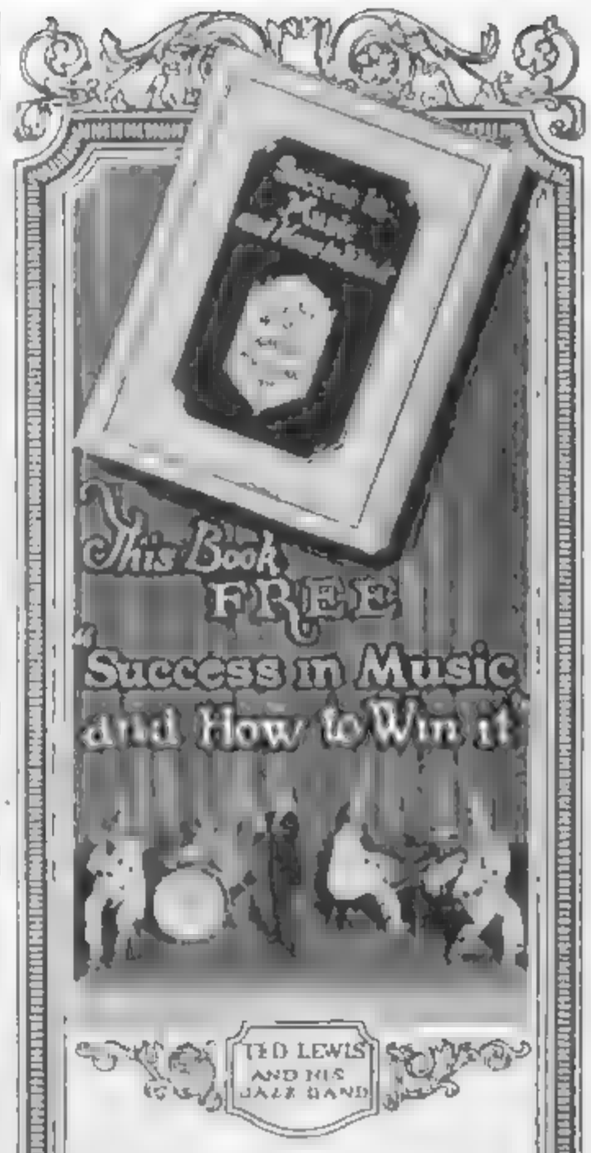

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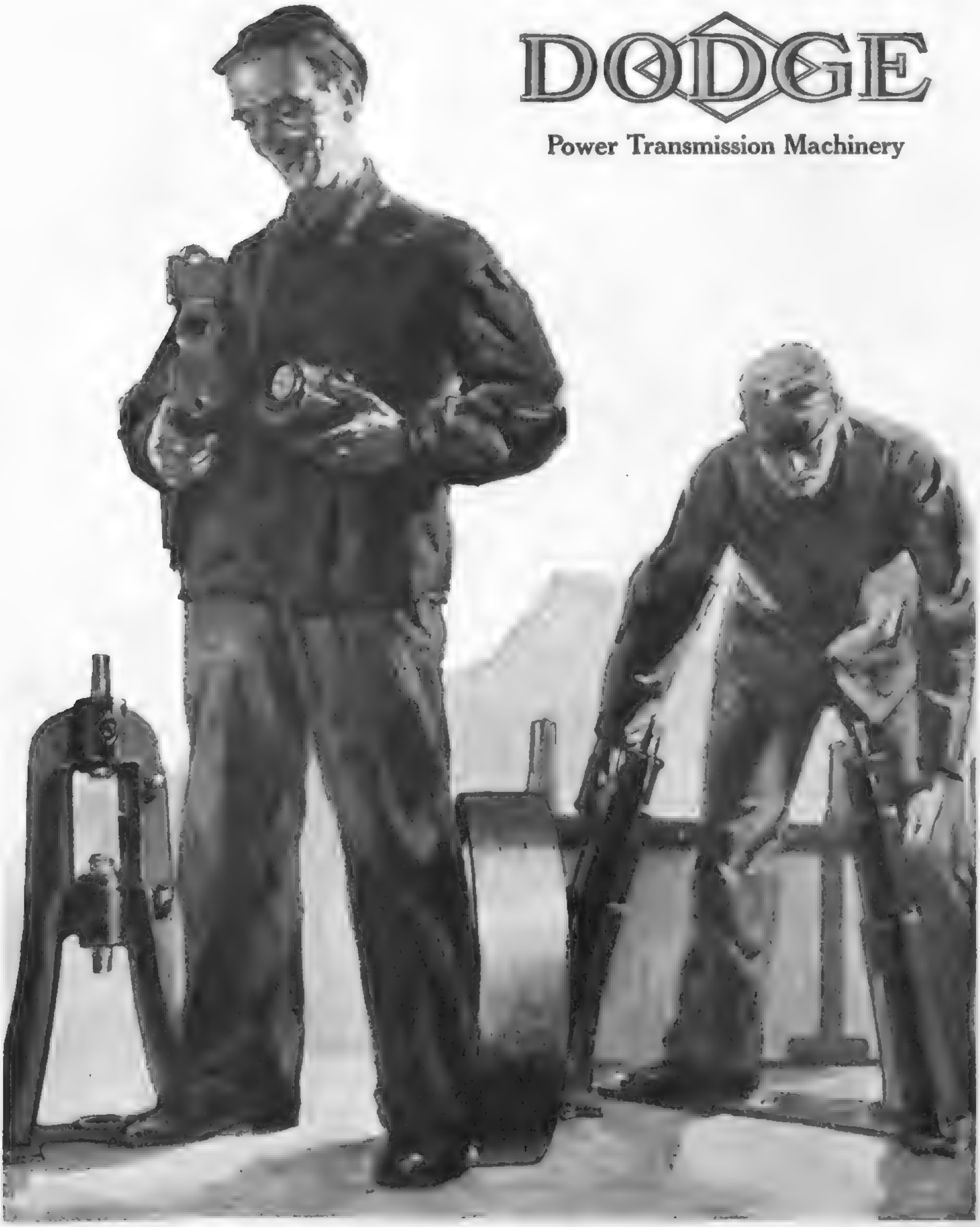

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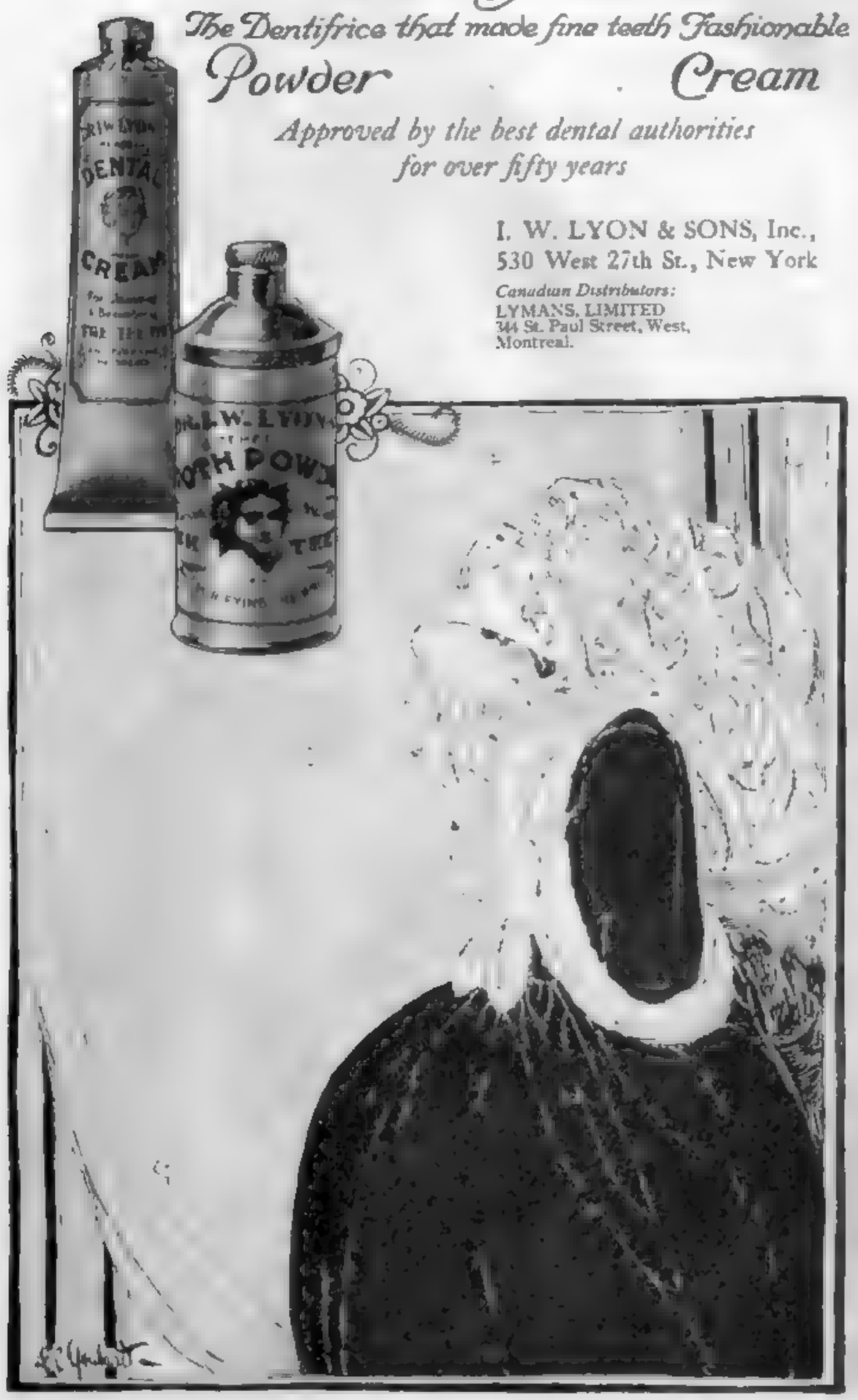

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Keep away from me! I'll see you when I'm ready—to-morrow, perhaps; perhaps the day after."

He released her, gave her a look, warning, menacing, such a look as she had never had from this most submissive of lovers, and went on up the stairs without looking back.

She crept downward, trembling. She had been on her way to the laundry to inquire why Miss Marshall's blouses had not been sent up, and she was so stunned that Jenkenson, sorting handkerchiefs, spoke irascibly to her twice without eliciting a retort.

"Idle, good-for-nothing hussy!" Jenkenson grumbled. "Not a stroke have you done since breakfast! No, nor for a week! Mrs. Marshall shall hear of it from me, miss, depend on that."

Jennie smiled vaguely. It may have occurred to her that very soon—to-morrow, perhaps—she would no longer be at the mercy of any lady's disapproval. For the rest of the afternoon she went about in a dream. At intervals she pulled up her sleeve and looked at the mark of his fingers on her wrist, surreptitiously, tenderly, as though it were a gift he had fastened there. At six o'clock, peering through the crack of her door, she saw him come out of his room, correct, composed, preoccupied. She followed him furtively at a safe distance. He did not stop; neither spoke to anyone nor was spoken to. She heard him go unhesitatingly through the basement passage, knew he had left the house; and, from between the folds of the curtains, watched him walking away. A cloth cap was pulled down firmly on his head. His cane swung briskly. He was walking off into the unknown, leaving her behind, and her eyes declared her perplexity as to how this situation had come about.

What had happened? Who had done this to him? Who? That was it—a personal influence. She studied Martha cautiously across the table that evening. This girl whom she had never noticed—now she was acutely conscious of every motion; motions, however, without significance, cutting bread, pouring coffee, running between table and slide. Martha's face, too, was inexpressive, dull, the ideal face for a conspirator. There was not one wrinkle upon the surface of the scene to suggest faintly that anything unusual could ever happen. Not even Corcoran's name was mentioned. Everyone was languid, sleepy, yawning after the hard day's work; and the effect of the general attitude on a shallow mind was hypnotic. At nine-thirty Jennie took a magazine and went upstairs. After half an hour's struggle to keep awake she abandoned the attempt and put out her light.

One after another, Potter, Jenkenson, Mrs. Blaine, Martha and, finally, at ten-thirty, Lovegrove, snapping off electric bulbs as he went, mounted to the top story and closed their doors. A serene quiet enveloped the house.

Martha, lying on her bed with a dressing gown over her night clothes, stared at the space of her open window. It was on the side and rather far back. Nevertheless, the street noises reached her faintly; the sounds of cars, the rush of motors, the voices of pedestrians clear in the still air. An hour passed; half an hour more. The sounds without grew fewer. Intervals followed when there were none at all. At quarter past twelve she got out of bed and went to the window. Flattening herself against the wall so that she could see without being seen, she watched the street. At twenty minutes past a figure came into view in the narrow aperture between the two houses. It was in uniform, and moved with a deliberate gait—the officer on the beat, Policeman X. After he had disappeared, the regular footfall was still audible—one, two, three—six. They had stopped. He would be standing directly in front of the house. Why standing in front of a house all dark and silent and as it should be at this hour? The girl, with her hands against her breast, suspended breathing. By the clock this pause lasted three minutes. The steps resumed, loitering and continuous, growing fainter.

She drew a long breath. For a quarter of an hour longer she remained leaning against the wall, her eyes on the street. The footsteps did not return. Drawing her gown about her, fastening the cord, she crossed the room and went softly out.

Far down, in the wide well of the staircase, past the whole dark series of doors and walls, glowed a yellowish spot of light, the one point of illumination in the house. Leaning upon the banister, she looked down at it. Beneath it the floor of the entrance hall appeared like a rectangle of old gold. All else was dark, black. And now an extraordinary suspense, empty and dead as the pause of life itself. Then something that was not quite a sound; nothing that could have an echo to the most sensitive ear; and yet down there in the emptiness there was a change, a vibration that seemed to charge the atmosphere, waking it. She fixed her eyes on the illuminated rectangle of the floor far below. There was no shadow; and then there was a shadow—one, two, three, following one another across the golden space. They passed out of her line of vision.

Shadows make no noise, and they only appear when there is light to give them outline; but they exist, even in darkness. The first shadow, invisible, but acutely and rather fearfully alive, looked up and saw above him a small, pale, intent face shining dimly in the radiance that ascended between the coiled banisters. It hovered there between the ceiling and the well with an expression of expectancy that amounted to suffering. It was looking into the obscurity of the landing, and in a moment a round, white disk bloomed there upon the darkness. It shone an instant on an opening door, and the legs and feet of two other shadows going in, then made a dart and rested upon the ascending stairs.

The face was withdrawn, and to the waiting shadow reappeared again, a gray blot descending against darkness, gradually, as it approached, defining itself—no less strange for being so near. It looked curiously thin, fragile, transparent, illuminated by a singular beauty that was not faith, though that might have been a part of its white emotion. It stopped not more than a foot distant from the waiting shadow. The voice between its lips was scarcely a breath.

"Where do I stand?" it said.

The shadow continued to regard it in stupefaction. Such a face in such a business! Who could have reckoned on it?

A hand touched him remindingly. He took the hand, cold and tense, and led the figure toward a door.

"Stand here," he whispered, and for a moment longer continued to look with an expression of gathering desperation. It was as though he wanted to speak to the eyes that were regarding him so fearlessly, to produce words that would change that expression of theirs to comprehension of what they were looking at, to horror and revulsion. All at once he bent down over her until his mouth approached her forehead, but he did not touch it, did not utter a word—could not, perhaps. He opened the door. It closed again immediately, leaving the girl solitary.

Her back was turned to the white panels. She stood some three feet out from them, her arms drawing her gown about her. Her gaze fixed itself on the broad descent of the stair. Anything that moved upon it, or in the hall below, she could have seen; and she appeared to expect, as the moments passed, that there would be something. Occasionally she moved her head to glance aside and upward; but from above evidently her anticipation was not so keen. It was to the scene below that her vision returned and traveled, wide and anxious, considering the windows, the chairs, the reflections upon the floor, the mirrors, all the objects, so familiar, that seemed now to have put on for her distended eyes an alarming aspect. She had shown no fear in Corcoran's presence; but now that he had gone and she was confronted by harmless, inanimate things fear seemed to have wakened. She seemed to listen to the silence as though it were audible, a dreadful voice speaking slowly, of which she dared not miss a syllable.

The clock struck a single melodious note, the quarter past. She shivered, and made a nervous retreat back toward the door, spreading out her arms; then set her teeth, drawing herself up with a rally of determination. Her body was trembling. She leaned her head back, almost touching the panels, her hands holding the framework on either side. Had she been standing two feet out in the hall she could not have heard, but she was actually touching the wood.

There was first a slight, a very slight, concussion and then a faint throb of sound, all but inaudible, dull, strange An explosion a hundred miles away might have

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"I Know You, Velvet—"

"Why, bless your heart of Burley, your *daddy* is old Prize Kentucky Leaf—and Mother Nature mellowed you while you ripened two years in wooden hogsheads.

"I'd know you on the first puff—so full of life. I'd know you on the last load—so good and tasty."

And as Velvet Joe says:

"A man may be alone with his pipe an' Velvet, but he's never lonely."

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(Continued from Page 76)

sounded thus; but the girl's senses, stretched on the rack of the past hour, appeared to recognize it as coming from the room behind her—the one place from which she had expected nothing. Footsteps she had expected, people, threatening forms. But this! The strangeness of it, something past comprehension, terrible in its mystery, acted upon her like a poison overwhelming her faculties, leaving nothing but panic. She turned and opened the door.

Something sprang and seized her and dragged her in. The door was shut. The room around her was light and filled with gray smoke. On the floor in front of the safe a figure crouched. The safe was open, and the figure held something glittering in its hand. Its head was turned toward her, but where there should have been features was something black. All this appeared dreamlike, and in the midst of it Corcoran's face, white, fearful and appalled. She tried to reach it, but was held. A small, cold, unyielding surface was pressed against the middle of her body. She gave no heed to it. Some words spoken in her ear she seemed not to understand. Her imploring eyes, filled with an agony greater than fear, were fixed on his. Her lips opened. Whisper or shriek, it was not articulated. There was again a dull sound, smaller and lighter than the first. Her eyes stared, still imploring his—fixed. A shudder passed through her, and her body began to slide downward. The being who held it laid it on the floor.

The figure beside the safe was upon its feet, had reached the door and opened it. Two shadows converged upon the threshold, passed out upon the landing, flitted on the stair and were gone without a sound.

In the room, in the light, Corcoran remained standing where he had been when Martha had opened the door. It was still open a little. He did not notice it. He was aware of nothing apparently but Martha's figure stretched out upon its back. He advanced as if he feared to startle her and, standing over her, looked down into her face. What he saw caused him to move suddenly, making a quick dart aside, bringing up almost against the wall. From here he continued to observe her. Her head had settled to one side, and her eyes, half open, with a drowsy gleam, seemed to be watching him. They appeared to exert a singular fascination upon him, for now he took a step forward as if again to approach her. His foot struck against something. Almost under his heel was a string of pearls.

He stared at it; then, throwing back his head, glanced sharply about the room, noting as if for the first time the strange condition of the place. Black cloths at the windows. The door of the safe, detached, lay on the rug like the cover of a box that has been lifted off. The safe itself was empty. The interior held his attention for a moment, during which his face grew, if that were possible, a shade more white. He stooped, and his hand approached the pearls. All the while his eyes, with a certain caution, watched the recumbent figure. It was motionless. Nevertheless, he did not take up the necklace. He rose again and, after a moment's hesitation, began to move, not toward the figure, but softly, keeping close to the wall, past it. He took three steps; the power of motion seemed to fail him. He stopped and turned slowly. He spoke in a low voice.

"What is it that you want me to do?"

The figure remained speechless.

Corcoran again formed words: "Whatever you want me to do, I will."

The drowsy eyes did not move. They continued, unwinking, fixed, to inclose him in their stare. He made a stride backward and, groping behind him without looking, found the telephone and took the receiver from the hook. The voice with which he spoke into the instrument was higher than usual and showed a tendency to break. He called the East River station, and presently addressed some voice at the other end of the wire:

"There's been an accident here—a woman shot." He gave the house number and the address. "Send someone as soon as you can," and immediately hung up.

He continued to wait with the attentive expression of someone expecting an order, expecting, perhaps, the figure there on the floor to unlock the mystery of its lips. But this, curiously, was ceasing to resemble a figure. It seemed also to have grown smaller. The quiet of the room was unbroken. There was no sound in the house. But from beyond it, from some distance in a street outside, there began to sound a shrill, piercing, continuous ringing, growing louder, drawing nearer at fearful speed, bursting out of the silence like a prolonged shriek.

Corcoran leaped. He stooped, snatched up the string of pearls, thrusting them into his pocket, darted through the door and down the stair. From the window of the next floor he had a glimpse of a black-bodied car with a driver in white and a white figure on the rear step flashing past—past, down the street! An ambulance!

Still he did not stop. As if the mechanism of self-preservation had set him going beyond hope of return, he fled. With strange deliberation, trembling, cautious, he reached the side door, and here he pulled his cap down a little farther and, reaching toward the umbrella stand, drew out his cane. He got his breath with a sob. Like a swimmer plunging into a dangerous sea, he stepped out. The street was quiet and appeared deserted.. Without hesitating, not looking about, and by some superhuman effort keeping himself to a normal gait, he walked steadily west and crossed the Avenue.

As he did so another figure, this one in uniform and wearing a metal shield on its tunic, emerged from the shadow of two walls a few doors beyond the one of Corcoran's exit. Corcoran's figure was disappearing in the park. The uniform began to move briskly in that direction, but was diverted presently by sounds behind it—a motor, then voices. A car had stopped in front of the Marshall house, and from this other uniforms were emerging. They disappeared in the hooded doorway. The first uniform by this time had reached the other side of the Avenue and, though it lingered a moment as if to observe, it did not turn back.

Meanwhile Corcoran had entered the park. There among the deserted paths, under the trees, he began to run—to run like a madman pursued by a thousand footsteps. Sick, trembling, dripping with perspiration, he came to a halt on a space of turf; and here he finally gazed long and searchingly about. He stooped and, prying up some sod with his knife, hid the pearls beneath it. He rose, looked again—nothing—no one. He wiped the sweat from his forehead and readjusted his cap. His face was still white, but it was no longer mad. It had become again the face of a man who thinks—however tortuously and dreadfully—and those thoughts, whatever they were, directed his eyes first to the lighted towers emerging above the southern fringe of trees, and from there, with a slow turn of the head, back toward the northeast. He slid noiselessly out from between the bushes and began to follow one of the more obscure paths.

Now running, now walking, he hurried south. As often as he observed the apparently empty spaces beneath the autumn trees, so often a thick shadow managed to avoid him. He emerged upon the traffic of Fifty-ninth Street, and in one of the largest hotels, populous even at this hour, he dispatched a telegram to Harry Marshall. It informed him that the bag had been sent at noon that day. On his way out Corcoran took pains to speak to the doorkeeper, whom he knew. He glanced at his watch. Two o'clock. He passed out into the crowd, going with it east for two blocks. On the opposite side of the street a figure in a uniform kept half a block in the rear; but Corcoran did not look back. He moved like a man who knows exactly his direction. He rounded a corner and began to walk north. The uniform crossed hastily and, choosing the next parallel street, hurried at a gait that threatened each moment to break into a run. At the first cross street he waited, looking east, and presently Corcoran's figure appeared, still going steadily north. The uniform boarded a car. Within one block of the street he had originally quitted he swung again to the pavement, and—very deliberately this time—loitered eastward, lingering in the shadow of houses.

Corcoran moved briskly, like a man conscious of being behind time. His cane swung in his hand. His face, always pale, looked intent but calm. He was within a block of his own corner when he saw a tall, uniformed figure advancing unhurried. Corcoran came straight on. As he drew near he made a sign of recognition. It was the officer on the beat, Policeman X.

"A nice night," Corcoran remarked.

"It is that," the other agreed, turning and catching step. "Just gettin' home?"

"Yes, it's my evening free, you know. We had a little game. And afterward I had to send a message I'd forgotten to Mr. Marshall."

"How long since you left the house?"

The young man thought.

"Six-thirty. Why?"

"There's been an accident there," Policeman X said.

Corcoran's face was blank.

"An accident?"

"Yes. They'll be wanting you "

Policeman X looked steadily into the young man's eyes. They expressed nothing, but his voice was anxious.

"What's the matter?"

"They'll tell you," Policeman X replied. "You'd best be getting on and not keep them waiting." He linked his arm in Corcoran's as he spoke, and they walked briskly.

"Can't you tell me? Don't you know?"

"I'm off now—was off before it happened. And even if I hadn't been ——"

He broke off. They were approaching the house, and as they reached the doorway a figure in uniform stepped out from the shadow. Policeman X addressed him. "Something wrong, Jack?"

"Just a little. Who's this?" he added.

"Corcoran, young Marshall's valet. He was on his way home when I met him."

"Oh!" the other uniform remarked with a straight look.

"I saw the chief's car out in front here," Policeman X continued, "and so I ——"

He paused.

Corcoran stared from one to the other. "Is this something for the police?"

"It seems that way, young feller," the officer called Jack remarked.

His manner was easy. Policeman X, too, was easy, agreeable, casual; and this manner of theirs contrasted oddly with something watchful in their eyes. He was passed from one hand to the other. The second uniform took charge of him.

He did not resist or protest, only appealed, quite naturally agitated, "For God's sake, what's happened?"

"You'll see. The inspector's upstairs."

The house blazed with light. On the second landing appeared a strange group of figures: Lovegrove like a specter in his long white bath robe; behind him the women, Mrs. Blaine a mass of huddled clothes, vague murmurs and sobs, Jenkenson rigid, with the tears streaming down her cheeks. The door that Martha had guarded was now guarded by another uniformed figure. Leaning against the newel post, a stocky man in civilian clothes was rapidly writing in a notebook. He glanced over his shoulder, looking down on the two who approached. The officer called Jack had stopped a tread short of the landing.

"This is the man who was missing, sir, young Marshall's valet."

The inspector's gaze passed over him.

In response to a question Corcoran gave his name, his employment in the household and again his whereabouts that evening, clearly, without hesitation. It had been his evening off. He had gone out to dinner with another man—he gave the name—then to a show—he told where. After that he had had something to eat; then a few hands at poker. On the way home he had stopped at the Plaza and sent a wire to Mr. Marshall about some clothes he had shipped that noon. That had been at two o'clock. He remembered, because he had compared his watch with the clock in the telegraph office.

The inspector nodded. That would do for the present. He turned his attention once more to a person who was standing directly in front of him and who had been hidden from Corcoran's sight by the breadth of the inspector's shoulders. He was now able to see that this was a slight, young figure with a mane of blond hair falling over the blue of its loose gown.

"Go on," the inspector said. "You tell me you have reason to suppose this is an inside job, and you think this woman was the agent. What makes you think so?"

The blue-and-gold figure began in a voice high-pitched and shrill, without inflections

"Well, I saw her speakin' to this man at the back door."

"When was this?"

"This afternoon—I mean y-yesterday, at two o'clock."

Corcoran made a sudden movement, leaning forward. His dilated gaze fixed itself upon the speaker. Apparently she did not see him. She continued.

"And I knew he wasn't one of the tradesmen, an' she wasn't a girl that had fellers, so I wondered. I thought—well, maybe

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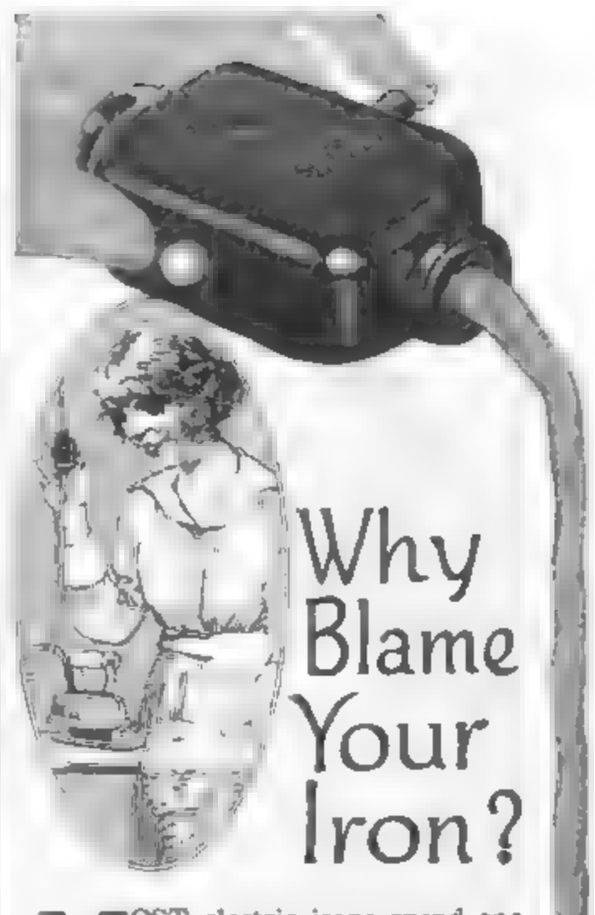

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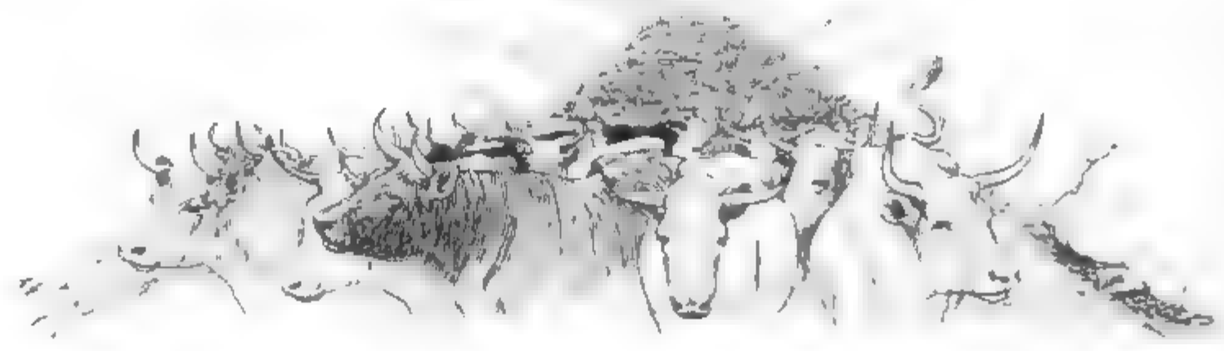
IT IS UNUSUAL for a shoe manufacturer to have his own tanneries. In every single operation from the moment the hide is purchased until the shoe is sold, the W. H. McElwain Company is able to make important savings. Because of its enormous production and its standardized methods of manufacture, by the time the shoe reaches you these savings of pennies here and pennies there amount to dollars.

McELWAIN

TRADE MARK



McElwain tanneries make your McElwain shoes cost less

WHY should you be interested in the fact that the McElwain Company—unlike most shoe manufacturers—owns and operates its own tanneries?

Because these tanneries are one added reason why McElwain Shoes come to you at a substantial saving in price.

Just as McElwain men in the hide markets of three continents are able to buy the best at the lowest cost; just as a little saving is made in the manufacture of each separate part of the shoe; so the tanneries, also, have their part in giving you—dollar for dollar—the utmost in beauty and in value and wear.

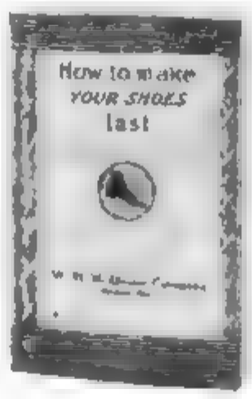
THIRTY-FIVE thousand pairs of shoes a day are required to meet the demand of American men and boys for the McElwain product. And the demand grows greater year by year as more and more men form the money-saving habit of turning over the shoe before they buy to find the McElwain mark on the sole.

In four days and six hours McElwain could make a pair of shoes for every doctor in the United States

Pleasing lines mark this men's Brown Gun Metal boot of Goodyear Welt construction. Also obtainable in Black Leather or "Light Tread" rubber heels

You can buy McElwain Shoes at the stores of 25,000 leading independent shoe merchants throughout the country.

Send to us for the booklet "How to Make Your Shoes Last." It will help you to make a definite reduction in your shoe bills; and it is free. A card will bring it to you.

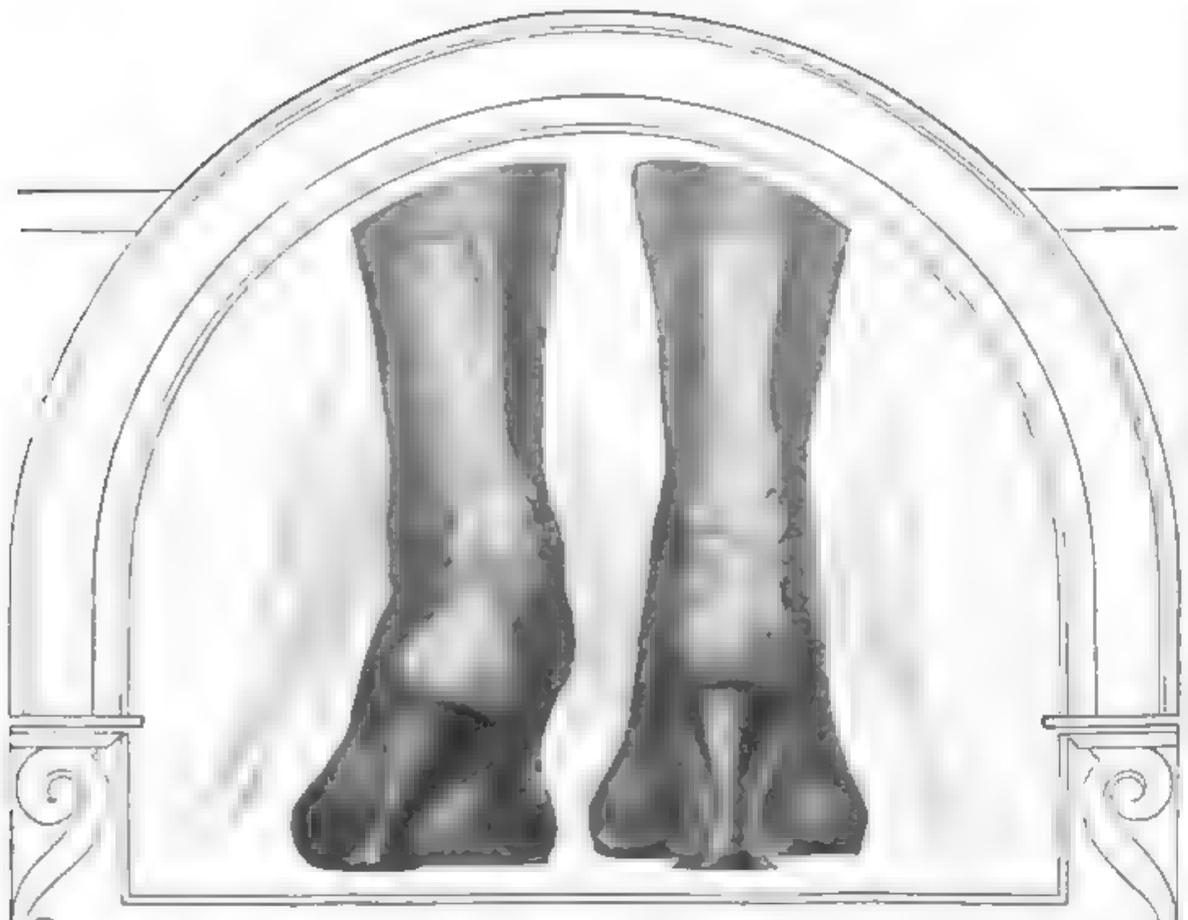


W. H. McElwain Company

354 Congress St., Boston 3, Mass.

MEN'S AND BOYS' SHOES FOR DRESS AND EVERYDAY WEAR

SHOES



Why heels run over and "counters" bulge out

Many ladies are compelled to discard expensive shoes after wearing them a short time, because they begin to overrun the "counters".

Examine the picture above, and you will see the cause. The foot on the left has a mis-aligned heel bone—a very common thing. When the weight is put on the foot this bone leans inward, causing the bone resting on it to do likewise.

This condition can be corrected, and the tendency to overrun heels overcome, by equalizing the slant of the heel bone with a Wizard Adjustable Lightfoot Heel Leveler.

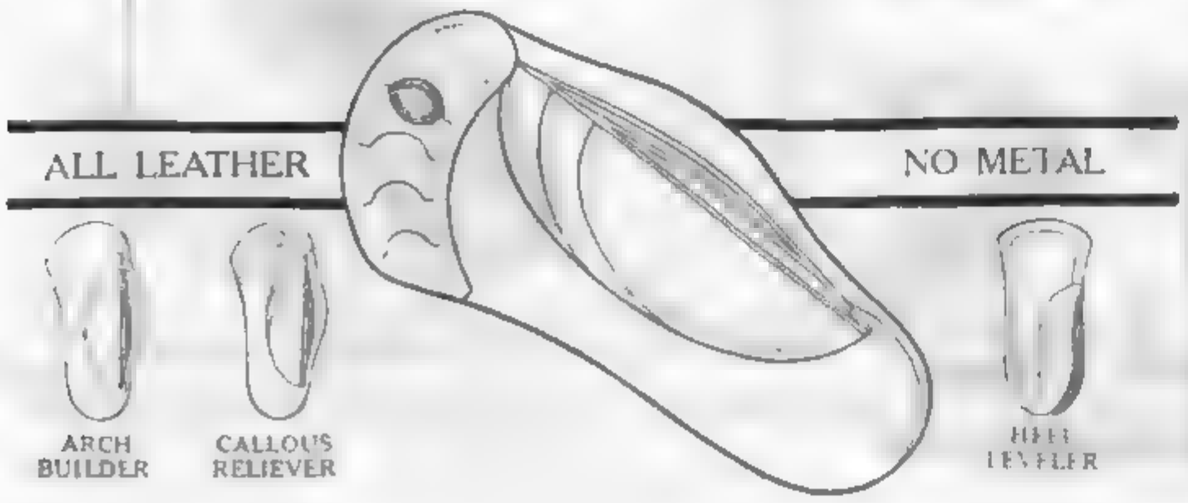
Beneath these all-leather Arch Builders and Heel Levelers are overlapping pockets, so located that inserts of any desired thickness can be placed in exactly the right spot to support the dislocated bones in normal position. Adjustments are simply made by shifting inserts or changing their thickness.

Being all leather, Wizard Lightfoot Adjustable Arch Builders and Heel Levelers are light, flexible and are worn without one being conscious of them.

Wizard Lightfoot Arch Builders and Heel Levelers are sold by leading dealers everywhere. Usually where they are sold there is an expert who has made a study of fitting them. If there is no such dealer near you, write the Wizard Lightfoot Appliance Company, 1720 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo., or 951 Marbridge Bldg., New York City. European Headquarters: 175 Piccadilly, London, England. Ask for "Orthopraxy of the Foot"—a simple treatise on foot troubles. No charge.

Wizard LIGHTFOOT

ARCH BUILDERS



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she'd found one. An' she said to him, 'This evenin'.' That's all, just those two words. An' I didn't think anythin' about it. But when she came back into the dinin' room where I was I saw she'd been cryin'. An' she said to me, she said, 'Jennie, I'd do anythin' in the world for that man!'"

"What man?" the inspector cut in.

The girl was equal to it.

"The man she was talkin' to at the door, I suppose. I didn't ask her what she meant. I just thought she was bein' foolish. I'd never thought Martha'd do a thing like that. But when you found her there tonight ——"

"What?" Corcoran shouted.

The inspector whirled about. In the profound silence Corcoran's cane, which had fallen from his hand, could be heard rattling to the foot of the staircase. Corcoran was staring at Jennie. Suddenly he turned upon the inspector.

"That's a lie! I—I mean that girl doesn't know what she's talking about. She's crazy! Martha had nothing to do with it. It's an inside job, all right, and I'm in it!" He struck himself on the breast with his open hand. "I'm the whole thing! There's not a woman in it! I put the professionals onto it. I've got the pearls hidden. I can tell you everything, everything!"

He broke forth into his story, pouring out breathless sentences, as if in terror of being interrupted.

"I tell you no one in the house knew, not a soul. We were all right in there. We'd blown the safe and got the stuff when the door opened, and there she stood. I don't know how she heard, or why she came herself—and that beast, Cully, dragged her inside. She was going to scream, and he shot her dead—at my feet! Oh, God!" His voice broke. "She was the most innocent ——"

He muttered, and ceased speaking. He leaned against the banisters. He looked suddenly old, shriveled. He seemed to have collapsed at once, as though some spring in him had broken. He answered the questions put to him in a weak voice. His eyes, absent and wandering, seemed to see nothing and no one.

Only when he held out his wrists for the handcuffs, and the yellow-haired girl burst into hysterical sobs, he appeared to rouse a little. He turned to her and spoke gently. But he still seemed confused, for he reminded her that there was nothing to be afraid of. He had promised her that no one should hurt her.

OFT IN THE SILLY NIGHT

(Continued from Page 11)

glances from demure maidens and even more demure—if less pulchritudinous—matrons. The sudden fit of his boss' clothes enhanced the symmetrical lines of his powerful physique. He seized Miss Ella Dungee enthusiastically about the waist and plunged into the intricacies of the latest fox-trot steps.

The conclusion of the number and its three riotous encores found him ensconced with Miss Dungee in a far corner of the room.

He had settled into a thorough enjoyment of the evening, partaking of the nectar of social attainment with the expert deliberation of a connoisseur.

And then something happened!

He saw her when she entered the door at the far end of the room, scintillating in a new evening gown of silver cloth, glittering with jewelry, a bird of paradise from a colored Elysium.

"Oh my Lawd!" he moaned.

"Says which, Temus?" inquired the lady at his side.

But Temus paid her query no heed. He had eyes only for the lady who had just entered the room and was checking her wraps at the cloakroom. He saw no one but Miss Mezanine Conner!

"Trouble," he communed mournfully, "you sho' is stumblin' over me."

It was all wrong. By all rules Mezanine should have been anywhere in Birmingham save at the annual charity ball of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise. Her presence there betokened trouble with a large and very capital T. She had disrupted all the triumphant plans of Mr. Temus Robinson, and he cursed the charitable impulse that had prompted her to grace this affair with her presence.

The thing was unheard of—not that Mezanine was unduly snobbish because of the fifty thousand dollars which her father was reputed to have in bank; but because she had simply elevated herself to a point where she found little to interest her in intercourse with the hoi polloi. Yet here she was—and not only that but Temus saw her seat herself regally near the front door, and Temus knew that the front door was the only mode of exit from the lodge rooms of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise.

Temus left Miss Dungee suddenly and completely, much to that young lady's disappointment and bewilderment. He proffered no excuses—simply departed. She did not know that he sought the sanctuary of a small room adjoining the ballroom, from which point he stared hopelessly across the shiny floor at the group of young men who had flocked about the honey of the queen bee's smile.

There was no hint of jealousy in the bosom of Temus Robinson. His feelings toward his employer's daughter were entirely too aloof—too impersonal—for such as that. Rather he was the victim of a very acute terror. There hung over his head a horrible premonition of catastrophe. Joy had been stripped from his life for the time being.

For he knew that the moment Miss Mezanine Conner caught sight of him unpleasant disclosures would develop. He was quite positive, in the first place, that she would recognize the clothes he wore. And it was not at all impossible that through some *faux pas* of his attendant fate she might see her limousine outside—with Mr. John Wrigle chauffeuring! The results—should this occur—promised to be little short of cataclysmic.

Temus took melancholy stock of the situation. There was nothing about it that brought him any surge of delight. One fact stood out with startling clarity—he must get away, and he must do it unobserved. The accomplishment of that purpose, however, brought on more thought. The only exit was guarded by the unsuspicious Mezanine. There were the windows, of course, but Temus had an instinctive feeling that any attempt to slide through a window might result in more or less attention being directed toward him—and that was the one thing he most desired to avoid.

There remained but one possible procedure—to wait quiveringly, hoping against hope that the gayety of the evening would seep into the aristocratic blood of Miss Mezanine Conner, and that she would consent to trip the light fantastic with one of the many personable young beaus clamoring for her favors. Small hope, Temus knew that—but there was a chance. And so he sat in cold and clammy fear, sat while a half hour grew into an hour—and Mezanine gave no indication of leaving her post of vantage near the door.

As for Mezanine, she was having a fairly good time, all things considered. She had condescended to attend this affair because charity recognizes no caste and therefore she knew that at a charity ball hers would be adequately recognized.

She was deluged with favors from the young men of the town—the superelegant Florian Slappey; Dr. Brutus Herring, Elias Nuch, even Lawyer Evans Chew left his awfully wedded wife writhing in a corner whilst he paid ardent court to the wealthy Miss Conner.

It was Lawyer Chew who all accidentally hit upon a topic which interested Mezanine.

"It sho'ly made me feel mos' happy, Miss Mezanine, to reckernize that you was heah the minute I come."

She looked up languidly.

"How come you to git cognizance of that fac', Lawyer Chew?"

"I seen yo' limmysine outside, an' somebody said they seen yo' shoffer aroun' heah."

"Temus Robinson?"

"Tha's him."

"Temus has been observed meanderin' aroun' this proximity, you says?"

"Uh huh!"

Thereafter Mezanine took a new interest in the proceedings. Temus here—and her car. Her keen eyes darted to all corners of

(Continued on Page 85)

FAULTLESS

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Pat. Mar. 20, 1906

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You have to start with the features that Nature gave you. After that it is entirely up to you.

The appearance of your face depends very largely on two things: First—your daily shave. Second—the condition of your skin. And both of these depend largely on the shaving soap you use.

Think what you are doing

Consider what you do to your face every time you shave.

From ear to ear you lay on a thick coating of lather, containing materials of which you know little. You brush or rub that lather into every pore. Then you draw a sharp blade of steel over your skin. What that steel does to your face depends on what the lather has already done to it.

Use a shaving soap you can trust

That's a lot of responsibility for the shaving soap you are using.

There are several good, safe shaving soaps. There are others not so good and not so safe.

Why should you take a chance?

Why not benefit by the experience of millions of men in the past seventy-five years or more?

Lincoln used it

What more do you want than the shaving soap that was used by Abraham Lincoln, by General Grant, by your own grandfather and by millions of men today?

Especially when this famous product has kept pace with every forward step in chemistry, in manufacture and in convenient packaging—has been constantly improved without ever changing its essential nature and the basic formula which made it famous.

A soap which gives a rich, creamy lather under any conditions, whether the water be hot or cold, hard or soft.

Whatever the conditions . it works

A soap which defies every kind of beard, smooths the path for any kind of razor, "won't dry on the face" and even after the most hurried shave leaves a soothing sense of complete comfort.

A soap which you can get in any form you like—from the good old-fashioned mug soap or barber's bar—in liquid—in powder—in the convenient holder-top stick with economical re-loads—down to the form which many men today like best—the big tube of cream.

Whatever the form, it yields the same lather for which Williams' Shaving Soap has been famous for three-quarters of a century.

Your choice of four forms

Cream
Holder-top Stick
Powder
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Send for samples

Send 20c in stamps for trial sizes of all four forms, then decide which you prefer. Or send 6c in stamps for any one.

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The new Double Size is a huge tube 6 inches tall and holding ½ ounce more shaving cream than any other package you can buy. You will see the economy of it at once. It is double size, but not double price.

We recommend the use of Williams' Aqua Velva after-shaving lotion to complete a luxurious shave. A few drops of this cooling, refreshing and exquisitely perfumed preparation will soothe the skin and give it a delightful feeling of comfort.

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THE J.B. WILLIAMS COMPANY MAKERS ALSO OF *MATINEE VIOLETS, JERSEY CREAM* AND OTHER TOILET SOAPS, TALC POWDER, DENTAL CREAM, ETC.

(Continued from Page 82)

the hall in search of the cowering Temus. She wanted to see him, to chat with him on terms of equality—something impossible in the everyday channels of existence.

Apparently Temus was not in the hall. Had she but known it her eye twice passed over his figure, but her father's clothes proved an excellent disguise and she continued her ocular search for a handsome young negro in chauffeur's uniform.

Not discovering him she bethought herself of the car. Somehow an envisionment of Temus always included the big limousine, with that gentleman sitting rigidly in the driver's seat. Temus was an excellent chauffeur in more ways than the merely mechanical—and he appreciated to the full the honor that was his by reason of the fact that he was driver to the only colored family in the city which boasted chauffeur and limousine.

The soft inviting air of mid-May was wafted sensuously in through the open windows of the hall. Pleading a desire for solitude and a portion of that air Mezanine dismissed her courtiers and sauntered through the door. Her eye roved up and down the line of automobiles parked at the curb—and then beamed as they lighted on the massive outline of her car, parked head into the street, about fifty yards away.

The limousine stood in the dense shadow of a large oak tree. Mezanine, approaching it from the darker side, thrilled at sight of a man who she fancied was Temus seated at the wheel. It never occurred to her that it was not Temus; she knew Temus' uniform and she knew her car. She started forward to address him, then paused.

An idea came to Mezanine—an idea magnificent and born of the demands of love. For six months Mezanine had striven to break down the caste barriers which separated her from matrimonial happiness with Temus as the matrimonee. She loved Temus, and she knew that her passion was requited. But thus far she had never been able to make the blindly devoted man understand that any affectionate protestations which he might care to make would be welcomed.

The month of May seeped into her blood and emboldened her mightily. Maidenly modesty skidded momentarily into the background—capitulating ignominiously before the onslaughts of Dan Cupid. Here was Opportunity; a chance such as might never come to her again. No one knew that she had left the hall, Temus was seated in the big car; she could fly with Temus, have him all to herself for a half hour, an hour; return—and no one would be the wiser.

Heart beating like a trip hammer, she stepped to the curb and opened the door of the limousine. John Wrigle, turning part way, recognized the girl.

"Wigglin' tripe!" he soliloquized. "Hell's busted!"

He turned squarely to the front again. It was patent that thus far the fair lady in the deeply upholstered rear did not know that someone other than Temus Robinson was handling the wheel. As for the lady herself, she was frankly frightened on the verge of an amorous adventure. Her voice came through the speaking tube to the dazed ears of Mr. Wrigle.

"Temus?"

"Y-y-yassum?"

"Drive me"– she hesitated; the bulk of Red Mountain, bathed in silver, beckoned irresistibly—"drive me out 'bout ten miles on the Oxmoor road."

For perhaps ten seconds John contemplated a sudden and complete exodus with himself as the exoduster. Then loyalty to his friend Temus intervened; that and the ever-present optimism, which informed him that here was a chance to avoid detection, whereas flight made discovery inevitable. And so he determined to play the game to the limit; but it was with a nervous and shaky hand that he adjusted the gas and spark as he pressed the starter and waited for the smooth hum of the powerful motor.

With his back turned uncompromisingly toward the young lady in the car he rolled from under the shadow of the big oak, turned south, attained Avenue F, and from there piloted the machine to the Oxmoor road.

The car was laboring a trifle now as it reached the gentle upgrade; it was laboring and it was bumping. The Oxmoor road was in atrocious condition.

It never occurred to Mr. Wrigle that Miss Conner was soulfully orienting herself toward Temus Robinson nor that this evening jaunt was by way of giving Old Man Proximity a chance to get in his best work. So far as Mr. Wrigle knew, the relationship between Mezanine and Temus was exclusively that of employer and employe, and he fancied that by attending uncompromisingly to his duties he would be able to return Mezanine to the ballroom without detection of the masquerade.

As the car rolled up the gentle acclivity of Red Mountain, Miss Conner nestled against the deep upholstery in the rear and gazed adoringly upon the broad back of the man whom she fondly believed to be her future husband. She knew that she was unmaidenly and indiscreet, but she knew also that faint heart ne'er won fair gentleman, and once alone together on the far side of Red Mountain, alone in the quiet fastness of Shades Valley, she felt gloriously confident of wringing from the hitherto tight-lipped Mr. Robinson a confession of the love which she knew he entertained toward her wealthy and pretty self.

The car attained the crest of the ridge and dipped slowly toward the valley, gaining speed as it reached a stretch of gravel road which had been newly scraped. To the left the scattered lights of Edgewood and Rosedale shone like jewels through the clear May night. The broad valley spread before Mezanine's enraptured gaze in sensuous panorama, and beyond rose the pine-studded silhouette of Shades Mountain, romantically somber. The silver-white sheen of the full moon blended with the midnight blue of the valley. Far off glittered the placid surface of the lake at the old country club. Truly it was a night and a locale for lovers about to pledge their troth. Only Mr. Wrigle was blissfully unaware of the amorous rôle in which he was cast; nor did he suspect that all was not as he might have wished until the car had attained a downhill speed of thirty miles an hour.

The road was not so smooth as it had been. It left the open country and plunged into a young forest of pine and oak. On the right was a sharp drop outlined at the base by a purling brook, on the left a menacing cliff. Mezanine saw nothing but the brook, the pines, the glory of the night. She leaned forward, heart hammering, and spoke gently through the tube:

"Temus!"

The hitherto sturdy heart of Mr. Wrigle kerflumped suddenly. He did not relish the affectionate nuance in Miss Conner's voice, little as he understood it. It was to him a signal that things were far from well. He flung back a guttural query:

"Huh?"

"I mos' earnes'ly desiahs, Temus, that you stops heah fo' a few minutes. You c'n hesitate by the side of the road. I craves to indulge in a little se'ious dialogue with you."

"Y-y-you want I should stop?"

"Uh-huh! Stop!"

John Wrigle stopped. The thing was not accomplished in the most approved fashion, but at least it was effective. The shiny bumper in front of the car took up a good deal of the shock, and fortunately John hit on his shoulders at the conclusion of the second somersault and so escaped the shower of glass which followed him in his flight.

After all, it wasn't his fault. John was a good driver and if Mezanine had not distracted his attention he certainly would have seen the stump in time to avoid it, provided he had been on the edge of the road at all, which was very unlikely. It was the terror inspired by her suggestion of conversation which caused him to forget that the Oxmoor road requires a maximum of attention on the part of a driver.

John picked himself up slowly and called the roll.

"Ten fingers—tha's right; two legs—all present; two arms—they's heah; one haid—kinder wabbly but still on the end of my neck; unifawm—soht of tore, but 'tain't mine anyways; the autymobile——"

The car presented a truly melancholy sight. The top was all awry, the glass just simply wasn't. Then John heard something. He cocked his head attentively on one side, then clambered down the bank to switch off the motor.

"Dawg-gone! If'n that ain't the runninest car!"

Of a sudden he bethought himself of Mezanine Conner. Somehow Mezanine had slipped from his mind at the identical moment he slipped from the car. Now, as he returned, so did memory of her. He had heard suspiciously little from the lady since her single frenzied shriek split the night when he started skyward immediately following the establishment of contact between limousine and stump. Now he investigated.

Mezanine was still in the car; entirely too still. As John Wrigle looked his eyes popped and his jaw sagged.

"Oh, my Lawd! She's daid! I travels fum heah!"

He was a little better than his word. The proposition of a lonely road, a defunct lady and a car that he never should have been driving was entirely too much for him. He negotiated the first mile between the scene of the wreck and the city of Birmingham in three seconds, and cut that time in half for the second mile. The third he covered in two seconds less than nothing at all.

One thought pounded at John Wrigle's brain—to find Temus Robinson and gently to break the news. He knew that Temus was not going to be overly pleased; but, after all, that was Temus' lookout. It had been Temus' idea from the first, and ——

Meanwhile things had been occurring back at the lodge rooms of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise. From his post of concealment in the anteroom of the lodge Mr. Temus Robinson had heaved a sigh of enormous relief when Miss Mezanine Conner rose and sauntered to the veranda of the clubhouse in search of air. It offered him an opportunity for escape, and escape at that particular moment was most decidedly the fondest thing Temus was of.

He entered the ballroom and sidled cautiously around the walls toward the door. He knew that Mezanine would be on the veranda, but he also knew that he could slip into the little vestibule and conceal himself in the cloakroom until she returned to revel further in the jazz of Professor Alec Champagne's orchestra. He hid himself carefully and remained concealed for twenty minutes, door cracked sufficiently to afford a view of the lobby.

But he saw nothing of Mezanine. Something informed him that all was not as it should be. It was impossible that Mezanine should have remained alone on the veranda all this time. Therefore it was obvious that she had either returned, unobserved, to the ballroom or else that she had spotted her car parked against the curb and gone to investigate. Temus' heart sank at the prospect of the revelation which must have ensued from such investigation.

The strain grew too much for him. He sallied desperately forth. Mezanine was not on the veranda. His eye darted to the curb and he inbreathed sharply. The car, too, had departed. Even then it did not occur to him that Mezanine might have gone for a ride in her own limousine. He took it for granted that she had returned indoors and that he had failed to see her. But disappearance of the limousine meant one thing—and one thing only.

It meant, according to Temus' reasoning, that John Wrigle had gone for a joy ride!

He knew that John knew that he could do so with impunity. For John knew that Temus had borrowed the car for the evening and would therefore be able to stage no effective protest against the second borrowing. And at thought that John Wrigle had thus taken advantage of the situation a great and righteous wrath arose in the bosom of Mr. Temus Robinson and his biceps bulged in a manner betokening considerable physical action when he should next meet Mr. Wrigle.

Temus left his silk hat in the cloakroom and started down the street. He was running no risk of a meeting with Mezanine at this stage of the game. He entertained only one ambition—to recover the car; then to impress upon Mr. Wrigle's physiognomy his own interpretation of the punishment befitting such perfidy. But as a condition precedent to the search for his car it was necessary to change from evening regalia to the garb of his profession. He thanked his lucky stars that he possessed a change uniform, which was even then hanging comfortably in his room over the garage in the yard of the Conner establishment.

It was a considerable walk from the lodge rooms of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise to the Conner home, and he trod discreetly, fearing that an undue exhibition of haste in his present accouterments might arouse the suspicions of some stray guardian of the public weal.

When he eventually attained his objective he found himself confronted with a new problem: The keys to his room were in the pockets of the uniform that John Wrigle was wearing.

He proceeded cautiously and made haste with thorough slowness. Fully forty minutes were consumed in effecting an entrance to his sanctuary. He doffed Julep Conner's evening clothes, donned his chauffeur's breeches and highballed into the house, where he stowed away the clothes of his employer. Then he returned to his room to complete his toilet. He worked more swiftly now, confident that his social masquerade at least would go undiscovered. Apparently all that there remained for him to do was to find John Wrigle; and he was planning to make things warm for that perfidious gentleman. Things appeared more serene than they had a few minutes since.

But events had been transpiring of which Temus was happily ignorant. There was the little matter of the wrecked car on the Oxmoor road, of the limp and unconscious figure of Mezanine Conner, of the fleeing Mr. Wrigle.

And, too, there was yet another motivating force playing a part in the little drama. This new element was sixty years of age, handsomely dressed, very black as to complexion, and answering to the name of Julep Conner. His business out of town completed ahead of schedule, Mr. Conner had, just twenty minutes previously, arrived in Birmingham on the L. & N., and was at that very moment alighting from a taxicab in front of his own home.

Also at that moment Mr. John Wrigle, having been unable to locate his friend Temus at the annual charity ball of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise, rounded the corner at a ten-second gait, zigzagged windlessly down the street and bumped into Mr. Conner whilst swinging into the gate to break the sad news to Temus.

Julep Conner, being acquainted both with Mr. Wrigle and with his well-known antipathy for anything bordering on a regular job, glanced suspiciously at the uniform John wore. More, John's disheveled condition bespoke unusual circumstances, and a premonition shook the attenuated frame of Mezanine's father. He clutched the arm of John Wrigle in a strong if skinny hand.

"John Wrigle!"

"Oh, my Lawd!"

"Where you gwine? What the matter is?"

"Ain't gwine nowhere, Mistuh Conner. Ain't nothin' the matter."

"Don' you lie to me, John Wrigle. What you come bustin' into my yahd fo' this-away?"

John's eyes rolled wildly: He was all in, and acutely conscious of the fact that if his face was to be saved he'd better get busy on the saving process.

"Wh-wh-where Temus is at?"

Premonition became conviction in the mind of Julep Conner. He tightened his grip on the arm of the petrified Mr. Wrigle.

"What you an' Temus be'n up to? Tell me!"

John became convinced that Mr. Conner knew more than he had been told. And John was possessed of an overpowering desire to get out from under. However, he hedged desperately.

"I—I ain't be'n up to nothin', suh."

"What Temus is be'n up to, then?"

"N'r neither Temus ain't."

"Then what's wrong?"

"A-a-ain't nothin' wrong, Mistuh Conner. Leastaways they ain't nothin' wrong with I an' Temus."

"What is wrong then—what with?"

"N-n-nothin', suh—not nothin'. 'Cept-in' yo' limmysine!"

"A-a-ah! Sumthin' wrong with my limmysine, huh?

"Y-y-yassuh. Nothin' much, Mistuh Conner—nothin' much, 'ceptin'—'cept-in' ——" Mr. Wrigle choked.

"'Ceptin' which, John Wrigle?"

"'Ceptin'—it—it's wrecked!"

"Wrecked!"

"Uh-huh! All wrecked to splinters. Tha's all what's the matter, suh. An' now I reckon Ise got to be travelin'."

"I reckon you ain't!" Julep Conner was hard as nails. "You tell me sumthin' mo' bouten this heah wreck. Whose fault it was?"

"Wa'n't nobody's fault, suh. Hones', it wa'n't."

"Car all wrecked, eh? Temus hurt?"

"N-n-nossuh; Temus wa'n't hu't one tiny li'l' scratch. Not even no bruise. You ain't got no worries bouten Temus."

"Huh! Nothin' but my car busted up, eh?"

(Continued on Page 88)

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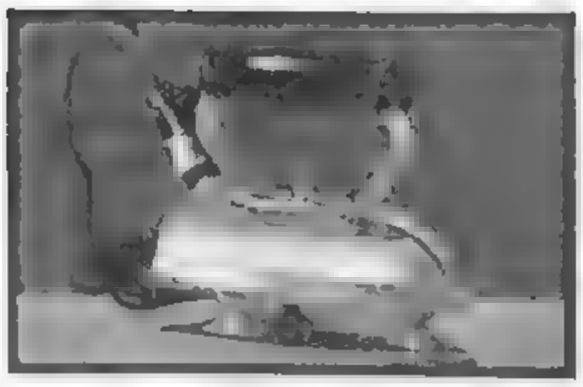
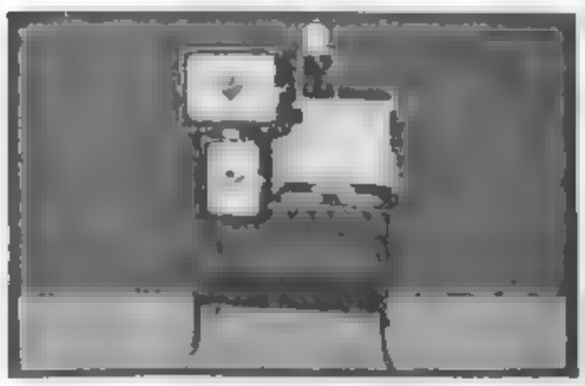
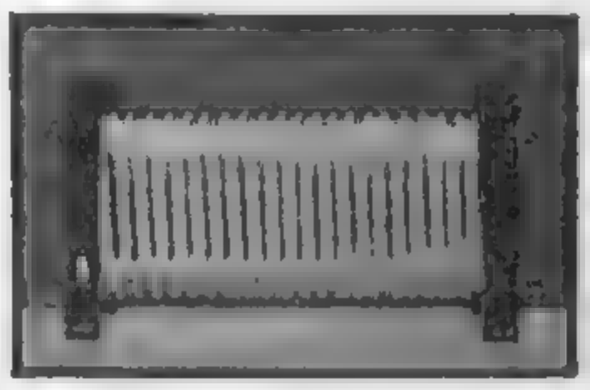
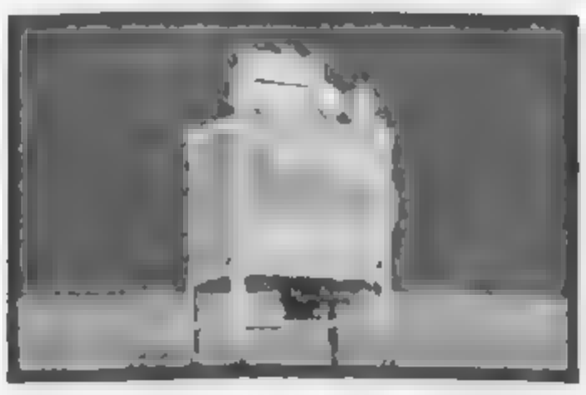
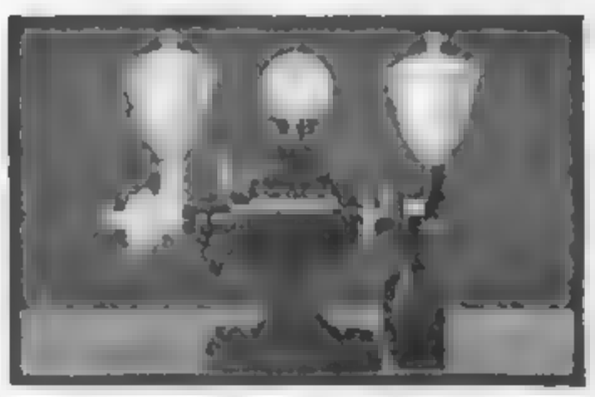




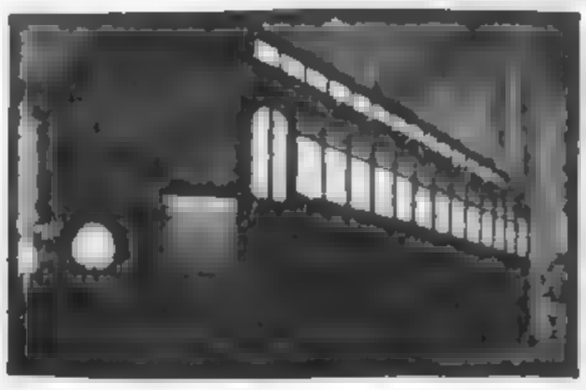


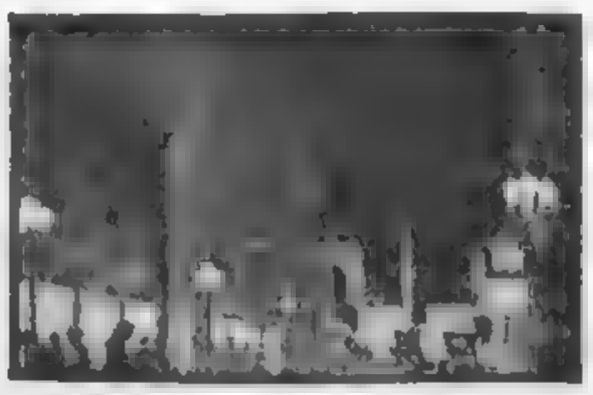
For Heat





For Power





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(Continued from Page 85)

John glanced about wildly, searching for an avenue of escape. The interview was assuming proportions which he did not relish.

"N-n-not hahdly nothin', suh."

"Not hahdly —— John, somebody was hurt in that car, wa'n't he?"

"N-n-nossuh, *he* wa'n't."

Conner frowned horribly. "A woman!"

"Uh-huh! Reckon so, suh."

"Hurt bad?"

"Soht of seems like it, suh."

"How bad?"

"R-r-reckon she's soht of daid, Brother Conner."

"Sort of daid!" Julep Conner clapped one hand against his forehead. "Who this woman was, John? You tell me now, an' you tell me the truth."

"I ain't gwine lie to you, Brother Conner. You would shuah fin' out anyways. So I might's well tell you."

"Yeh—yeh; who she was?"

"'Twan't nobody di'n't have a right in the car, Brother Conner. 'Twan't nobody on'y yo' daughter!"

"My dau——"

Mr. Conner gave vent to a howl of genuine grief and John ducked. Then the elder man grasped the other by both shoulders and shook him fiercely.

"Tells me my daughter is daid?"

"Uh-huh! An' the limmysine is all bust' up."

"Good Gawd! I ain't studyin' 'bout no limmysine. Where this heah accident happen at?"

"Out on the Oxmoor road. But I don' know nothin' 'bout it 'ceptin' that the car is busted up an' yo' daughter ——"

"Nemmin'!" Julep Conner was a man of immediate action. He fired a question at the thoroughly frightened Mr. Wrigle. "C'n you drive a car?"

John exhibited no undue enthusiasm; his most recent adventure at the wheel had not been blessed with any inspiring results.

"I has."

"A'right. Heah's the key to the gyrage. I is got a flivver in yonder. You gits it, an' you takes me to where my daughter is daid at."

"B-b-but, Brother Conner ——"

"You does what I says—an' tha's the on'y thing you don' do nothin' else but!"

Mr. Conner entered his residence. John Wrigle wended slow and uncertain footsteps toward the garage. And it was while his trembly fingers were futilely attempting to insert the key in the lock that he was clutched around the waist by a pair of powerful arms, and felt the breath of menace loose upon his neck. He struggled to face the wrathful countenance of the outraged Temus Robinson.

John shook himself loose; his teeth were chattering with terror.

"Loose hol' of me, cullud boy; loose hol' of me!"

Temus stepped ominously close, fists clenched.

"You knows what Ise gwine do to you, John Wrigle?"

"I ain't givin' no damns what you does to me. All what is done happen to me a'ready is so much nothin' else matters a-tall."

"Ise gwine slap this heah fis' into yo' face an' then Ise gwine sink this heah other one into yo' stummick, an' when you falls down Ise gwine tromple all over you, an' then ——"

"Hush yo' mouth, cullud boy! 'Cause after you gits thoo doin' all that to me, wha's gwine happen to you is gwine make you think I is be'n to a picnic."

Temus was belligerent. "You thinks you is gwine ——"

"I ain't gwine do nothin', Temus Robinson; an' I ain't thinkin' nothin', neither. What I says, I knows—an' which I knows is that if'n you is behime in yo' dues to the Over the River Buryin' Sassiety yo'd better go pay 'em up befo' ol' man Julep Conner ever gits him a good aim at you with his gun."

"You says ——" Then John Wrigle's words penetrated the slow-moving brain of Temus and he paused reflectively. "You says words, John—but they don' make no sense."

"Yeh—an' come Brother Conner to git a shot at you, you is gwine have a pair of lungs but they ain't gwine be makin' no breff."

"In jes' about a minute I is gwine bus' you one ——"

"Go ahaid an' bus'," invited Mr. Wrigle cheerfully. "Fo' the pas' half hour I is be'n waitin' fo' somebody to bus' me, an' they ain't nobody done it yit."

"Who was gwine bus' you?"

"Mistuh Conner."

"What he was gwine bus' you fo'?"

"Nothin' special." John's manner was almost cheerful. "I on'y wrecked his limmysine fo' him!"

"O-o-ow! You went and wrecked that limmysine?"

"Uh-huh—kersmash against a tree; jes' like that."

The cosmic scheme of Temus Robinson went suddenly flooie. The limousine was wrecked; Julep Conner knew it.

"Oh, my golly! You is done played hell sho' nuff."

"N'r neither that ain't all, Temus."

"They's mo?"

"A heap."

"Tell it to me, brother."

"They was somebody in that there car when it busted."

"You?"

"No—not me. I was in it when it hit, but when it busted I was up on the bank."

"Then who was it?"

John Wrigle backed away discreetly.

"Mezanine Conner!"

Temus stared in speechless horror; his beloved Mezanine!

"Did she git hu't?"

"No," reassured John; "she never knowed when she was hit."

"My Lawd!"

"She jes' passed out 'thout no suff'rin' whichsoever!"

Mr. Robinson experienced a desire to strangle Mr. Wrigle, but he was bereft of the strength to do so. And Mr. Wrigle continued his consoling speech:

"I is gwine drive Mistuh Conner out to the scene of the accident in his flivver, Temus—an' was I you, Bumminham woul'n't be my restin' place for no mo' nights."

Temus' mind worked at a mile-a-minute gait. From the lips of the now voluble Mr. Wrigle he elicited the details leading up to the accident.

"'Cawdin' to that," he summed up, "Miss Mezanine thinks it was me drivin' the car."

"No-o, she don' think so. She thought so befo' she passed on."

"An' she ordered you to drive her?"

"Uh-huh!"

Temus was galvanized into action.

"You wants to live, John Wrigle?"

"I craves to; uh-huh."

"Then you lis'en at what I says: I is gwine git out to where that accident happened at befo' you an' that girl's pa. You is to keep yo' mouth shet about me not drivin' that car. An' when you gits to the place where that limmysine happened to a accident, if'n you should fin' me lyin' there unconscious—you jes' preten' like you thinks I is daid an' make sweet speechments 'bout what a good feller I was. Onderstan'?"

"I git you. You is gwine beat me an' the ol' man out yonder, an' when we gits there you is gwine be playin' daid."

"Uh-huh! Which means that while you an' the ol' man is drivin' out—you says a li'l' less'n nothin' a-tall 'bout what happened. An', mo'n ev'ything else, you don' mention the fac' that 'twan't me drivin' that autymobile."

Mr. Wrigle was smiling in self-satisfaction as he let himself into the garage and prepared to move the flivver therefrom. All unwittingly Mr. Robinson had played into his hands. Up to this particular moment John had been petrified with fear at the prospect of undergoing an official grilling anent his chauffeurship of the wrecked car. Now Temus was about to claim that he was the unfortunate at the wheel, and John Wrigle would thus be automatically cleared of any connection with the tragedy. Small wonder that a large load seemed to have been removed from the cerebral vesicle of Mr. Wrigle.

Meanwhile the air whistled by the ears of the speeding Temus as he shot down Eighteenth Street in search of a taxicab. He shoved a five-dollar bill into the surprised but wholly unreluctant hand of a dazed driver, and sent him hurtling down the Oxmoor road at a speed that would have shot them straight into the calaboose had a motorcycle policeman been on that particular highway.

From John, Temus had learned the precise location of the wreck. A quarter mile away from there he dismissed his cab, sent it back to the city, made sure that the car

(Continued on Page 91)

How to get the funny Aunt Jemima Rag Dolls

Look on the top of any package of Aunt Jemima Pancake or Aunt Jemima Buckwheat Flour to find out how to get the jolly Aunt Jemima Rag Dolls

"I's in town, Honey!"

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Now *you get her famous recipe ready mixed*

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Many were the mornings she spent in Col. Higbee's kitchen, measuring and mixing by hand the particular ingredients she had chosen. A favorite haunt of folks from far and near was her master's breakfast table.

Then Aunt Jemima had to mix everything herself! Today how different it is! All the fuss and bother of pancake mixing is done away with. You get Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour *ready mixed*, add nothing to it but water, stir it a moment and pop it onto the griddle—

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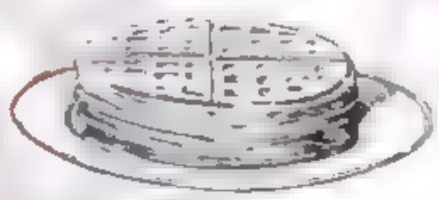

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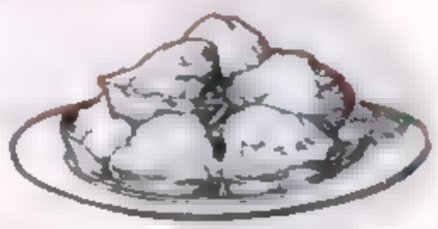

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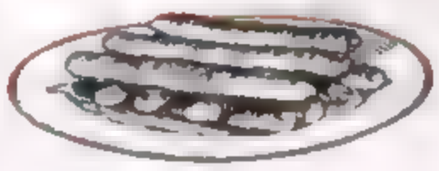

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An organization of 10,000 progressive retail drug stores, throughout the United States, Canada and Great Britain, united for a world-wide service.

(Continued from Page 88)

bearing John Wrigle and Julep Conner was nowhere in sight, and started on a dogtrot to the spot where his dream of earthly paradise had been dissipated.

Meanwhile certain things had occurred which had to do directly with the person of Miss Mezanine Conner. At the moment of contact between automobile and stump Miss Conner's heart had been overflowing with love for the man she fancied was on the driver's seat. Then all had gone blank. Mr. Wrigle had described accurately when he said that she didn't know when she was hit.

But Mezanine was not dead, although for an hour she gave no physical indications of being otherwise. Then she struggled back to consciousness. She was huddled in the limousine and her head ached horribly. All around her was plate glass. Her evening gown had lost its scintillant freshness. Her hair was disheveled, her complexion a trifle runny. But she was not very much bruised and not at all cut. She had been the victim of what is known in the vernacular of the prize ring as a clean knockout; and a clean knockout leaves no lasting effects.

The nervous shock was considerable, of course. Miss Conner slowly and carefully took stock of herself, decided that she was all present or accounted for, and then bethought herself of Temus.

Temus, so she fondly believed, had been on the exposed front seat when the earthquake occurred. Temus was no longer on the front seat. The conclusion to be drawn from that premise was ineluctable and not at all pleasing.

Mezanine started a slow search through the woods in the immediate vicinity of the accident. She found that her head was clearing slightly, but that was all she found. Of Temus there was not the slightest sign. He had vanished as completely as man could do.

Mezanine was worried, and sobbingly sad. There was little doubt that the beloved chauffeur had been a martyr to his profession. She cursed the impulse that had prompted her to order him along this lonely romantic road on the rich May night. She regretted that she had so long delayed the wild protestations of love which she had planned since departing from the scene of festivities at the annual charity ball of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise.

Mezanine's head ached, her body was sore. Below the road at the right she discerned a silver brook purling placidly along. She scrambled down the bank and bathed her head in the icy water. Then she climbed laboriously to the roadside again and took stock of the situation.

Temus had gone, and she was alone on the road with a ruined automobile. The road, as she now well knew, was in execrable condition and bereft of traffic. Small chance for a lift into Birmingham. And she tried to walk, only to make the discovery that as yet she did not possess sufficient strength to undertake such a sizable journey afoot.

She clambered agonizingly up the bank on the high side of the road and stretched out luxuriously on the mossy turf. The relaxation was excellent for her aching head and shaken nerves. She stared sadly at the stars which twinkled mournfully from the clear skies.

"Romance," she murmured in the depths of her melancholia, "you has betrayed me sumthin' terrible!"

How long Mezanine remained in supine bliss she did not know, but suddenly she became conscious of the thrum of a motor down the road. Then it stopped—and started again. She sat up straight and saw a headlight circle in the road and start cityward. She sat rigid, staring in that direction. And staring so, she saw something that caused her to tense in pop-eyed surprise.

Coming down the road at a mechanical dogtrot she made out the figure of a man. There was something more than vaguely familiar about the build of this particular man as he bulked through the night; something familiar about him and the cut of his chauffeur's uniform. She knew that he could not see her where she sat, and she stared in transfixed astonishment at the form of Mr. Temus Robinson, the gentleman who until this particular moment she had considered a he angel as a result of the accident.

Her first impression was one of exultation. Then her forehead corrugated interrogatively. There was nothing in the manner or pace of Mr. Robinson to indicate that he had been inconvenienced in the slightest degree by the catastrophe of a short while previous. And there was cause for much interested speculation in the actions of Temus as he reached the scene of the accident.

It struck the watching lady that he was not overly familiar with details. He paused near the car, cocked his head on one side and inspected it with great interest. Then he poked his head inside the door and his actions indicated astonishment at his failure to find anyone within. After which he circled the ex-limousine slowly, apparently searching for something. Then he performed an act that caused the watching Mezanine to gasp.

From his trousers pocket he extracted a knife, and with this he very carefully slit his uniform in several places. He closed the knife, prostrated himself on the earth and proceeded to give an intensely accurate imitation of a newly caught fish. After which he rose, gazed cityward for perhaps ten seconds, surveyed the ground again, once more selected a comfortable spot, and again pressed his frame against the bosom of the road. There he lay, quietly, motionless.

To Mezanine his actions savored of insanity. And as she watched she wondered, and eventually the glimmering of an idea began to percolate through her brain. She knew that there was method to Temus' madness, a reckoning in the wanton destruction of his wardrobe, an adequate reason for his sudden desire to commune with Mother Earth. And slowly she commenced to understand.

The accident, Temus uninjured, a possible rescue party—it was obvious that Temus intended himself to be cast in a hero rôle. Mezanine was amused and she was more than that; she was downright interested in the potentialities of the situation. With a half smile on her lips and one big ache in all her bones she rose, scrambled down the bank and walked toward the car. Watching narrowly she saw Temus turn his head and fling one wild glance at her from startled eyes; then resume his artificial limpness. What Mezanine did not know was that this was Temus' first inkling of the fact that she had failed to pass on to the immense transcendence.

She paused beside him, testing out his masquerade.

"Temus?"

No answer.

"Temus?"

The same answer.

"Is you daid, Temus?"

His retort did not vary. The smile on Mezanine's lips broadened, and a triumphant light flashed in her eyes. At least Temus thought that she thought he was unconscious. Here was the great opportunity for which she had so long prayed. Her voice crescendoed with a remarkable simulation of hysteria, and she flopped to her knees beside the prostrate figure.

"Oh, Lawsy! My own darlin' Temus ain't with us no mo'!"

Her outburst proved to be by far the greatest shock Temus had yet been called upon to face. Her own darling Temus! Involuntarily he wriggled; then, realizing that any movement of his body demanded an explanation, he emitted a sepulchral groan.

Mezanine took her cue instantly. She seated herself flat on the ground and pillowed his head in her lap.

"Temus!" she crooned. "Is you entirely daid? Speak with me, Temus."

A more hollow groan.

She bent her face to his and her lips brushed his forehead.

"Oh, my darlin' honey! You is excruciatin' me with yo' disabilities. I has done gone an' gotten you kilt. What I is gwine do when I is pummanently deprived of yo' comp'ny? Jes' now when I was commencin' to waken to the fac' that you is the fondest thing I ever is gwine be of? Make talk with me, Temus. Elucidate to me you ain't daid!"

Temus was floating on soft billowy clouds of rapture. Mezanine—Mezanine the magnificent—Mezanine the glorious—the Mezanine of whom he had dreamed—Mezanine the unattainable—was pouring passionate endearments into his ears. Of course she thought he was unconscious.

He opened his lips and slipped into a simulated delirium.

"Mezanine! You is kilt, Mezanine! I is done kilt you when I wrecked yo' car. I hope I dies, Mezanine. Oh! honey-bunch,

(Concluded on Page 93)

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WDT

(Concluded from Page 81)

bein' daid you ain't never gwine know how much I loves you!"

It was too much for the lovelorn Mezanine. Clutching his head tightly in her arms she pressed her lips passionately against Temus'. For an instant his were passive; and then they gave a most decided response. Temus' arms went up and encircled her neck.

He had recovered consciousness.

Far down the road twin headlights appeared. To their ears came the protesting cough of a flivver motor.

Temus and Mezanine stared into each other's eyes.

"You ain't daid, Mezanine?"

"No. Is you, Temus?"

"Uh-huh! Does you really love me, sweetness?"

"I is execrably delirious 'bout you, Temus."

"An' you ain't peeved 'cause'n I wrecked yo' car?"

"Cars don' mean nothin' to me when I has become possessed of the mos' puffectest man which ever p'rambulated the streets of Bumminham. Or either the world."

"I ain't nothin' on'y a shoffer, hon. Is you willin' to ma'y me an' live on a shoffer's sal'ry?"

"Ise willin' to ma'y you, Temus-peach. But I asts you: Is you desirous an' agreeable to live like my husban' should ought to—an' have a shoffer of yo' own?"

Bliss! Temus nodded slowly.

"I reckon Ise willin' to do even that fo' you, darlin'."

Then came a long and lingering clinch. Temus suddenly became conscious of the coughing motor, which was now very close indeed. He spoke rapidly:

"Yonder comes yo' pa, Mezanine. He's gwine raise thunder if'n he fin's us like this. I don' like to deceive no one, but I reckon us better play daid."

"Fo' why?"

"If'n he thinks you is daid he's libel to lis'en to reason. Go on, lie down!"

They played dead. Mezanine draped herself gracefully over one fender. Temus resumed his prostrate position beside the car. The general effect was very tragic and impressive.

From the now silent flivver came Julep Conner and John Wrigle. Mr. Conner stumbled over the figure of Temus and paid him no heed. He had eyes only for the form of his daughter. But John Wrigle stopped by Temus' figure, grinned from ear to ear, poked out a speculative toe and inserted it in Temus' ribs.

Temus was unfortunately ticklish. He growled a soft-voiced threat at his friend:

"You tickles me again, cullud boy—you dies sho' nuff!"

"What you doin', Temus? Takin' a nap?"

"Ise unconscious, foolish! Git down heah an' save me."

"Huh! Ise done save you fum bein' murdered. I had to disconnec' one of them spark plugs so's to give you plenty time." He dropped to his knees by Temus' side. "How's things comin'?"

"You ain't tol' nothin', John?"

"Nary word."

Temus sighed.

"Things is comin' good." He raised himself slightly. "Lis'en at that gal talk, John Wrigle. Jes' lis'en at them honey words ooze outen her mouth!"

Mr. Wrigle listened. So did Temus. So, too, did her father, who fancied he was giving ear to the maunderings of delirium.

The apparently unconscious Mezanine was discussing the marvelous Temus and her love for him. She declared that she realized she was on the brink of the beyond, and that she'd step over unless she knew she could remain in life as the spouse of Temus Robinson. Her father bent lovingly above her.

"If'n you ma'ies Temus Robinson you promises you ain't gwine die, honey?"

"I pledges my word an' honor. Oh, Temus!"

Julep Conner rose and strode to Temus. He prodded that gentleman in the ribs.

"Temus?"

"Uh?"

"Is you alive?"

"Yassuh, Mistuh Conner."

"Well, lis'en heah. This accident is made my gal crazy in the haid. She craves to ma'y you. If'n you don' promise to ma'y her right away ——"

Temus sat up.

"Fo' you, Mistuh Conner," he said magnificently, "Ise willin' to promise anything. Lead me to her."

Julep Conner led him to her. Temus enfolded the lady in his arms and whispered softly: "C'mon back to life, sweetness. Ev'ythin's chicken!"

Mezanine's eyes fluttered open. They sought her father's delighted face.

"You gives me yo' word he's gwine puffom the rites of matrimony with me, papa?"

"I give you my word, Mezanine."

"Oh, papa!" She flung herself into the skinny, thankful embrace of her parent. "You is too good to me."

John Wrigle sidled over to Temus.

"Temus?"

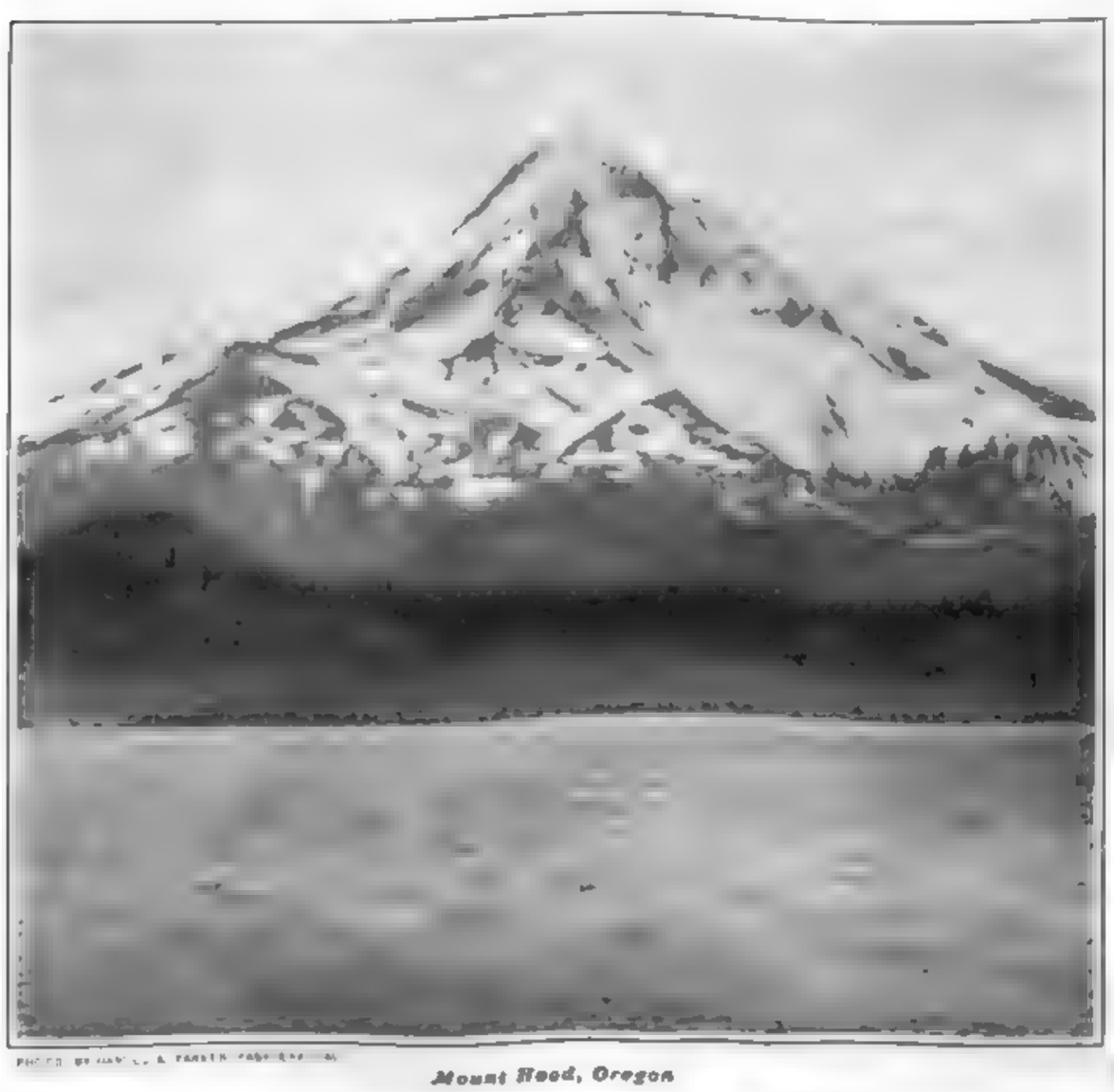
"What you want?"

"I gits me the job as yo' shoffer?"

"You don' git nothin'."

"I ain't tol' nobody—yet—who was drivin' that car t'-night. Does I shoffer fo' you after you ma'ies Mezanine?"

Temus gave the matter careful thought. Then: "I hiahs you, John," he retorted slowly, "but Lawd he'p you if you ever wrecks another one of my cars!"



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Emery dealers are showing this picture, in poster size, in their windows this week.

TWO AND TWO

(Continued from Page 26

velvets, with genuine jewels flashing over them, represented so much in the way of substantial wealth that it seemed to steady the whole fantastic scene.

Barbara and I entered on the level of the slightly raised orchestra stand and only half a dozen paces from it. Nobody noticed us much; we came in right on the turn of things—floor managers darting round, orchestra with bows poised and horns at lips, the whole glittering company of maskers being made ready to weave their figure of eight across the dancing floor. My poor girl dragged on my arm; her small feet scuffed; I lifted her along, wishing I might pick her up and carry her as Bill had done. I made for an unoccupied musicians' bench; but once there, she only leaned against it, not letting go her hold on me, and stood to take in every detail of the confused moving scene

The double doors had swung closed behind us; the hallman there who held the knob now reenforced by a uniformed policeman. The servants' way, at the farther end, was shut; men in plain clothes set their backs against it. And last, big Bill himself, in overalls, a touch of blunt blue realism, came fogging along the side wall to swing into place the great wooden bar that secured the entire group of glass doors that gave on the porch.

Barbara would have seen all these arrangements while I was getting ready for my first glance, but I prompted her nervously with a low-toned: "All set, girl." And then, as she still didn't speak: "Bill's got every door guarded."

She nodded. The length of the room away, in the end gallery, was the cannery-girl queen and her guard. Even at that distance I recognized Eddie Hughes, in his pink-and-white Beef-Eater togs, a gilded wooden spear in his hand, a flower tassel bobbing beside that long, drab, knobby countenance of his.

There he was, the man I'd jailed for Thomas Gilbert's murder. Below, on the dancing floor, were the two, Cummings and Bowman, who had put Worth behind the bars for the same crime. At my side was the pale, silent girl who declared that Clayte was the murderer.

Whispered tuning and trying of instruments up here; flutter and rush about down on the dancing floor; and Barbara, that clenched left hand of hers still pressed in hard against her side, facing what problem?

Crash! Boom! We were so close the music fairly deafened us, as with a multiplied undernote of moving feet the march began. On came those people toward us, wave behind wave of color and magnificence, dotted with little black ovals of masks pierced by gleaming eyeholes. I could sense Barbara reading the room as it bore down on her, and reading it clearly, getting whatever it was she had come there for. Myself, I was overwhelmed, drowned in the size and sweep of everything, struggling along, whispering to her when I spotted Jim Edwards in his friar's robe, noticed that the Roman soldier who must be Cummings, and Bowman, the Spaniard, squired the Thornhill twins in their geisha-girl dress; the crimson poppies of a lady of dreams looked odd against Laura Bowman's coppery hair.

At the head of the procession as they swung round, leading it with splendid dignity, came a pair who might have been Emperor and Empress of China—the Vandemans. To go on with affairs as if nothing had happened—though Worth Gilbert was in jail—had been the laid-down policy of both Vandeman and his wife. I'd thought it reasonable then; foolish to get hot at it now. The great, shining, rhythmically moving line deployed, interwove, and opened out again until at last the floor was almost evenly occupied with the many-colored mass.

I looked at Barbara; the awful intensity with which she read her room hurt me. It had nothing to do with that flirt of a glance she always gave a printed page, that mere toss of attention she was apt to offer a problem. The child was in anguish, whether merely the ache of sorrow or actual bodily pain; I saw how rigidly that small fist still pressed against the knitted wool of her sweater, how her lip was drawn in and bitten. Her physical weakness contrasted strangely with the clean-cut decision, the absolute certainty of her mental power. She raised her face and looked straight up into mine: "Have the music stopped."

I leaned over and down toward the orchestra leader to catch his eye, holding toward him the badge. His glance caught it, and I told him what we wanted. He nodded. For an instant the music flooded on, then at a sharp rap of the baton broke off in mid-motion, as though some great singing thing had caught its breath. And all the swaying life and color on the floor stopped as suddenly. Barbara had picked the moment that brought Ina Vandeman and her husband squarely facing us. After the first instant's bewilderment Vandeman and his floor managers couldn't fail to realize that they were being held up by an outsider; with Barbara, unmasked and wearing street clothes, in full sight up here by the orchestra they must know who was doing it. I wondered not to have Vandeman in my hair already; but he and his consort stood in dignified silence; it was his committee who came after me—a Mephistopheles, a troubadour, an Indian brave, a Hercules with his club—swarming up the step, wanting to know if I was the man responsible, why the devil I had done it, who the devil I thought I was anyhow. Others were close behind.

"Edwards," I called to the brown friar, "can you keep these fellows off me for a minute?"

Still not a word from Barbara. Nothing from Vandeman. Less than nothing. I watched in astonishment how the gorgeous leader stopped dumb, while those next him backed into the couple behind, side-stepping, so that the whole line yawed, swayed, and began to fall into disorder.

"Cummings"—as I glimpsed the lawyer's chain mail and purple feather—"keep them all in place if you can. All."

In the instant from behind my shoulder Barbara spoke:

"Have that man—take off his mask."

A little shaking white hand pointed at the leader

"Mr. Vandeman," I said. "That's an order. It'll have to be done."

The words froze everything. Hardly a sound or movement in the great crowded room, except the little rustle as someone tried to see better. And there, all eyes on him, Bronson Vandeman stood with his arms at his sides, mute as a fish.

Ina fumbled nervously at the cord of her own mask, calling to me in a fierce undertone: "What do you mean, Mr. Boyne, bringing that girl here to spoil things? This is spite work."

"Off—take his mask off! Do it yourself, Mr. Boyne!" Barbara's voice was clear and steady.

I made three big jumps of the space between us and the leading couple. Vandeman's committeemen obstructed me, the excited yip going amongst them: "Vandeman—Bronse—Vannie—who let this fool in here? Do we throw him out?"

Then they took the word from Edwards; the tune changed to grumblings of: "What's the matter with Van? Why doesn't he settle it one way or another, and be done?"

Why didn't he? I had but a breath of time to wonder at that, as I shoved a way through. Darn him, like a graven image there, the only mute, immovable thing in that turmoil! I began to feel sore.

"You heard what she said?" I took no trouble now to be civil. "She wants your mask off."

No flicker of response from the man. But the Empress of China dragged down her mask, crying: "Heard what she said? What she wants?" Over the shoulders of the crowd she gave Barbara Wallace a venomous look, then came at me.

A little too late. My hand had shot out and snatched the mask from the face of China's monarch. A moment I glared, the bit of black stuff in my grasp, at the alien countenance I had uncovered. Crowding and craning of the others to see. Jabbering, exclaiming all round us.

"Corking make-up; looks like a sure-enough Chinaman."

"No make-up at all. The real thing."

"What's the big idea?"

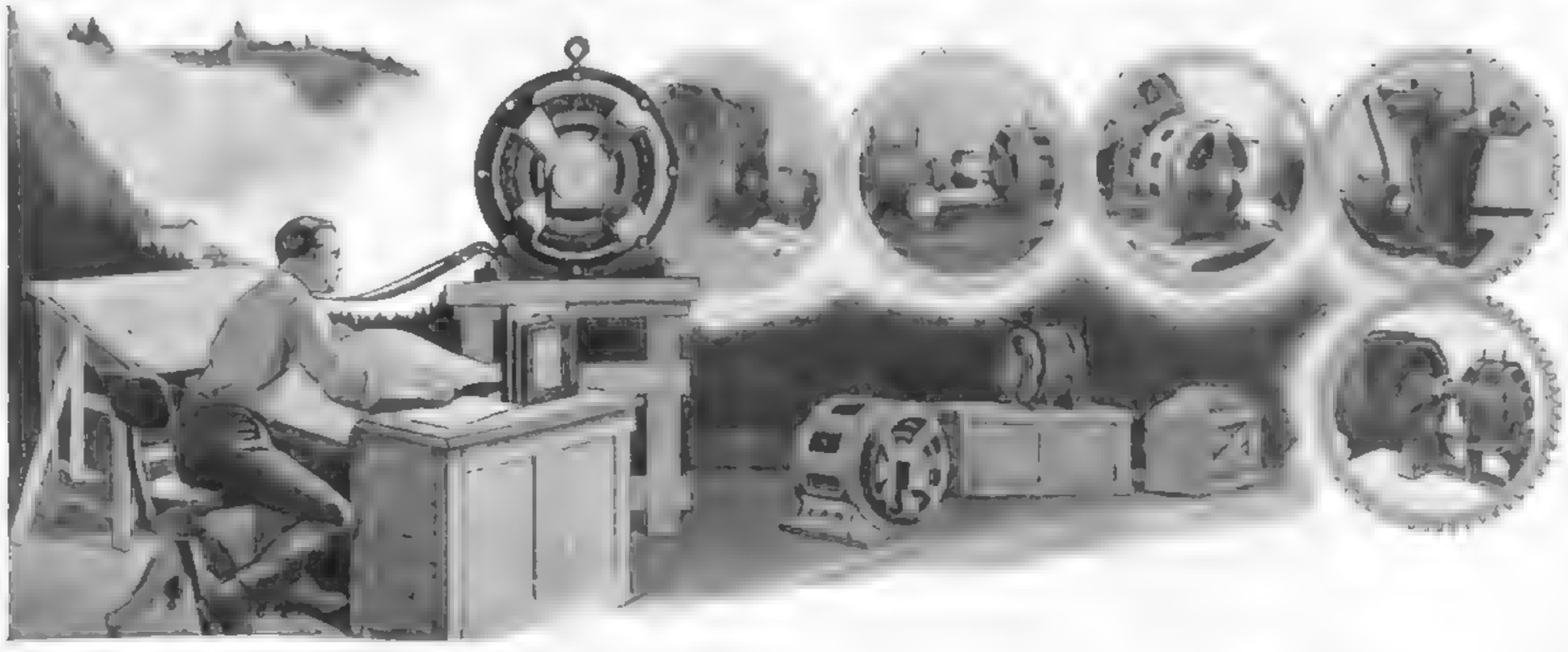
"Why did he unmask, then?"

"Didn't want to. They made him."

And last, but loudest, repeated time and again, with wonder, with the quick repugnance of offended caste, with rising anger: "The Vandemans' Chinese cook!"

(Continued on Page 97)

LINCOLN ELECTRIC MOTORS



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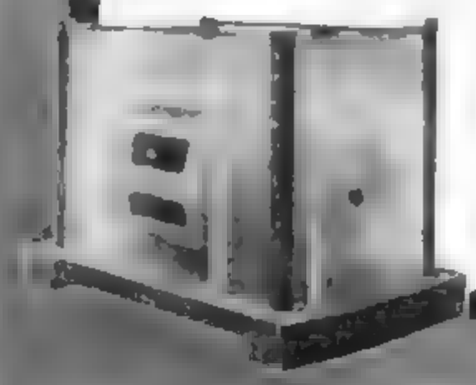

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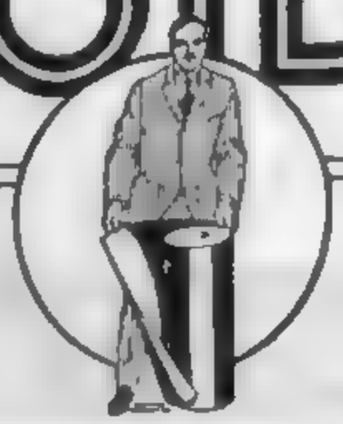

SHINGLES ROLL ROOFINGS BUILT-UP ROOFS BUILDING PAPERS
FELTS PAINTS VARNISHES PLASTICS

(Continued from Page 94)

For with the ripping away of that black oval I had looked into the slant, inscrutable eyes of Fong Ling. Hemmed in by the crowd he could but face me; he did so with a kind of unhuman passivity.

And the committee went wild. Their own masks came off on the run. I saw Cummings' face, Bowman's; Eddie Hughes slid from the balcony stair and bucked the crowd, pushing through to the seat of war. The grand march had become a jostling, gabbling chaos.

Barbara, up there, above it all, knew what she was about. I had utter confidence in her. But she was plainly holding back for a further development, her eyes on the entrances; and what the devil was my next move?

Ina Vandeman wheeled where she stood and faced the room, both hands thrown up, laughing.

"It was meant to be a joke—a great big foolish joke!" her high treble rang out. "Bron's here somewhere. Wait. He'll tell you better than I could. At a masquerade—people do—they do foolish things. They ——"

"Is Bronson Vandeman here?" I questioned Fong Ling. The Chinaman's stiff lips moved for the first time, in his formal precise English:

"Yes, sir. Mr. Vandeman will explain."

He crossed his hands and resigned the matter to his employer.

And I demanded of Ina Vandeman: "You tell us your husband's present—in this room? Now?" And when her answer was drowned in the noise, I roared: "Vandeman! Bronson Vandeman! You're wanted here!"

No answer. Edwards took up the call after me; the committee yelled the name in all keys and variations. In the middle of our squawking a minor disturbance broke out, across by the porch entrance, where big Bill Capehart stood. As I looked he turned over his post to Eddie Hughes, who came abreast of him at the moment, and started, scuffling and struggling toward us, with a captive.

"I had my orders!" his big voice boomed out. "Pinch anyone that tried to get in. Y'don't pass me—not if you was own cousin to God A'mighty!"

On they came through the crowd, all mixed up; blue overalls, and a flapping costume whose rich, many-colored silk embroideries flashed like jewels. A space widened about us for him. The big garage man spun his catch to the center of it, so that he faced the room, his back to the orchestra.

"Wanted in, did ya? Now yer in, what about it?"

What about it, indeed? In Bill's prisoner, as he stood there twitching ineffectually against that obstinate hold, breathing loud, shakily settling his clothes, we had, robe for robe, cap for cap, a duplicate Emperor of China!

And the next moment this figure took off its mask and showed the face of Bronson Vandeman.

Dead silence all about us; Capehart loosened his grip, abashed but still truculent.

"Dang it all, Mr. Vandeman, if you didn't want to get mussed up what made you fight like that?"

"Fight?" Vandeman found his voice. "Who wouldn't? I was late, and you ——"

"Bron!" After one desperate glance toward the girl up on the platform Ina ran to him and put a hand on his arm. "They stopped the march. Your—the—they spoiled our joke. But have them start the music again. You're here now. Let's go on with the march. Explain afterward."

"Good business!" Vandeman filled his chest, glanced across at Fong Ling, and gave his social circle a rather poor version of the usual white-toothed smile. "Jokes can wait—especially busted ones. On with the dance; let joy be unrefined!"

Sidelong, I saw the orchestra leader's baton go up. But no music followed. It was at Barbara the baton had pointed, at Barbara that all the crowded company stared. Her little white dress clung to her slender figure. I saw that now she was in the strange Buddha pose. A few flecks of silver paper, still in her black hair, made it sparkle. But it was Barbara's eyes that held us all spellbound. From her colorless face those wonderful openings of black light seemed to look through and beyond us. For an instant there was no stir. Hundreds of faces set toward her, held by the wonder of her. Fong Ling's yellow visage moved for the first time from its immobility with a sort of awe, a dread. And when my gaze came back to her I noticed that, with the dropping of her hands to join the finger tips, she had left, where that little pressing fist had been, a wide blur of red on the white sweater. Over me it rushed with the force of calamity—she had been wounded when she sank down back there in the crowd. It was a shot—not a giant cracker—we had heard.

"Vandeman"—I whirled on him—"you shot this girl. You tried to kill her."

Sensation enough among the others; but I doubt if he even heard me. His gaze had found Barbara; all the bounce, all the jauntiness was out of the man as he stared with the same haunted fear his eyes had held when she concentrated last night at his own dinner table.

She was concentrating now; could she bear the strain of it, with its weakening of the heart action, its pumping all the blood to the brain?

I shouldered my way to her and knelt beside her, begging: "Don't, Barbara! Give it up, girl! You can't stand this."

Her hands unclasped. Her eyes grew normal. She relaxed, sighingly. I leaned closer while she whispered to me the last addition in that problem of two and two—the full solution. Armed, I faced Vandeman once more.

Something seemed to be giving way in the man; his lips were almost as pale as his face, and that had been, from the moment he uncovered it, like tallow. He looked withered, smaller; his hair, where it had been pressed down by mask and cap, crossed his forehead, flat, smooth, dull brown. I saw, half consciously, that Fong Ling was gone. An accomplice? No matter; the criminal himself was here—Barbara's wonder man. It was to him I spoke.

"Edward Clayte"—at the name Cummings clanked round front to stare—"I hold a warrant for your arrest for the theft of four hundred and eighty-seven thousand dollars from the Van Ness Avenue Savings Bank of San Francisco."

He made a sick effort to square his shoulders; fumbled with his hair to toss it back from its straight-down sleekness, as Clayte, to the pompadoured crest of Vandeman. How often I had seen that gesture, not understanding its significance.

Cummings, at my side, drew in a breath, with: "Why—dammit—he is Clayte!"

"All right." I let the words go from the corner of my mouth at the lawyer in the same hushed tones he'd used. "See how you like this next one." And I finished, loud enough so all might hear: "And I charge you, Edward Clayte—Bronson Vandeman—with the murder of Thomas Gilbert."

XXIX

DISGRACE was in the air; the country club had seen its vice president in handcuffs. There was a great gathering up of petticoats and raising of moral umbrellas to keep clear of the dirty splashings. It made me think of a certain social occasion in Israel some thousands of years ago, when Absalom, at his own party, put a raw one over on his brother Amnon, and all the rest of King David's sons looked at each other with jaws sagging, "and every man gat him up upon his mule, and fled." Here, it was limousines; more than one noble chariot—filled with members of the faction who'd helped to rush Vandeman into office over the claims of older members—rolled, discredited, down the drive.

Yet a ball is the hardest thing in the world to kill; like a lizard, if you break it in two, the head and tail go right on wriggling independently. Also, behind this masked affair at the country club was the business proposition of a lot of blossom-festival visitors from all over the state who mustn't be disappointed. By the time I'd finished out in front, getting my prisoner off to the lockup, sending Eddie Hughes with Capehart and the other helpers he'd picked up to guard the Vandeman bungalow, handed over to the Santa Ysobel police the matter of finding Fong Ling and turned back to see how Barbara was getting on, the music sounded once more, the rhythmic movement of many feet.

"The boys have got it started again." Jim Edwards joined me in the hall, his tone still lowered and odd from the amazement of the thing. "Curious, that business in there yesterday." A nod indicated the little writing room toward which we moved. "Bronse stepping in, brisk and cool, for you

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to question him; pleasant, ordinary-looking chap. Would you say he had it in his head right then to murder you—or Barbara—if you came too hot on his trail?"

"Me?" I echoed sheepishly. "He never paid me that compliment. He wasn't afraid of me. I think Barbara sealed her own fate, so far as he was concerned, when she let Worth pique her into doing a concentrating stunt at Vandeman's dinner table last night. The man saw that nothing she turned that light on could long stay hidden. He must have decided then to put her out of the way. As for his wife—well, however much or little she knew, she'd not defend Barbara Wallace."

At that, Edwards gave me a look, but all he said was "Cummings has suffered a complete change of heart, it seems. I left him in the telephone booth just now, calling up Dykeman. He'll certainly keep the wires hot for Worth."

"He'd better," I agreed; and only Edwards' slight dark smile answered me.

"There's a side entrance here," he explained mildly as we came to the turn of the hall. "I'll unlock it; and when Barbara's ready to be taken home we can get her out without everyone gaping at her."

He was still at the lock, his back to me, when a door up front slammed and a Spanish cavalier came bustling down the corridor, pulling off a mask to show me Bowman's face, announcing: "I think you want me in there. That girl should have competent medical attention."

"She has that already." I spoke over my shoulder. "And if she hadn't, do you think she'd let you touch her, Bowman? Man, you've got no human feeling. If you had a shred you'd know that to her it is as true you tried to take Worth's life with your lying testimony as it is that Vandeman murdered Worth's father with a gun."

"Hah!" the doctor panted at me; he was fairly sober, but still a bit thick in the wits. "You people ain't classing me with this crook Vandeman, are you? You can't do that. No—of course—Laura's set you all against me."

Edwards straightened up from the door. With his first look at that fierce dark face the doctor began to back off, finally scuttling round the turn into the main hall at what was little less than a run.

They had Barbara sitting in the big morris chair while they finished adjusting bandages and garments. Our young cub of a doctor, silver-buttoned velveteen coat off, sleeves rolled up, hailed us cheerily.

"That bullet went where it could get the most blood for the least harm, I'd say. Have her all right in a jiffy. At that, if it had been a little farther to one side ——"

And I knew that Edward Clayte's bullet—Bronson Vandeman's—had narrowly missed Barbara's heart.

"This wonderful girl!" the doctor went on with young enthusiasm as he bandaged and pinned.

"Sitting up there, wounded as she was, and forgetting it, she looked to me more than human. Sort of effect as though light came from her."

"I was ashamed of myself back yonder in the square, Mr. Boyne," Barbara's voice, good and strong, cut across his panegyric. "Never in my life did I feel like that before. My brain wasn't functioning normally at all. I was confused, full of indecision." She mentioned that state, so painfully familiar to ordinary humanity, as most people would speak of being raving crazy. "It was agonizing." She smiled a little at the others. "Poor Mr. Boyne helping me along—we'd got somehow into a crowd. And I was just a lump of flesh. I hardly knew where we were. Then suddenly came the sound of the shot, the stinging, burning feeling in my side. It knocked my body down; but my mind came clear; I could use it."

"I'll say you could!" I smiled. "From then on, Bill Capehart and I were the lumps of flesh that you heaved round without explanation."

"There wasn't time; and I was afraid you'd find out what had happened to me, and wouldn't bring me here," she said simply. "I knew that the one possible motive for silencing me was the work I'd been doing for Mr. Boyne."

"Sure," I said, light breaking on me. "And every possible suspect in the Gilbert murder case was under this roof—or supposed to be—the grand march would be the show-down as to that. And just then the clock struck! Poor girl!"

"It was a race against time," Barbara agreed. "If we could get here first, hold the door against whoever came flying to get in, we'd have the one who shot me."

"But, Barbara child"—Laura Bowman was working at a sweater sleeve on the bandaged side—"you did get here, and caught Bronson Vandeman; it had worked out all right. Why did you risk sitting up in that strained pose, wounded as you were, to concentrate?"

"For Worth. I had to relate this crime to the one for which he'd been arrested. Within the hour I'd gathered facts that showed me Edward Clayte killed Worth's father. When I brought that man and his crime to stand before me, and Bronson Vandeman and his crime to stand beside it—as I can bring things when I concentrate on them—I found they dovetailed—the impossible was true—these two were one man." She looked round at the four of us, wondering at her, and finished, "Can't they take me home now, doctor?"

"Sit and rest a few minutes. Have the door open," the young fellow said. And on the instant there came a call for me from the side entrance.

"Mr. Boyne—are you in there? May I speak to you, please?"

It was Skeet Thornhill's voice. I went out into the entry. There, climbing down from the old truck, leaving its engine running, was Skeet herself. Her glance went first to the door I closed behind me.

"Yes," I answered its question. "She's in there." Then, moved by the frank misery of her eyes: "She'll be all right. Very little hurt."

She said something under her breath—I thought it was "Thank God!"—looked about the deserted side entrance, seemed to listen to the flooding of music and movement from the ballroom, then lifting to mine a face so pale that its freckles stood out on it, faltered a step closer and studied me.

"They phoned us"—scarcely above a whisper. "Mother sent me for the girls and—Ina. Mr. Boyne"—a break in her voice—"am I going to be able to take Ina back with me? Or is she—do they ——"

"Wait," I said. "Here she comes now."

Cummings brought young Mrs. Vandeman toward us. She moved haughtily, head up, a magnificent evening wrap thrown over her costume, and saw her sister without surprise.

"Skeet"—she crossed and stood with her back to me—"there's been some trouble here. Keep it from mother if you can. I'm leaving—but we'll get it all fixed up. How did you come here? Can I take you back in the limousine?"

The big closed car, one of Vandeman's wedding gifts to her, purred slowly up the side drive, circling Skeet's old truck, and stopped a little beyond.

Skeet gave it one glance, then reached a twitching hand to catch on the big silken sleeve.

"You can't go to the bungalow, Ina. As I came past they were placing men round it to—to watch it."

"What!" Ina wheeled on us, looking from one to the other. "Mr. Boyne—Mr. Cummings—who had that done?"

"Does it matter?" I countered. She made me tired.

"Does it matter!" she snapped up my words. "Am I to be treated as if—as though ——"

Even Ina Vandeman's effrontery wouldn't carry her to a finish on that. I completed it for her, explicitly:

"Mrs. Vandeman, whether you are detained as an accomplice or merely as a material witness, I'm responsible for you. I would have the authority to allow you to go with your sister; but you'll not be permitted even to enter the bungalow."

"It's nearly midnight," she protested. "I have no clothes but this costume. I must go home."

"Oh, come on!" Skeet pleaded. "Don't you see that doesn't do any good, Ina? You can get something at our house to wear."

She gave me a long look, her chin still high, her eyes hard and unreadable, then: "For the present I shall go to a hotel." She laid a hand on Skeet's shoulder, but it was only to push her away. "Tell mother"—evenly—"that I'll not bring my trouble into her house. Oh—you want Ernestine and Cora? Well, get them and go." And with firm step she walked to her car.

I nodded to Cummings.

"Have one of Dykeman's men pick her up and hang tight," I said.

(Continued on Page 101)

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(Continued from Page 98)

He smiled back understandingly with "Already done, Boyne. I want to speak to Miss Wallace—if I may. Will you please see for me?"

A moment later he marched, shining and jingling, in through a door that he left open behind him, pulled off his Roman helmet as though it had been a hat, and stood unconsciously fumbling that shoe-brush thing they trim those ancient lids with.

"Barbara"—he met the eyes of the girl in the chair unflinchingly—"you told me last night that the only words I ever could speak to you would be in the way of an apology. Will you hear one now? I'm ready to make it. Talk doesn't count much; but I'm going the limit to put Worth Gilbert's release through."

There was a long silence, Barbara looking at him quite unmoved. Behind that steady gaze lay the facts that Worth Gilbert's life and honor had been threatened by this man's course; that she herself was only alive because the bullet of that criminal whom his action unconsciously shielded missed its aim by an inch. Worth's life, her life, their love and all that might mean—and Barbara had eyes you could read. I didn't envy Cummings as he faced her.

Finally she said quietly: "I'll accept your apology, Mr. Cummings, when Worth is free."

***

IN THE dingy office of the city prison, with its sand boxes and barrel stove, its hacked old desks, dusty books and papers, I watched Bronson Vandeman, and wondered to see how the man I had known played in and out across his face with the man Edward Clayte, whom I had tried to imagine, whom nobody could describe.

Helping to recover Clayte's loot for Worth Gilbert looked to the opposition their best bet for squaring themselves. Dykeman from his sick bed had dug us up a stenographer; Cummings had climbed out of his tin clothes and come along with us to the jail. They were for having the screws put on; but I intended to handle Vandeman in my own way.

I had halted the lawyer on the lockup threshold with "Cummings, I want you to keep still in here. When I'm done with the man you can question him all you like—if he's left anything to be told." I answered a doubtful look: "Did you see his face there in the ballroom as he gazed up at Barbara Wallace? He thinks that girl knows everything, like a supreme being. He's still so shaken that he'd spill out anything—everything. He'll hardly suppose he's telling us anything we don't know."

And Vandeman bore out expectations. Now, provided with a raincoat to take the place of his mandarin robe, his trousers still the lilac satin ones of that costume, he surveyed us and our preparations with a half smile as we settled our stenographer and took chairs ourselves.

"I look like hell—what?" He spoke fast, as a man might with a drink ahead. But it was not alcohol that was loosening his tongue. "Why can't someone go up to my place and get me a decent suit of clothes? God knows I've plenty there—closets full of them."

"Time enough when the shur'ff gets here," Roll Winchell, the town marshal, grunted at him. "I'm not taking any chances on you, Mr. Vandeman. You'll do me as you are."

"Stick a smoke in my face, Cummings," came next in a voice that twanged like a stretched string. "Damn these bracelets! Light it, can't you? Light it."

He puffed eagerly, got to his feet and began walking up and down the room, glancing at us from time to time, raising the manacled hands grotesquely to his cigar, drawing in a breath as though to speak, then shaking his head, grinning a little and walking on. I knew the mood; the moment was coming when he must talk.

The necessity to reel out the whole thing to whoever would listen was on him like a sneeze. It's always so at this stage of the game.

For all the hullabaloo in the streets, we were quiet enough here, since the lockup at Santa Ysobel lurks demurely, as such places are apt to do, in the rear of the building whose garbage can it is. Our pacing captive could keep silent no longer.

Shooting a sidelong glance at me, he broke out: "I'm not a common crook, Boyne, even if I do come of a family of them, and my father's in Sing Sing. I put him there. They'd not have caught him without. He was an educated man—never worked anything but big stuff. At that, what was the best he could do—or any of them? Make a haul, and all they got out of it was a spell of easy money that they only had the chance to spend while they were dodging arrest. Sooner or later every one of them I knew got put away for a longer or shorter term. Growing up like that, getting my education in the public schools daytimes, and having a finish put on it nights with the gang, I decided that I was going to be, not honest, but the hundredth man—the thousandth—who can pull off a big thing and neither have to hide nor go to prison."

This was promising; a little different from the ordinary brag; I signaled inconspicuously to our stenographer to keep right on the job.

"When I was twenty-four years old I saw my chance to shake the gang and try out my own idea." Clayte rattled it off unfeelingly. "It was a lone hand for me. My father had made a stake by a forgery; checks on the City Bank. I knew where the money was hid, eight thousand and seventy-nine dollars. It would just about do me. I framed the old man—I told you he was in Sing Sing now—took my working capital and came out here to the Coast. That money had to make me rich for life, respected, comfortable. I figured that my game was as safe as dummy whist."

"Yeh," said Roll Winchell, the marshal, gloomily, "them high-toned Eastern crooks always comin' out here thinkin' they'll find the Coast a soft snap."

"Two years I worked as a messenger for the San Francisco Trust Company," Clayte's voice ran right on past Winchell's interruption, "a model employee, straight as they come; then decided they were too big for me to tackle, and used their recommendation to get a clerk's job with the Van Ness Avenue concern. I was after the theft of at least a half million dollars, with a perfect alibi; and the smaller institution suited my plan. It took me four years to work up to paying teller, but I wasn't hurrying things. I was using my capital now to build that perfect alibi."

He glanced round nervously as the stenographer turned a leaf, then went on: "I'd picked out this town for the home of the man I was going to be. It suited me, because it was on a branch line of the railway, hardly used at all by men whose business was in the city, and off the main highway of automobile travel; besides, I liked the place—I've always liked it."

"Sure flattered," came the growl as Winchell stirred in his chair.

"My bungalow and grounds cost me four thousand; at that it was a run-down place and I got it cheap. The mahogany—old family pieces that I was supposed to bring in from the East—came high. Yet maybe you'd be surprised how the idea took with me. I used to scrimp and save off my salary at the bank to buy things for the place, to keep up the right scale of living for Bronson Vandeman, traveling agent for Eastern manufacturers, not at home much in Santa Ysobel yet, but a man of fine family, rich prospects, and all sorts of a good fellow, settled in the place for the rest of his days."

He turned suddenly and grinned at me. "You swallowed it whole, Boyne, when you walked into my house last night—the old family furniture I bought in Los Angeles, the secondhand library, that family portrait, with a ring on my finger, and the same painted in on what was supposed to be my father's hand."

"Sure," I nodded amiably. "You had me fooled."

"And without a bit of crude make-up or disguise," he rubbed it in. "It was a change of manner and psychology for mine. As Edward Clayte—and that's not my name, either, any more than Vandeman—I was description-proof. I meant to be, and I was. It took her, the girl"—his face darkened and he jerked at his cigar—"to deduce that a nonentity who could get away with a half million dollars and leave no trail was some man!"

I raised my head with a start and stared at the man in his raincoat and lilac silk pantaloons.

"That's so," I fed it to him. "She had a name for you. She called you the wonder man."

"Did she?" A pleased smile. "Well, I'll give her right on that. I was some little wonder man. Listen," his insistent, overstimulated voice went eagerly on, "the

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beauty of my scheme was that up to the very last move there was nothing criminal in my leading this double life. You see—as I got stronger and stronger here in Santa Ysobel, I bought a good machine, a speedster that could burn up the road. Many 's the stag supper I've had with the boys there in my bungalow, and been back behind the wicket as Edward Clayte in the Van Ness Avenue Bank on time next morning. I was in that room at the St. Dunstan about as much as a fellow's in his front hall. I walked through it to Henry J. Brundage's room at the Nugget; I stayed there more often than I did at the St. Dunstan, unless I came on here.

"I'd left marriage out. Then that night four years ago, when Ina had her little run-in with old Tom Gilbert and got her engagement to Worth smashed, I saw there might be girls right in the class I was trying to break into that would be possible for a man like me. The date for our wedding was set, when Thomas Gilbert remarked to me one afternoon as we were coming off the golf links together that he was buying a block of Van Ness Avenue Bank stock. For a minute I felt like caving in his head, then and there, with the golf club I carried. What a hell of a thing to happen, right at the last, this way! Ten chances to one I'd have this man to silence; but it must be done right. Not much room for murder in so full a career as mine—holding down a teller's job, running for the vice presidency of the country club, getting married in style—but every time I'd look up from behind my teller's grille and see anyone near the size of old Gilbert walk in the front door it gave me the shivers.

"I'd put more than eight years of planning and hard work into this scheme, and you'll admit, Boyne, that what I had was some alibi. A wedding like that in a town of this size makes a big noise. I managed to be back and forth so much that people got the idea I was hardly out of Santa Ysobel. The Friday night before, I had a stag supper at my house, and Saturday morning, if anyone had called, Fong Ling would have told them I was sleeping late and couldn't be disturbed. On the forenoon of my wedding day, then, I sat as Edward Clayte in my teller's cage, the suitcase I had carried back and forth empty for so many Saturdays now loaded with currency and securities, not one of which was traceable, and whose amount I believed would run over half a million. It was within three minutes of closing time when someone rapped on the counter at my wicket, and I looked straight up into the face of old Tom Gilbert.

"I saw a flash of doubtful recognition in his eyes, but didn't dare to avoid them while counting bills and silver to pay his check. If I had done so he would certainly have known me. As it was, I saw that I convinced him—almost. I watched him as he went out, saw him hesitate a little at the door of Knapp's office—he wasn't quite sure enough. I knew the man. The instant he made certain he would act.

"The old devil wasn't on terms to attend the reception at the Thornhill place, but I located him in an aisle seat, when I first came from the vestry with my best man. All through the ceremony I felt his eyes boring into my back. When I finally faced him as Ina and I walked out, man and wife, I knew he recognized me, and almost expected him to step out and denounce me. But no—a fellow leading a double life was all he saw in it; bigamy was the worst he'd suspect me of at the moment. He didn't give Ina much, wouldn't lift a finger to defend her.

"Meantime, the manner of his taking off lay easy to my hand. I'd studied the situation through that skylight, seen Ed Hughes juggle the bolts with his magneta, and mapped the thing out. Gilbert killed there, the room found bolted, was a cinch for suicide. When the reception at the Thornhill house was over I made an excuse for something needed for the journey, and started across to my bungalow. It was common for all of us to cross through the lawns; I hid in the shrubbery.

"There were people with Gilbert; no chance for me to do anything. I stood there and nearly went out of my hide with impatience over the delays, while he had his row with Worth, when Laura Bowman and Jim Edwards came and braced him to let up on his persecution of them. Mrs. Bowman finally left; he went with her toward the front. Now was my chance; I dodged into the study, jerked his own pistol from its holster, squeezed myself in behind the open door and waited. He came back; I let him get into the room, past me a little, and when at some sound I made he turned, the muzzle of the gun was shoved against his chest and fired.

"I'd barely finished pressing Gilbert's fingers round the pistol butt when I heard a cry outside, jumped to the door, shut and bolted it just as my mother-in-law ran in across the lawns. I gathered that she'd been there earlier to get those three leaves out of the diary that you were so interested in, Boyne; had just read them and come back to have it out with old Tom. She hung round for five minutes, I should say, beating on the door, calling, asking if anything was wrong.

"My one big mistake in the study was that diary of 1920. It lay open on the desk where he'd been writing. It did tell of his having identified me as Clayte. I'd not expected it, and so I didn't handle it well. Time pressed. I couldn't carry it with me; I tore out the leaf, stuck the book into the drain pipe, and ran.

"And after all," he summed up, "my plans would have gone through on schedule; you never could have touched me with your clumsy police-detective methods, if it hadn't been for the girl."

He dropped his head and stood brooding a moment, demanded another smoke, got it, shrugged off some thought with a gesture, and finished.

"I was in too deep to turn. It was her life—or mine. Things went contrary. We couldn't get her to come out to the masquerade, where it would have been easy. With those two mandarin costumes, Fong Ling in my place, I had my time from the hour we put on the masks till midnight. Another perfect alibi. Well—it didn't work. They say you have to shoot a witch with a silver bullet. And she's more than human."

A siren's dry shriek as the sheriff's gasoline buggy made its way through the crowded street outside. Cummings raised his brows at me, got my nod of permission, and shot his first question at the prisoner.

"Vandeman, where's the money?"

"Not within a hundred miles of here," instantly.

"You took it south with you—on your wedding trip?" Cummings would persist. But our man, so expansive a moment ago, had, as I knew he would at direct mention of his loot, turned sullen; and he started for the San José jail, mum as an oyster.

XXXI

THE sheriff had gone with his prisoner; Cummings left; and then there came to me, in the street there before the lockup, riding with Jim Edwards in his roadster, a Worth Gilbert I had never known. Quiet he had been before; but never considerate like this. When I rushed up to him with my triumph and congratulations, and he put them aside, it was with a curious gentleness.

"Yes, yes, Jerry; I know. Vandeman turned out to be Clayte." Then, noticing my bewilderment. "You see, Jim let it slip that Barbara's hurt. Where is she?"

And Edwards leaned round to explain, "When we came past Capehart's, and she wasn't there, I ——"

"Oh, that's only a scratch," I hurried to assure the boy. "Barbara's perfectly safe."

"So Jim said," he agreed soberly. "I'm afraid you're both lying to me."

"All right." I climbed in beside him. "We'll go and see. She's up at your house waiting for you."

As we headed away for the other end of town he spoke again, half interrogatively. "Vandeman shot her?" and when I nodded: "He's on his way to jail. I'm out. But I'm the man that's responsible for what happened to her. Dragged her into this thing in the first place. She hated those concentrating stunts; and I set her to do one at that woman's table. To help play my game I risked her life."

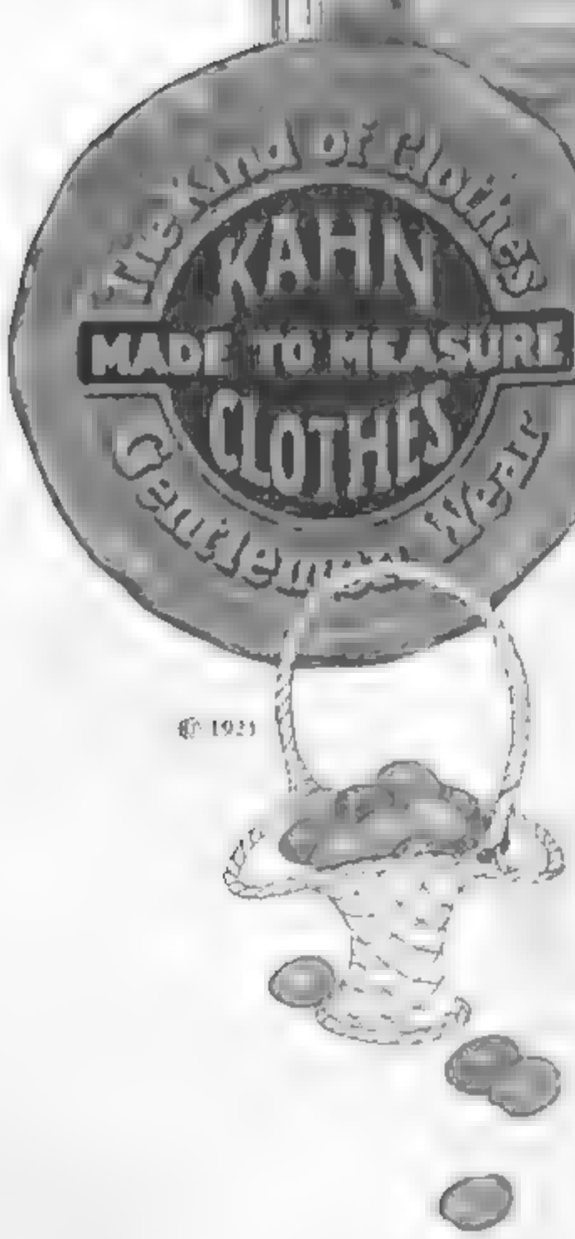
I listened in wonder; sidelong, in the dimness, I studied the carriage of head and shoulders—no diminution of power; but a new use of it.

This was not the crude boy who would knock everybody's plans to bits for a whim; Worth had found himself. And what a man!

"How does it look for recovering the money, Boyne?" Edwards questioned as we drove along.

I plunged into the hottest of that stuff Clayte-Vandeman had spilled, talked fascinatingly, as I thought, for three minutes, and paused to hear Worth say: "Who's with Barbara at my house?"

(Concluded on Page 105)



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(Concluded from Page 102)

"Mrs. Bowman," I said in despair, and quit right there.

We came into Broad Street a little above the Vandeman bungalow, which lay black and silent, the lights of Worth's house showing beyond. As we turned the corner a man jumped up from the shadow of the hedge where the Vandeman lawn joined the Gilbert place; there was a flash; the report of a gun; our watchers had flushed someone. I'd barely had time to say so to the others when there came a second sharp crack, then the whine of a ricocheting chunk of lead as it zipped from the asphalt to sing over our heads. "Beat it!" I yelled. "Stop the car and get to cover!"

Edwards slowed. A moment Worth hung on the running board, peering in the direction of the sounds. I started to climb out after him. There came another shot from up ahead, and then a shout. As I tumbled to my feet in the dark road Worth had started away on the jump. And I saw then, what I'd missed before, that the man who had burst from the hedge was running zigzag down the open roadway toward us. He was making his legs spin, and dodging from side to side as if to duck bullets. Worth headed straight for him.

Not the kind of a scrap I care for; in a half light you can't tell friend from foe; but Worth went to it—and what was there to do but follow? I shouted and blew my whistle, hoping our men would hear, heed, and let up shooting At the moment of my doing so, Worth closed with the man, who dropped something he was carrying, and tackled low, lunging at the boy's knees, aiming, I could see, to let Worth dive over and scrape up the pavement with his face.

No dodging that tackle; it caught Worth square; he even seemed to spring up for the dive, and somehow he carried his opponent with him to soften the fall. They came down together in the middle of the hard road with the shock of a railway collision, rolled over and over like dogs in a scrap, only there wasn't any growling or yelping. It was deadly quiet; not for an instant could you tell which was which, or whether the whirling, pelting tangle of arms and legs was man, beast or devil. That's why, even when I got near enough, I didn't dare plant a large thick-soled boot in the mess.

The fight was up to Worth; nothing else for it. Capehart came rolling from the hedge where I had seen the pistols flash; Eddie Hughes, inconceivable in pink puffings, bounded after; Jim Edwards chased up from his car; but all any of us could do was to run up and down as the struggle whirled about, and grunt when the blows landed. These sounded like a pile driver hitting a redwood butt. Out of the mêlée an arm would jerk, the fist at the end of it come back to land with a thud—on somebody's meat.

"Who the devil is it?" I bellowed at Capehart as the two grappled, afoot, then down, no knowing who was on top, spinning round in a struggle where neither boots nor knees were barred.

"He sneaked out of the bungalow just now," Capehart snorted. "We'd searched the place. Didn't think there was room for a louse to be hid in it. Got by the boys. I stopped him at the hedge and drove him into the open. Now Worth's got him. That is Worth, ain't it? Fights like him."

"Yes," I said, "it's Worth." But in my own mind I wasn't sure whether Worth had the fugitive or the fugitive had Worth.

And Jim Edwards muttered anxiously, as we skipped and sidestepped along with the fight: "That fellow may have a knife or a gun."

"Not where he can draw," I said, "or he'd have used it before now."

And Capehart sung out: "Sure. Leave 'em go. Worth'll fix him."

Edging in too close I got a kick on the shin from a flying heel, and was dancing round on one foot nursing the other when I heard sounds of distress issue from the tangle in the road; somebody was getting breath in long, gaspy sighs that broke off in grunts when the thud of blows fell, and merged in the harsh nasal of blood violently dislodged from nose and throat. For a while they had been up, and swapping punches face to face, lightning swift. Sounds like boxing, perhaps, but there wasn't any science about it. Feint? Parry? Footwork? Not on your life! Each of these two was trying to slug the other into insensibility, working for any old kind of a knock-out.

I began to be a little nervous for fear the boy I was bringing home from jail as a peace offering to Barbara might arrive so defaced that she wouldn't recognize him, when I saw one dark form pull away, leap back, an arm shoot out like a piston rod, and with a jar that set my own teeth on edge connect with the other man's chin. He went down clawing the air.

"You wanted the Chink, didn't you, Bill?" This was Worth, facing Jim Edwards' torch, fumbling for his handkerchief. "I heard you, and I thought you wanted him."

"It's Fong Ling!" bawled Capehart. "Sure we wanted him—and whatever that was he was carrying. Where is it? Did he drop it?"

"Sort of think he did." Worth was dabbing off his own face with a gingerly respectful touch. "I know he dropped some teeth back there in the road. Saw him spit 'em out. Maybe he left it with them. You might go and look."

The four of us drifted along the field of battle, Capehart's assistant having taken charge of the unconscious Chinaman, whom he was frisking for weapons. Halfway back to the hedge Bill stumbled on something, picked it up, and dropped it again with a disgusted grunt.

"Nothing but a Chinaboy's keister," he said contemptuously. "Not much to that. Why in blazes did he run so?"

"Because you were shooting him up, I'd say," Jim Edwards suggested.

"Naw. Commenced to run before we turned loose on him," Bill protested

"Hello!" I had pounced on the unbelievable thing, and called to Edwards for his light. "Worth, here's your four-hundred-thousand-dollar suitcase!"

"That!" He followed along, dusting himself off, trying out his joints. "Oh, yes. I left it in my closet, and it disappeared. Told you of it at the time, didn't I?"

"You did not!" I sputtered, down on my knees, working away at the catches. "You never told me anything that would be of any use to us. If this thing disappeared I suppose Vandeman stole it to get a piece of evidence in the Clayte case out of the way."

"Likely."

Worth turned with no further interest and started toward his own gate.

"Hi! Come back here!" I yelled after him. For the lock gave at that moment. There, under the pale circle of the electric torch, lay Clayte-Vandeman's loot!

"My gosh!" mumbled Capehart. "I didn't suppose there was so much money in the known world."

Eddie Hughes, breathing hard; Jim Edwards, bending to hold the torch; Capehart, stooping, blunt hands spread on knees, goggle-eyed; my own fingers shaking as I dragged out my list and attempted to sort through the stuff—not one of us but felt the thrill of that great fortune tumbled down there in the open road.

But Worth delayed reluctantly at the edge of the shadows, looking with impatience across his shoulder, eager to be on—to get to Barbara. Yet I wanted that suitcase to go into the house in his hand; wanted him to be able to tell his girl that she'd made him a winner in the gamble and the long chase. Roughly assured that only a few thousands had been used by Vandeman, I stuck the handles in his fist and trailed along after his quick strides. Edwards followed me. Laura Bowman opened the door to us; she stopped Edwards on the porch.

And then I saw my children meet. I hadn't meant to, but after all, what matter? They didn't know I was on earth. Creation had resolved itself, for them, into the one man, the one woman.

The suitcase thumped unregarded on the floor. She came to him with her hands out. He took them slowly, raised them to his shoulders, and her arms went round his neck.

(THE END)

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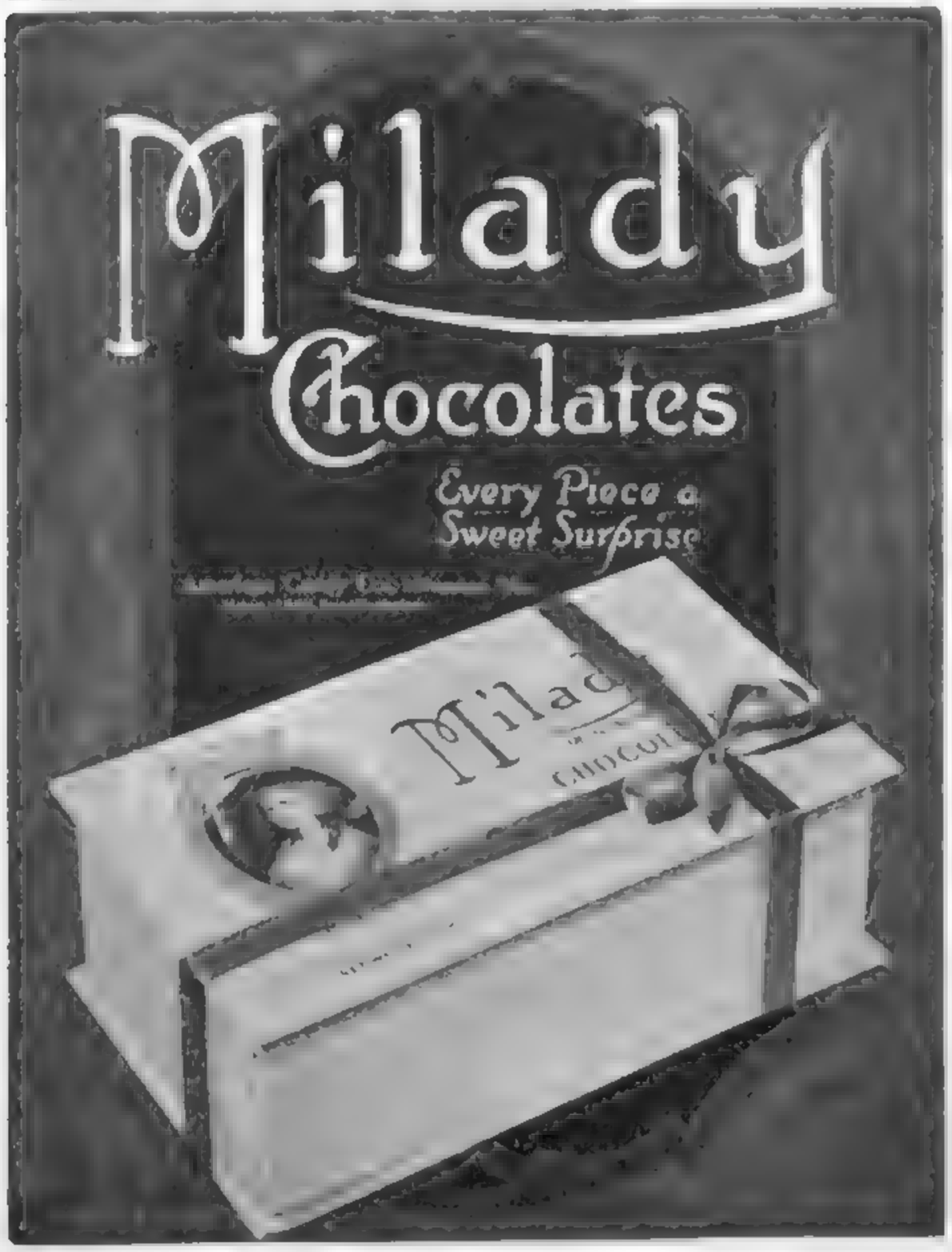

THE GRISLY FOLK AND THEIR WAR WITH MEN

(Continued from Page 9)

advanced and perhaps cut one off and drive it into difficulties among the bushes and swampy places below, and wound it, and follow it up and kill it. Then they would have made a feast, and somewhere down in the valley they would have found water and dry bracken for litter and a fire before night. It had seemed a pleasant and hopeful morning to them until this moment. Now they were disconcerted. This gray figure was as if the sunny morning had suddenly made a horrible and inexplicable grimace.

The whole expedition stood gazing for a time, and then the two leaders exchanged a few words. Waugh, the elder, pointed. Click, his brother, nodded his head. They would go on, but instead of slanting down the slopes towards the thickets they would keep round the ridge.

"Come," said Waugh, and the little band began to move again.

But now it marched in silence. When presently a little boy began a question, his mother silenced him by a threat. Everybody kept glancing at the thickets below.

Presently a girl cried out sharply and pointed. All started and stopped short.

There was the grisly thing again. It was running across an open space, running almost on all fours, in joltering leaps. It was hunchbacked and very big and low, a gray, hairy, wolflike monster. At times its long arms nearly touched the ground. It was nearer than it had been before. It vanished amidst the bushes again. It seemed to throw itself down among some red dead bracken.

Waugh and Click took counsel.

A mile away was the head of the valley, where the thickets had their beginning. Beyond stretched the woldy hills, bare of cover. The horses were grazing up towards the sun, and away to the north the backs of a herd of woolly rhinoceros were now visible on a crest, just the ridges of their backs showing like a string of black beads.

If the tribe struck across those grassy spaces, then the lurking prowler would have either to stay behind or come into the open. If he came into the open the dozen youths and men of the tribe would know how to deal with him.

So they struck across the grass. The little band worked round to the head of the valley, and there the menfolk stayed at the crest while the women and children pushed on ahead across the open.

For a time the watchers remained motionless, and then Waugh was moved to gestures of defiance. Click was not to be outdone. There were shouts at the hidden watcher, and then one lad, who was something of a clown, after certain grimaces and unpleasant gestures, obliged with an excellent imitation of the gray thing's lumbering run. At that, scare gave place to hilarity.

In those days laughter was a social embrace. Men could laugh, but there was no laughter in the grisly preman who watched and wondered in the shadow. He marveled. The men rolled about and guffawed and slapped their thighs and one another. Tears ran down their faces.

Never a sign came from the thickets.

"Yahah," said the menfolk. "Yahah! Yah! Bzzzz. Yahah! Yah!"

They forgot altogether how frightened they had been.

And when Waugh thought the women and children had gone on a sufficient distance he gave the word for the men to follow them.

In some such fashion it was that men, our ancestors, had their first glimpse of the premen of the wilderness of Western Europe.

The two breeds were soon to come to closer quarters.

The newcomers were pushing their way into the country of these grisly men. Presently came other glimpses of lurking semihuman shapes and gray forms that ran in the twilight. In the morning Click found long, narrow footprints round the camp.

Then one day one of the children, eating those little green thorn buds that rustic English children speak of as bread-and-cheese, ventured too far from the others. There was a squeal and a scuffle and a thud, and something gray and hairy made off through the thickets, carrying its victim, with Waugh and three of the younger men in hot pursuit. They chased the enemy into a dark gully, very much overgrown. This time it was not a solitary Neanderthaler they had to deal with. Out of the bushes a big male came at them to cover the retreat of his mate, and hurled a rock that bowled over the youth it hit, like a ninepin, so that thereafter he limped always. But Waugh with his throwing spear got the gray monster in the shoulder, and he halted, snarling.

No further sound came from the stolen child.

The female showed herself for a moment up the gully, snarling, bloodstained and horrible, and the menfolk stood about, afraid to continue their pursuit, and yet not caring to desist from it. One of them was already hobbling off with his hand to his knee.

How did that first fight go?

Perhaps it went against the men of our race. Perhaps the big Neanderthaler male, his mane and beard bristling horribly, came down the gully with a thunderous roar, with a great rock in each hand. We do not know whether he threw those big disks of flint or whether he smote with them. Perhaps it was then that Waugh was killed in the act of running away. Perhaps it was bleak disaster then for the little tribe. Short of two of its members it presently made off over the hills as fast as it could go, keeping together for safety and leaving the wounded youth far behind, to limp along its tracks in lonely terror. Let us suppose that he got back to the tribe at last—after nightmare hours.

Now that Waugh had gone, Click would become Old Man, and he made the tribe camp that night and build their fire on the high ridges among the heather, far away from the thickets in which the grisly folk might be lurking.

The grisly folk thought we know not how about the menfolk, and the men thought about the grisly folk in such ways as we can understand; they imagined how their enemies might act in this fashion or that, and schemed to circumvent them. It may have been Click who had the first dim idea of getting at the gorge in which the Neanderthalers had their lair, from above. For, as we have said, the Neanderthaler did not look up. Then the menfolk could roll a great rock upon him, or pelt him with burning brands and set the dry bracken alight.

One likes to think of a victory for the human side. This Click we have conjured up had run in panic from the first onset of the grisly male, but as he brooded by the fire that night he heard again in imagination the cry of the lost girl, and he was filled with rage. In his sleep the grisly male came to him and Click fought in his dreams and started awake, stiff with fury.

There was a fascination for him in that gorge in which Waugh had been killed. He was compelled to go back and look again for the grisly beasts, to waylay them in their tracks and watch them from an ambush. He perceived that the Neanderthalers could not climb so easily as the menfolk could climb, nor hear so quickly, nor dodge with the same unexpectedness. These grisly men were to be dealt with as the bears were dealt with—the bears before whom you run and scatter, and then come at again from behind.

But one may doubt if the first human group to come into the grisly land was clever enough to solve the problems of the new warfare. Maybe they turned southward again to the gentler regions from which they had come, and were killed by or mingled with their own brethren again. Maybe they perished altogether in that new land of the grisly folk into which they had intruded. Yet the truth may be that they even held their own and increased. If they died there were others of their kind to follow them and achieve a better fate.

That was the beginning of a nightmare age for the little children of the human tribe. They knew they were watched. Their steps were dogged. The legends of ogres and man-eating giants that haunt the childhood of the world may descend to us from those ancient days of fear. And for the Neanderthalers it was the beginning of an incessant war that could end only in extermination.

(Concluded on Page 109)

Tables loaded with food, yet—

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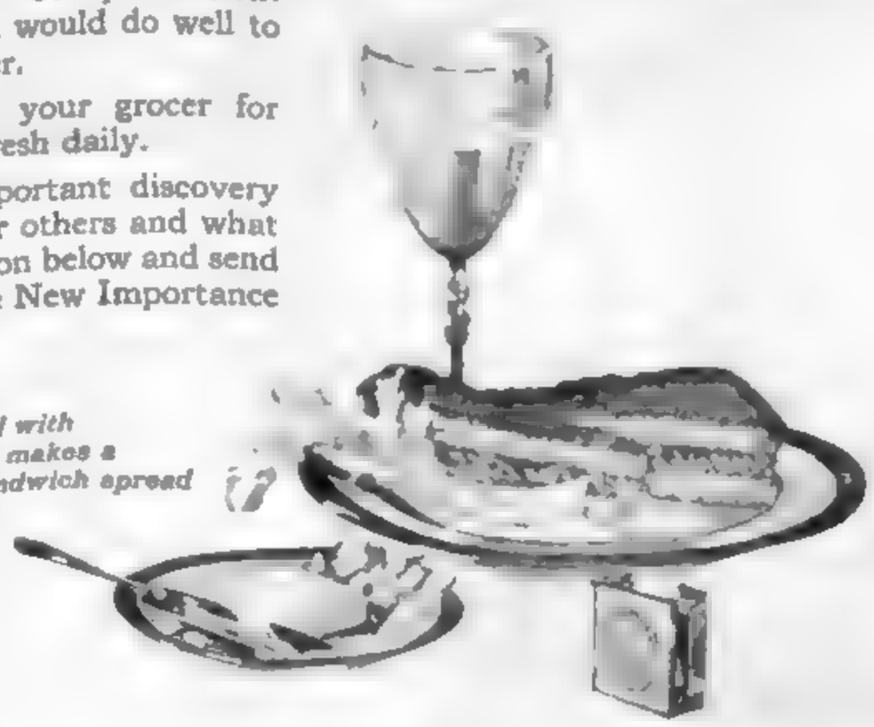

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Write It

THE OTHER DAY we lost a young man from our organization who might have made good and gone far with us. He had about everything a man needs in business—except that he couldn't stand criticism.

It wasn't the first time I've seen that happen; but it suggested something to me that may interest some of our guests, and that means more to our business than the loss of any one man, from the president of the company down—or up.

I wonder if any of our customers ever think that *we* won't stand criticism. It seems to be the popular belief that hotels are "independent"; and that the hotel customer who complains about poor service, or poor anything, is put on the defensive; and that the buyer of hotel accommodations hasn't the same rights over the seller that the buyer of—say—hats or jewelry or cigars assumes over the seller.

So it occurs to me to set down here:—

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We *invite* reasonable, fair-minded, sincere criticism of our service, and of employees who do not measure up to the standards of courtesy, attention, intelligence and helpfulness established by our policies.

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We promise careful attention to every complaint, every criticism. We do *not* promise to take drastic measures with every employee who makes a slip—no man is *always* at his best, and all of us have to be "reasonable" in our criticism; but we do promise that no employee will be retained who is plainly not living up to our policies.

We also invite, and welcome, any word of recommendation for the service of particular employees who have shown, in the guest's opinion, resourcefulness in an emergency or particular ability in giving service. We want to be as earnest in recognizing merit as in eliminating incompetence, and the comments of our guests are as helpful in the one case as in the other.

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(Concluded from Page 106)

The Neanderthalers, albeit not so erect and tall as men, were the heavier, stronger creatures, but they were stupid and they went alone or in twos and threes; the menfolk were swifter, quicker-witted and more social; when they fought they fought in combination. They lined out and surrounded and pestered and pelted their antagonists from every side. They fought the men of that grisly race as dogs might fight a bear. They shouted to one another what each should do, and the Neanderthaler had no speech; he did not understand. They moved too quickly for him and fought too cunningly.

Many and obstinate were the duels and battles these two sorts of men fought for this world in that bleak age of the windy steppes, thirty or forty thousand years ago. The two races were intolerable to each other. They both wanted the caves and the banks by the rivers where the big flints were got. They fought over the dead mammoths that had been bogged in the marshes and over the reindeer stags that had been killed in the rutting season. When a human tribe found signs of the grisly folk near their cave and squatting place they had perforce to track them down and kill them; their own safety and the safety of their little ones were to be secured only by that killing. The Neanderthalers thought the little children of men fair game and pleasant eating.

How long the grisly folk lived on in that chill world of pines and silver birch between the steppes and the glaciers after the true menfolk came we do not know. For ages they may have held out, growing more cunning and dangerous as they became rare. The true men hunted them down by their spoor, and watched for the smoke of their fires, and made food scarce for them.

Great paladins arose in that forgotten world, men who stood forth and smote the gray man-beast face to face and slew him. They made long spears of wood, hardened by fire at the tips, they raised shields of skin against his mighty blows. They struck at him with stones on cords and slung them at him with slings.

And it was not simply men who withstood the grisly beast, but women. They stood over their children; they stood by their men against this eerie thing that was like and yet not like mankind. Unless the savants read all the signs awry it was the women who were the makers of the larger tribes into which human families were already growing in those ancient times. It was the women's subtle, love-guided wits which protected her sons from the fierce anger of the Old Man, and taught them to avoid his jealousy and wrath, and persuaded him to tolerate them and so have their help against the grisly enemy.

It was woman, says Atkinson, in the beginning of things human, who taught the primary taboos, that a son must go aside out of the way of his stepmother, and get himself a wife from another tribe, so as to keep the peace within the family. She came between the fratricides, and was the first peacemaker. Human societies in their beginnings were her work, done against the greater solitariness, the lonely fierceness of the adult male. Through her men learned the primary coöperations of sonship and brotherhood. The grisly folk had not learned even the rudest elements of cooperation, and mankind had already spelt out the alphabet of a unity that may some day comprehend the whole earth. The menfolk kept together by the dozen and by the score. By ones and twos and threes, therefore, the grisly folk were beset and slain, until there were no more of them left in the world!

Generation after generation, age after age, that long struggle for existence went on between these men who were not quite men, and the men, our ancestors, who came out of the south into Western Europe. Thousands of fights and hunts, sudden murders and headlong escapes there were amidst the caves and thickets of that chill and windy world between the last age of glaciers and our own warmer time; until at length the last poor grisly was brought to bay and faced the spears of his pursuers in anger and despair.

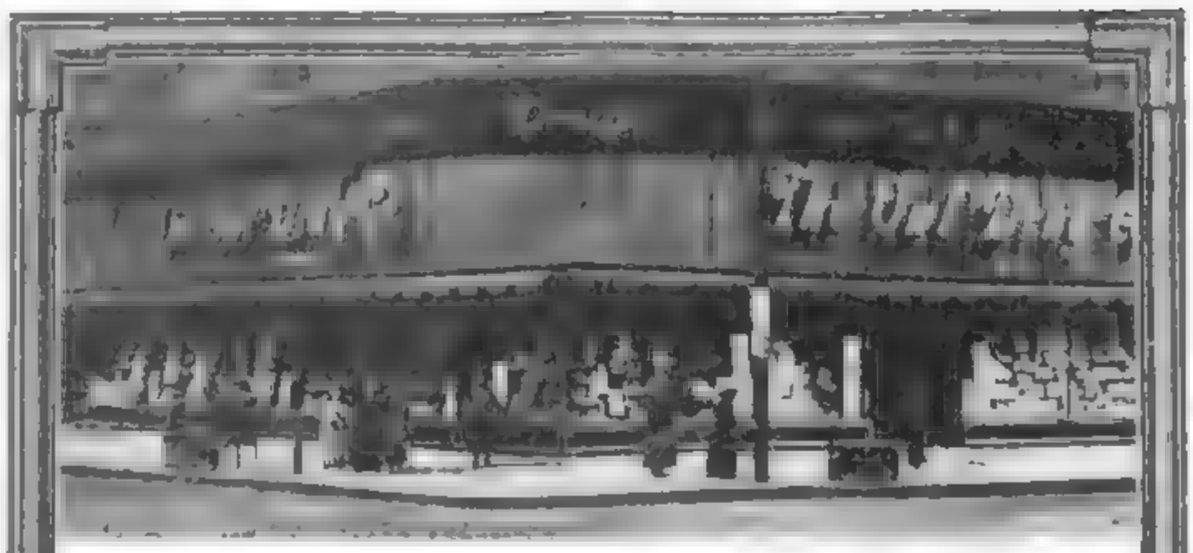
What leapings of the heart were there not throughout that long warfare! What moments of terror and triumph! What acts of devotion and desperate wonders of courage! And the strain of the victors was our strain, we are lineally identical with those sun-brown painted beings who ran and fought and helped one another the blood in our veins glowed in those fights and chilled in those fears of the forgotten past. For it was forgotten. Except perhaps for some vague terrors in our dreaming life and for some lurking element of tradition in the legends and warnings of the nursery, it has gone altogether out of the memory of our race.

But nothing is ever completely lost. Seventy or eighty years ago a few curious savants began to suspect that there were hidden memories in certain big chipped flints and scraps of bone they found in ancient gravels. Much more recently others have begun to find hints of remote strange experience in the dreams and odd kinks in modern minds. By degrees these dry bones begin to live again.

This restoration of the past is one of the most astonishing adventures of the human mind. As humanity follows the gropings of scientific men among these ancient vestiges it is like a man who turns over the yellow pages of some long-forgotten diary, some engagement book of his adolescence. His dead youth lives again. Once more the old excitements stir him, the old happiness returns. But the old passions that once burned, only warm him now, and the old fears and distresses signify nothing because they are past.

A day may come when these recovered memories may grow as vivid as if we in our own persons had been there and shared the thrill and the fear of those primordial days; a day may come when the great beasts of the past will leap to life again in our imaginations, when we shall walk again in vanished scenes, stretch painted limbs we thought were dust, and feel again the sunshine of a million years ago.

Alaska—Summer



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THE BIG FOUR OF THE PEACE CONFERENCE—CLEMENCEAU

(Continued from Page 4)

arts of oratory, but his distinct and incisive delivery compelled attention if not applause. He seemed to hurl his words at his listeners. Only occasionally did he employ a gesture, but, when he did, it was vigorous and wholly French. Having finished a forceful address he either sank back panting into his great golden chair or, if he desired to check further debate, he would state the resolution or decision agreed upon by the Council of Ten before the session, and without a moment's delay exclaim "*Adopté.*" He would then, before anyone could interrupt, take up the next item on the agenda, or else add "*Ajourné.*"

Free debate and actual voting by the delegates had no place in the proceedings with M. Clemenceau in the chair. There was an occasional attempt at discussion, but the Clemenceau method discouraged it. After listening with a tolerant manner and with his half-closed eyes turned toward the ceiling, the old French autocrat would slowly rise from his chair, glare fiercely about the room as if to say "We have had enough of this," and ask whether anyone else desired to speak; and then before another delegate could collect his wits and get to his feet he would snap out the inevitable "*Adopté.*" That always ended it.

This procedure was the easier because the assembled delegates knew that the proposed measures which appeared on the agenda or were read by the president of the conference or the secretary general had been considered and approved by the Council of Ten before being submitted. In the face of this united approval of the five great powers opposition crumbled. The possibility of offending the ruling oligarchy or the futility of attempting to reverse their decisions caused most of the delegates to remain silent. A few more courageous than their fellows, such as Hymans, of Belgium, Bratiano, of Rumania, and Hughes, of Australia, dared to speak their minds until the Old Tiger showed his teeth and growled out "*Adopté.*" Then they, too, succumbed.

Altogether a plenary session of the Conference on the Preliminaries of Peace was a farce. It was never a deliberative assembly which reached an agreement by a frank exchange of views. The delegates were called together to listen, not to criticize or object, to the program of the Council of Ten. They were there to go through the formality of registering their approval, whatever their real opinions might be. It was medieval rather than modern; despotic rather than democratic. It was in one sense a farce, but in another it was a tragedy.

Despotic Methods

To carry through a proceeding of this sort required a masterful man like M. Clemenceau. President Wilson could never have done it. Even his nature, which resents opposition, would have found such methods repugnant to his sense of right and fair play. I doubt if Mr. Lloyd George could have done it. But M. Clemenceau suffered from no qualms of indecision. His fixed determination and driving force were just the qualities needful to crush opposition and to compel submission. He drove toward the goal, heedless of the obstacles in the way, and supremely confident in his ability to attain the object sought. These were the characteristics which made him the great War Minister of France even when the German hosts, flushed with successes, were sweeping toward Paris. These were the characteristics which gained him the applause of the world and the adoration of the French people. It is no exaggeration to say that in the dark days of 1918 the indomitable courage and stern will of M. Clemenceau were the greatest assets of France, for the fire of his spirit ran through the nation, inspiring confidence and determination. But these characteristics, of so great value during the war, were the ones which he unfortunately employed as president of the conference. They succeeded, but the success was at a sacrifice which was far too great.

M. Clemenceau, the believer in the primacy of the great Powers, which he succeeded in putting into practical operation in the Council of Ten and even more completely in the Council of Four, saw with satisfaction the same idea perpetuated in the Council of the League of Nations. To be the executive of such an oligarchy in the peace conference he was specially equipped by experience, by temperament and by resourcefulness. His nature was that of a despot.

I imagine that he viewed the sessions of the conference as expedient in order to satisfy the sentimental idea that every nation which had actually participated in the war against Germany should have a voice in making peace, but he determined that the voices of the small belligerents should be merely echoes of the expressed will of the great Powers. He manifestly believed that those who possessed the superior military and naval strength had the sole right to make peace with the Central Alliance. He did not propose to hazard the interests of France by submitting the treaty terms to the body of delegates for decision. Having won the war he did not intend to have France lose the peace.

Resentment of the Delegates

Skeptical as M. Clemenceau seemed to be of the actual force of moral obligation and of abstract justice in international relations, he conceived that the practical way was for the five principal Powers to take and keep entire control of the negotiations and to perpetuate their control by means of a concert of the great Powers, or, if it made anyone happier, by a Council of a League of Nations, which was the same thing if it recognized the primacy of the five Powers. In my judgment that is what M. Clemenceau sought from the beginning, and that is what he obtained. Less far-seeing than he and less appreciative of the great advantages to France of the creation of such an oligarchy, the military element in France, led by Marshal Foch and his political friends, were insistent on making the Rhine the boundary with Germany, the marshal even going so far as to denounce the treaty in a plenary session because this was not included. But M. Clemenceau knew that the unity of the great Powers was a stronger protection to his country than the military occupation of territory whose inhabitants would remain hostile and seek the first opportunity to throw off the yoke of French sovereignty. He knew that if he insisted on the Foch program it would result in the loss of the unity which he desired and would greatly weaken the influence of France in the council of the Powers. Wisdom and expediency from the French point of view indorsed the course taken by the French Premier. He endeavored nevertheless to remove all popular opposition aroused by the militarists by negotiating treaties of protective alliance with the United States and Great Britain, but in this he was only partially successful, as the extreme militarists continued their demand for the cession of the territory west of the Rhine.

It is not my purpose to repeat the opinions of the delegates of small nations concerning the organization and procedure of the peace conference and the way M. Clemenceau conducted the plenary sessions. It is enough to say that they were astonished, indignant and depressed at their treatment, but dared not publicly complain of their wrongs, though in private their bitterness was expressed in strong terms. The invectives were chiefly directed against M. Clemenceau because of his "brutal and unheard-of conduct" as president of the conference, though they must have known that he was only the instrument of the arbitrary power which had been taken over by the councils. The resentment of the delegates increased as weeks lengthened into months while they sat idly cooling their heels and awaiting the decrees of the great Powers. Having no alternative they assented when they were told to assent, and they also signed when they were directed to sign, the Chinese delegates alone refusing to place their signatures to the treaty. It was a succession of humiliations for the independent states, whose delegates sat at the peace table presumably to register the sovereign wills of their respective nations but in fact to obey the commands of the great Powers under the direction of

(Continued on Page 113)

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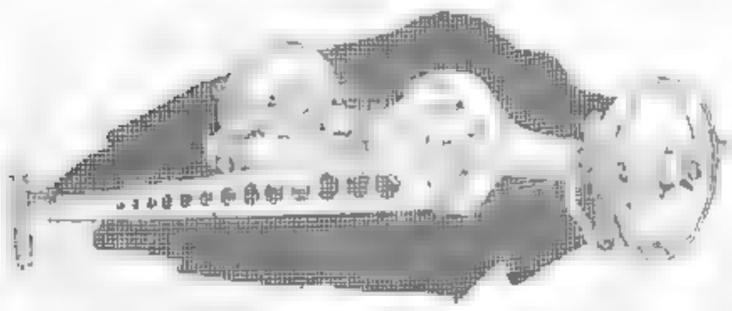

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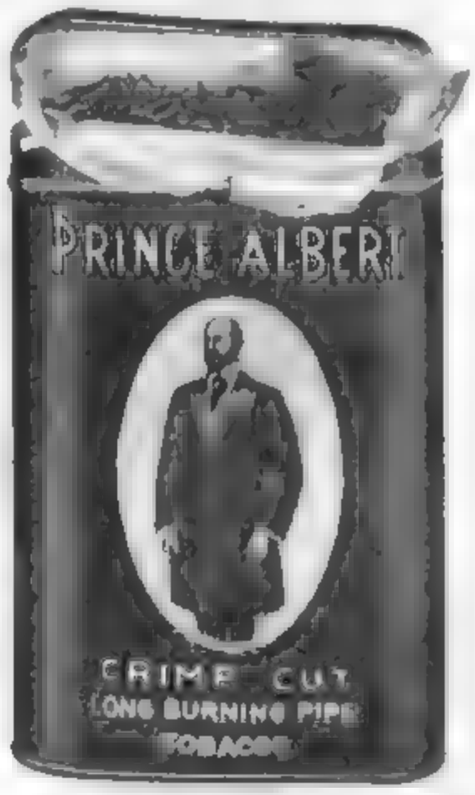


(Continued from Page 110)

the forceful old statesman of France. It is true that these nations were represented on various commissions, but the commissions possessed no authority to decide a question. That authority rested with the councils.

But Clemenceau presiding over the Council of Ten was a different Clemenceau from him who presided over the plenary sessions of the Conference on the Preliminaries of Peace. The council, except on rare occasions when there were a great number of military and naval experts present, met in the room occupied as an office by M. Pichon, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs. On the south side of this room wide windows extending from the floor to the lofty ceiling looked out upon the trees and shrubbery of a small court. The three other sides above the dark wainscoting were covered with richly colored tapestries, which in allegory portrayed events in the life of Henry IV. In the center of the north side two sets of double doors opened into one of the great antechambers facing the Quai d'Orsay. The doors on the inside of the thick wall were connected by brass rods with corresponding doors on the outer side, so that the two opened together. When they were closed M. Pichon's room was practically soundproof.

The council chamber was approximately thirty feet from east to west and over twenty feet wide. Near the western end and several feet from a handsome fireplace, in which a wood fire blazed on cold days, was M. Pichon's ornate desk, or rather table. At this sat M. Clemenceau in a low-backed armchair. Behind him Professor Mantoux, the gifted interpreter of the conference, sat at a small table. Near Professor Mantoux and toward the south side of the room sat M. Pichon in a high-backed armchair. Along the south side of the room were the other members of the council, with their backs to the windows, arranged in the following order—the Americans, the British, the Italians and the Japanese. They sat in great chairs similar to that occupied by M. Pichon, and had in front of them small tables for their papers and maps. Behind the members of the council, in the embrasures of the windows and also along the east side of the room, were their secretaries and the expert advisers whom they had asked to attend the session. On the north side near the western end of the room sat M. Dutasta, the secretary general, and three or four French assistants. Also on the north side close to the entrance doors were chairs for delegates, commissioners and other persons who might be summoned to present their cases or make their reports to the council. As a rule from twenty to thirty-five people were present at each session, though on occasions all retired except the ten members.

Sessions Under French Control

This is a rude picture of the place of meeting of the Council of Ten over which M. Clemenceau presided. But, as I said, he was a different man from the man who directed the proceedings of a plenary session. Within the council chamber his domineering manner, his brusqueness of speech and his driving methods of conducting business disappeared. He showed patience and consideration toward his colleagues and seldom spoke until the others had expressed their views. It was only on rare occasions that he abandoned his suavity of address and allowed his emotions to affect his utterances. It was then only one caught a glimpse of the ferocity of the Tiger. But these incidents were very unusual, as M. Clemenceau was generally conciliatory and disposed to find some common ground for compromise. His manifest purpose was to obtain unanimity by mutual concessions.

After a long debate, in which several members of the council had taken part, M. Clemenceau would turn to the one who had offered the original proposal and ask expectantly in English, "Do you agree?" If the proposer showed that he was not satisfied M. Clemenceau would gaze at the ceiling and patiently listen to further discussion. If it became apparent that no agreement could be reached he would ask for suggestions as to the course to be taken. If, however, the author of the proposal was satisfied with the changes offered in debate M. Clemenceau would put the same question to others who had taken part in the discussion, and if no objection was raised his face would light up and he would exclaim, "*Bien! C'est adopté.*" It was then the duty of the secretary general and the secretaries of the delegations to reduce the final decision to writing, by no means an easy task if it was a patchwork of debate.

The proceedings of the Council of Ten were very informal, although an official agenda was prepared for each session, nominally by the secretaries acting together, though, in fact, it was done by M. Dutasta in consultation with officials of the French Foreign Office. Thus M. Clemenceau and his advisers substantially regulated the subjects discussed by the Council of Ten. The truth is that the agenda seldom reached the members of the council long enough before the session for them to study thoroughly or in detail the subjects listed for discussion. Naturally, this gave a decided advantage to the French, who included in the agenda only subjects which they were fully prepared to discuss. It was practically impossible to have placed on the agenda a subject which officials of the French Foreign Office were not ready to consider or which they believed it would be for the interests of France to postpone until certain other matters had been decided.

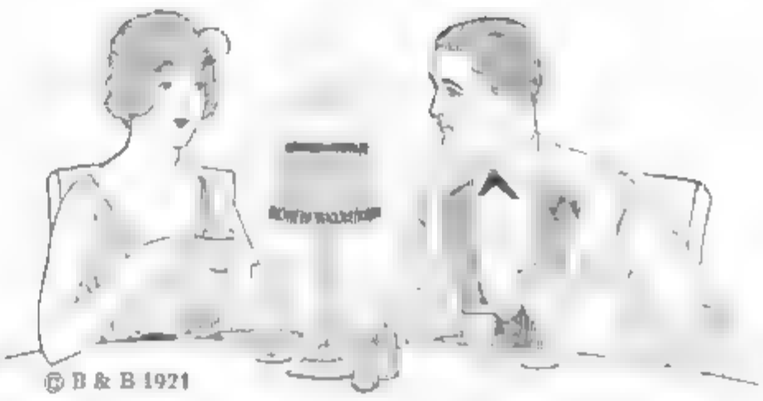
Of course M. Clemenceau, alive to everything which worked to the advantage of France and skillful in handling situations of all sorts, succeeded in carrying through the French program; and he did it without exciting opposition among his colleagues. They might, and in a few cases did, grumble and complain outside the council as to the way matters were being handled, but in M. Pichon's room the suavity, good nature and unfailing courtesy of the Tiger silenced those who were dissatisfied. In the endeavor to match the shrewd old statesman in politeness and geniality they failed to use these qualities in the way that he did. He used them to disarm his opponents and prevent vigorous objection. His colleagues used them to soften the blows which they intended to deliver. M. Clemenceau won.

The Premier's Sharp Tongue

As a master of the fine art of flattery none could equal the French Premier. It was interesting to see how accurately he estimated the personal peculiarities of his colleagues and how tactfully he regulated his intercourse accordingly. With President Wilson he was, at least in the Council of Ten, politely deferential but never subservient; with Mr. Lloyd George he showed his wit and sometimes his sarcasm; with the Italians he was cynical and caustic and not infrequently vehement; and with the Japanese, indifferent or patiently tolerant. He had read with remarkable keenness the temperament and the characteristics of each, and seemed to understand the best way to deal with each one.

The personality of M. Clemenceau was distinctly attractive. His genial friendliness, his mental alertness and his sparkling wit made him always an agreeable companion and an interesting conversationalist. It is true that his wit was sometimes biting and cruel. He did not check his fondness for uttering clever sayings because they conveyed unpleasant truths or wounded the sensibilities of those at whom they were directed. But he was always careful to avoid offending one whose power he recognized or whose favor he sought. President Wilson, for example, was never in my presence a target for his sarcastic remarks, while his own officials and military advisers, even Marshal Foch, were often the subjects of jests and rebukes which, delivered before the council, caused them exceeding mortification and invited in some cases angry retorts. He was at times so harsh and sarcastic in his language that his listeners felt incensed that he took an occasion when they were present to humiliate his subordinates.

Yet in spite of these exhibitions of temper, embarrassing as they were, one could not but admire the sturdy old veteran, whose political life had been one of continual tumult and strife. No public man in France had had so stormy a career as he. He had not won his high place by making friends with politicians; he had won it by trampling down his enemies. He did not owe his success to a political party or to a faction; he owed it to compelling recognition of his personal strength and ability. He simply reveled in the struggles in which he was constantly engaged to maintain his position. He never hesitated to pick up a gage of battle, and he entered the conflict with all the vigor of youth and all the sagacity of age.



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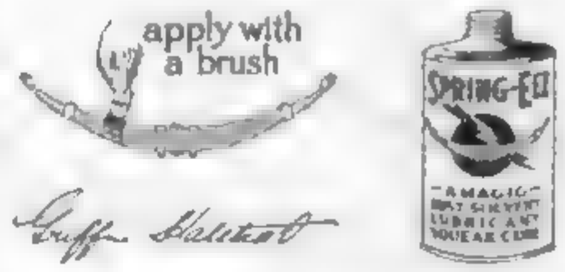

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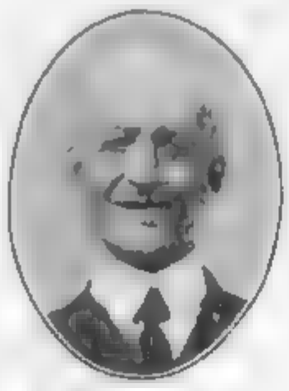
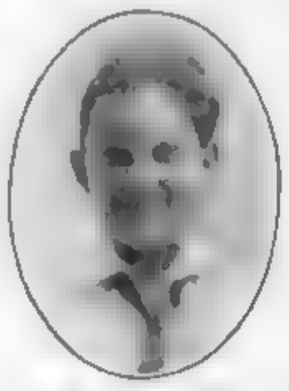


Mr. Frank Thompson of Pennsylvania



Stephen Polak of New York

Mr. Knerr is one of hundreds who easily earn extra money by introducing *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. Mr. Bedford has received as much as $150.00 in a single month; one month's spare time has brought Mr. Thompson $75.00 extra; while little Stephen Polak is working after school to earn a bicycle.

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There is room on our subscription staff for more men and women who want more money. You need no experience to be successful—you can learn as you earn. You need make no money investment—all equipment and supplies are furnished *free*. Right in your neighborhood there are many people who would gladly send in their orders through you if you should ask them to. Like scores of our workers, you too should be able to earn $1.50 an hour or more for spare time work, or up to $100.00 a week if you can devote all of your time to it.

To obtain full information about our money-making plan, with complete equipment for immediate profitable work, mail this coupon today to The Curtis Publishing Company, 976 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. No obligation is involved.

Gentlemen:

Please tell me all about your money-making plan.

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Whatever may be thought of M. Clemenceau's policies and methods, it is impossible to deny tribute to his indomitable will and his unwavering optimism as he stood alone and defiant during many of the crises which he as premier was called upon to face. Even those who disliked him intensely could not refuse him unwilling praise for his devotion and service to France, while the enthusiastic shouts of "Clemenceau! Clemenceau!" whenever he appeared in public, testified to a popularity which silenced his enemies and made his premiership secure.

I cannot better describe M. Clemenceau's personal appearance than to say that he suggested in face and figure a Chinese mandarin of the old empire. I say this with all respect for the man whom I would describe. He had the sallow complexion, the prominent high cheek bones, the massive forehead with protuberant brows, the slant of the dark eyes, the long down-curving gray mustache, the short neck, the broad rounded shoulders and the bulky body. As he sat in the council chamber with his clenched gloved hands resting on the arms of his chair, his eyes with their raised brows and heavy drooping lids, and his features immobile and expressionless, he might have been the model for a bronze Chinese statue of Buddha. He was a striking type, indicative of intellectual force, of self-mastery and of cold merciless will power. Massive, Mongolian and impassive, he watched the course of events with Oriental stoicism and calculated with the unerring instinct of the Western mind where lay the interests of France, to which his thought and energies were consecrated.

Idealism Tolerated

It is not strange or doubtful, when one dissects the character of this remarkable man, that he dominated the peace conference and the councils at Paris. He possessed the essential qualities of great leadership. He knew when to be defiant and when to placate. He was preëminently practical and material. He was cynical of the real value of the idealism which had been so widely applauded and which many of the delegates supported with enthusiasm so long as it did not interfere with the material interests of their countries. He tolerated these ideals because it was the expedient thing to do. He showed in what he sought and in what he accomplished rather than in what he said that he believed that selfishness was the supreme impulse with nations as with individuals, and that it was the only real factor to be reckoned with. Altruism was well enough to talk about because it was pleasing to some people, but to construct international society on such a foundation was to deny human nature. He was in no sense a visionary.

The League of Nations to M. Clemenceau—if I read his mind correctly—was a Utopian dream of impractical theorists, until a concert of the great Powers was incorporated in the covenant and the United States and Great Britain agreed to enter into treaties to come to the aid of France in the event that Germany should again attack her. From the time that these treaties of protection were arranged and his country had no longer to depend for its security upon the uncertain guaranty of the covenant M. Clemenceau supported or rather did not oppose the League of Nations. He probably thought that it might have some practical uses in carrying out the terms of the treaty. If the authors and sponsors wished to try out their theory he had no objections, provided there was nothing in the covenant which weakened or lessened the material advantages obtained for France in the terms of the peace.

Patriot and Materialist

He watched calmly and with little comment the formulation of the league by the Commission on the League of Nations, over which President Wilson presided, but I imagine that he did so with a scornful cynicism for the work of those who, he doubtless thought, were wasting their time on a dream. Had the authors of the covenant attempted, however, to modify his purposes, there can be little doubt that there would have been an explosion and the covenant would have had a difficult road to travel before it was accepted.

His fixity of purpose, his practicality, his tolerance of harmless altruism, his mental vitality and keenness of perception, together with the other traits of character to which I have referred, made M. Clemenceau the most influential personality in the Paris conference. He succeeded in nearly everything that he undertook. When it made no difference to France or to French interests he might argue and debate and finally give up the point; but if the real interests of France, as he saw them, were in the slightest degree affected, he never surrendered. His patriotism like his materialism was extreme. No one can honestly deny the superior influence which the rugged old statesman exerted from first to last over his distinguished confrères.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of four articles by Mr. Lansing. The second article will appear in an early issue.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Ink Users!
Signet Ink is absolutely permanent—it's safe for records.
It is practically non-corrosive, eliminating rusty, scratchy pens.
It does not accumulate or build on the pen.
It writes a pleasing blue which turns jet black.
You can feel its goodness the moment you commence to write.
Blot it and the writing still remains clear and distinct.
The jobber's salesman—the friend of the retailer
The advantage of this connection to the dealer and the consumer
"SEE HERE, John—you've bought most all your goods from our house for years—except your ink, paste and mucilage—and these goods you've always bought direct from the manufacturer. I think that's a mistake—and it's really due to hide-bound custom more than anything else. You'll do better for your store and for your customers if you will buy through us—the jobber. And I'll tell you why—
First
"We sell Signet Ink and LePage's Paste and Mucilage—all put out by the manufacturer of LePage's Glue. This means guaranteed merchandise. You are guaranteed quality, and so are your customers.
Then
"The makers of Signet Ink have a policy, which is ours also. It permits you to purchase in quantity and 'fill-in' lots any time through us. You enjoy every advantage the manufacturer selling you direct may offer. And that isn't all. He doesn't break cases. You've got to invest a big sum of money and carry a big stock. Our method means 'quick turnovers' and money not tied up—but free for other investments.
What's More
"Our stock is complete—always. It's near your store. No weeks and weeks of waiting, but immediate deliveries—less breakage—and what does break we replace without fuss or quibble.
Summing it up
"It is better service at the same price advantage. It means goods in better condition; liquid assets—smaller freight bills.
"You're out to sell your customers 'A-1' products and render them service. Our policy permits you to serve them best.
"You never have to say 'We are just out of that, but we'll have it in a few days.'
"You are doing business on sounder principles—a saner, more economical basis. You pass these advantages along to your trade. Hence your business prospers."
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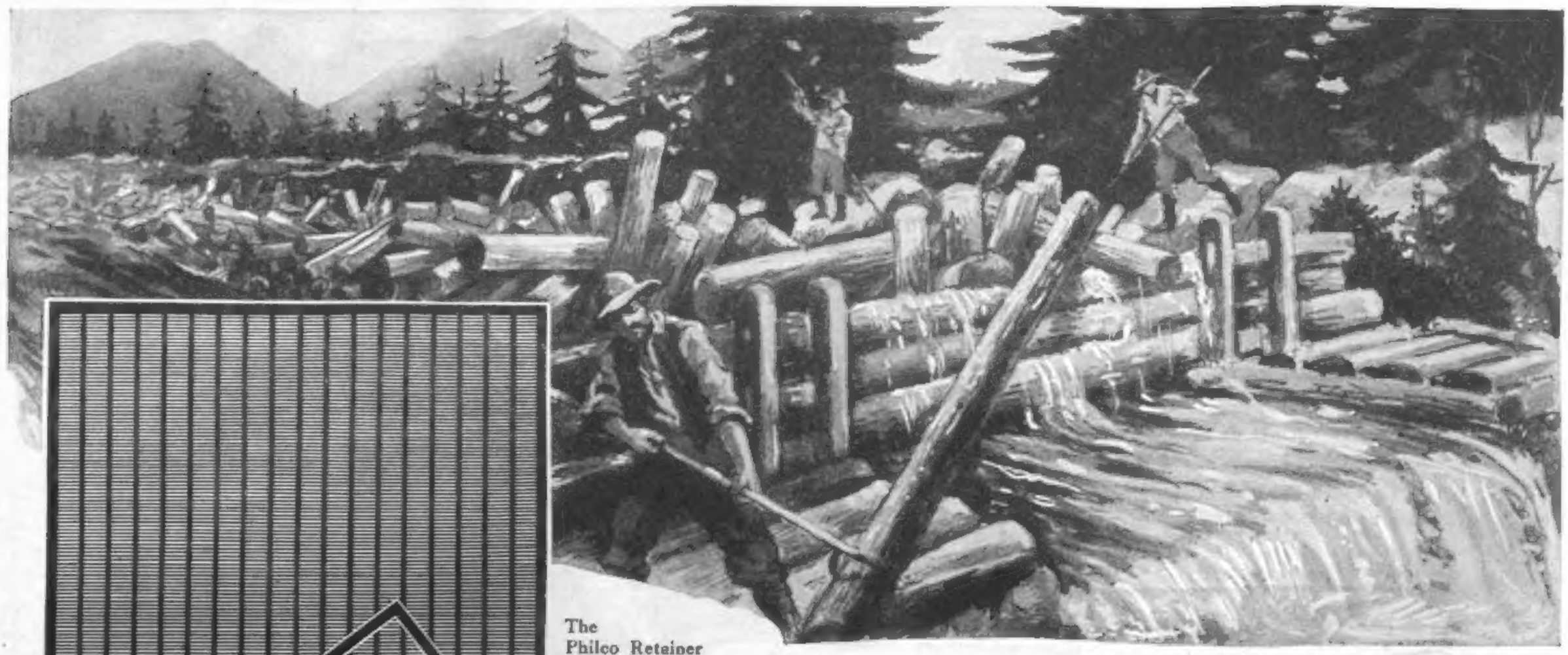
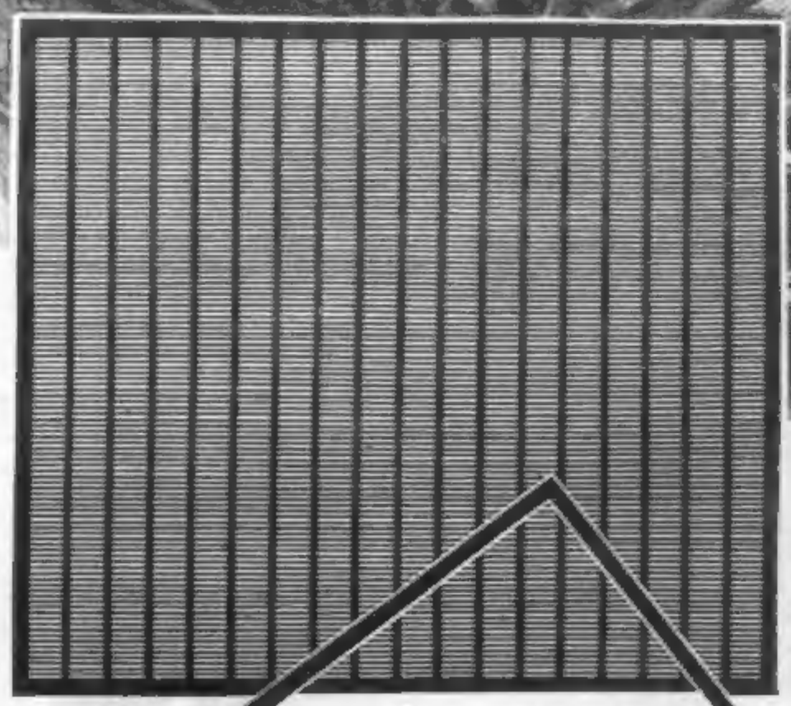
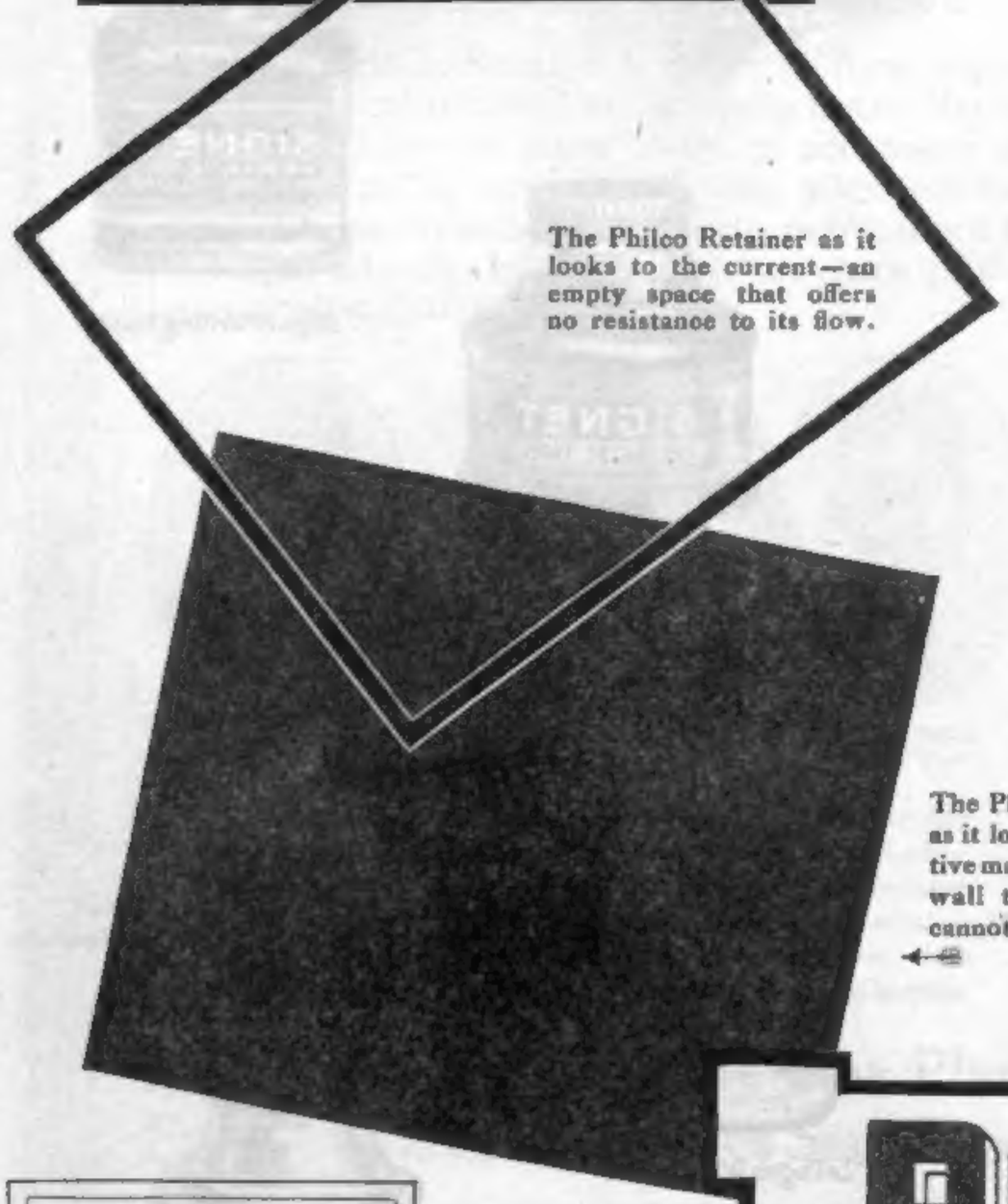




The Philco Retainer as it actually is.



The Philco Retainer as it looks to the current—an empty space that offers no resistance to its flow.

The Philco Retainer as it looks to the active material—a solid wall thru which it cannot pass.

A Log Boom,

because of its *slotted* construction, holds the logs back but lets the water thru.

Similarly, in a Philadelphia Battery,

the Philco Retainer, because of its *slotted* construction, holds the power-producing active material everlastingly on the plates, but allows the necessary free passage of acid and current.

Because the active material is thus prevented from falling off the plates, the life of the battery is greatly prolonged.

This makes possible the Philadelphia

TWO YEAR GUARANTEE

—a guarantee distinguished not only by extreme length but absolute freedom from technicalities as well.

PHILADELPHIA STORAGE BATTERY CO., Ontario & C Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

Watch for our advertisement in The Saturday Evening Post, April 9, explaining the Diamond Grid.

PHILADELPHIA DIAMOND GRID BATTERY

With the PHILCO Slotted Retainer

THE "CORD TIRE" BATTERY

FELS-NAPTHA

What does "Fels-Naptha" mean?

It means the perfect combination of good soap and *real* naptha.

What is Naptha?

A wonderful dirt-loosener used by dry-cleaners to cleanse and freshen dainty fabrics and restore delicate colors. *Naptha makes dirt let go*, and carries away all odors from clothes. Naptha is good for clothes because it thoroughly cleanses; and thoroughly clean clothes last longer.

Why combine Naptha with Soap?

Because when combined the Fels-Naptha way, the cleansing quality of naptha is added to that of good soap, and *together* they do the work quicker and better than either naptha or soap alone.

Why not use Soap alone and pour Naptha into the Wash-water?

Naptha of itself will not mix with water. But it *does* mix when carried into the water by Fels-Naptha, because of the individual Fels-Naptha process which makes naptha soluble in water. Therefore every bubble of Fels-Naptha suds contains naptha. It works through every fibre of the clothes loosening *all* the dirt.

Aren't all "Naptha" Soaps alike?

No. The word "naptha" has been misused. Fels-Naptha is the *original* naptha soap. It contains *real* naptha. The exclusive Fels-Naptha method of combining good soap and real naptha has never been duplicated. Fels-Naptha *holds* its naptha. Blindfolded you can tell Fels-Naptha from all other soaps by its clean naptha odor.

What Color for Soap?

Color has little to do with the purity or cleansing-value of soap. Some good soaps are black; others white, green, brown, yellow and golden. Fels-Naptha is golden because that is the natural color of the good materials that help to *hold* its naptha. Fels-Naptha makes snowy suds and whitest clothes.

Why isn't Fels-Naptha hard as a Brick?

Hard soaps mean hard rubbing. Hard rubbing means wear on clothes, and a backache. Fels-Naptha rubs off easily and dissolves in the wash water. The cleansing work is done by soap, naptha and water all thoroughly *mixed*.

What Soap for Washing-machines?

Fels-Naptha is the ideal soap for the washer because its naptha loosens the dirt even before the washer starts. Then the suds churn through and through the clothes, quickly flushing all dirt away. And the inside of the machine will not be sticky.

Are there Fels-Naptha Flakes?

No, but it is a simple matter to make your own—and more economical. Just shave off into the water the chips or flakes of Fels-Naptha *as you need them*. This gives you the added cleansing value of naptha in washing woolens, dainty lingerie and all fine things.

How many other Uses has Fels-Naptha?

The housewife constantly finds new uses for Fels-Naptha. Besides laundry-work, Fels-Naptha is wonderful for taking spots from rugs, carpets, cloth, draperies. Brightens woodwork instantly. Always keep a cake in the bathroom for very dirty hands and for enamel of bathtub and washstand. Give your home and yourself the benefit of the real naptha soap. Order Fels-Naptha of your grocer today!

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Three things identify Fels-Naptha —the red-and-green wrapper, the golden bar, the clean naptha odor.

Fels-Naptha safely cleans anything cleanable and washes anything washable.

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

The Last Thing at Night, too

PEBECO TOOTH PASTE
COUNTERACTS "ACID-MOUTH"

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